The "Teaching of English" Series

General Editor—Sir Henry Newbolt

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No. 157



ALEXANDRE DUMAS

MY FIRST LIBRARY

A Selection of Forty-five Standard Books Described and Exemplified

By

E. LUCIA TURNBULL, M.B.E.

Criticism on Novel
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The Publishers desire to thank Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for permission to reprint extracts from R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *Catriona* (see pp. 238–255).

The Forty-Five Great Books
described in this Book
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A Full List of the Series is given on pp. 300–304 of this Volume

EDITOR'S PREFACE

This is a book of extracts—with a difference. The compiler has selected from standard English literature, of the kind most acceptable to youths and maidens, forty-five books which she considers would make a nucleus for a home library. She has described each book, giving in each case a clear idea of its contents, and has appended to each description a typical passage designed to show the quality of the book from which it is taken, and to encourage the reader to read the volume from cover to cover.

The works selected are not offered as " The Forty-five Best Books," but as a collection which presents much varied reading suitable to many moods, and as a " First Library " capable of wide expansion according to the taste of the reader.

In my own judgment, the most valuable part of the volume is the collection of descriptions of forty-five famous books, because I feel convinced that many teachers and others who have had the control of libraries for young folks have often been asked by a boy or girl holding a library volume whose title tells them nothing, " What is this book about ? "

Mrs. Turnbull answers forty-five repetitions of this question in a simple, non-literary, interesting, and attractive manner, for which we are all grateful.

Richard Wilson

MY FIRST LIBRARY

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Andersen's Tales

[Stories—grave, gay, and wonderful—told by a cobbler's son whom some thought a simpleton. But if to be that means having a delicious sense of humour, a tender sympathy, and so merry a heart, then let us all be simpletons and follow The Beetle who went on his travels, or take a ride in The Flying Trunk and listen to the chatter of the saucepans, the dustpan, and the market basket as they discuss the affairs of their world in the darkened kitchen. Let us creep between the four red posts that prop up The Elfin Hill where the Elfin maidens are dancing to delight the old Goblin from Norway. Let us visit the lonely haunts of The Ice Maiden, or, with Little Kay, try to spell out the word Eternity from the shining blocks of ice in the palace of the Snow Queen. Let us try on The Emperor's New Clothes and The Goloshes of Fortune ; see What the Moon Saw or listen to The Nightingale as she sings to Death in exchange for an Emperor's Sceptre and Crown. On the cottage roof an old Stork stands upon one leg and gravely tells the story of The Marsh King's Daughter, while The Swallow twitters from the eaves the strange adventures of Little Thumb. But did the Princess marry the Swineherd ? Now we shall see.]

THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD

THERE was once a Prince who was poor, for his kingdom was very small, but still it was large enough

for him to think of getting married, and think of it he did.

It was certainly rather bold of him to venture to say to the Emperor's daughter, " Will you have me ? " But he ventured, for all that, for his name was celebrated far and near, and there were hundreds of Princesses who would readily have said " Yes," but did she say so ?

We shall hear.

On the grave of the Prince's father there grew a rose-tree,—oh, such a beautiful rose-tree !—for, though it blossomed only every fifth year, and then bore but one rose, that was a rose with such a delicious scent, that whoever smelt it forgot all care and trouble. He also had a nightingale, which sang as if all the most beautiful melodies were congregated in its little throat. This rose and this nightingale the Princess was to have, and they were therefore put in silver boxes and sent to her.

The Emperor had them carried before him into the great hall, where the Princess was playing at " Puss-in-the-corner " with her ladies in waiting, and when she saw the large boxes with the presents she clapped her hands with delight.

" I hope it's a little kitten," she said ; but the rose-tree with the beautiful rose appeared.

" Oh, how prettily it is done ! " all the ladies cried.

" It is more than pretty ; it is beautiful," the Emperor said.

" Fie, papa ! " the Princess cried, " it is not artificial, it is natural."

" Fie ! " all the ladies cried, " it is natural."

" Let us first see what is in the other box before we grow angry," the Emperor said ; and then the nightingale made its appearance, singing so beautifully that nothing could be said against it.

" *Superbe, charmant !* " all the ladies cried, for they all jabbered French, some worse than others.

"How the bird reminds me of the musical box of the late Empress," an old courtier said. "It is exactly the same tone,—the same execution."

"Yes," the Emperor said, and he cried like a little child.

"I hope that at least is not natural," the Princess said.

"Yes, it is a natural bird," those who brought it answered.

"Then let the bird fly," the Princess resumed; and she would by no means listen to the Prince's coming.

But he came for all that. He painted his face with brown and black, pulled his cap down over his eyes, and knocked at the gate.

"Good day, Emperor," he said. "Can I not meet with some employment here in the palace?"

"Yes, certainly," the Emperor answered. "I want some one to look after the pigs, for we have a great many."

So the Prince was appointed imperial swineherd. He had a miserable little room down below, near the pigsty, and there had to live; but the whole day he sat working, and when night came he had made a pretty little iron pot, with bells all round, and as soon as the pot boiled they rang so prettily, and played the old tune, "Home, sweet home." But the most curious part was, that by holding one's finger in the steam of the boiling pot, one could immediately smell what food was being prepared in every house in the town. Now, that was a very different thing from the rose.

The next time the Princess went out with her ladies she heard the beautiful melody, and was quite delighted, for she, too, could play "Home, sweet home,"—it was the only thing she could play, and that she played with one finger.

"That is the very same tune that I play," she said;

"and he must be a very well-educated swineherd. Just go down, one of you, and ask him the price of the instrument."

So one of the ladies had to go down, but she put on wooden clogs.

"What do you want for the iron pot?" the lady asked.

"I must have ten kisses from the Princess," the swineherd answered.

"Good gracious!" the lady cried.

"I cannot take less," he replied.

"He is a rude fellow," the Princess said, and she went on, but had not gone many steps when the bells sounded so prettily, "Home, sweet home."

"Go again, and ask him whether ten kisses from my ladies will not do."

"I am very much obliged," he answered; "they must be ten kisses from the Princess herself, or I keep my instrument."

"What rubbish all this is!" the Princess said. "Now you must all stand round me, so that no one may see it."

Then the ladies stood round her, spreading out their dresses; and the swineherd got the ten kisses, and the Princess the iron pot.

Never did anything give so much pleasure. The whole evening, and the whole of the following day, the iron pot had to keep boiling, so that there was not a single hearth in the whole town that they did not know what had been cooked on it—at the Prime Minister's as well as at the shoemaker's. The ladies danced about, clapping their hands.

"We know who will have sweet soup and omelettes for dinner, and who will have broth and sausages. Oh, how interesting that is!"

"Yes; but you must not blab, for I am the Emperor's daughter."

"Oh, no!" they all cried.

The swineherd, that is, the Prince—but no one knew he was anything more than a real swineherd—did not pass his time idly. He had now made a rattle, which, when swung round, played all the waltzes and quadrilles that had been heard from the beginning of the world.

"Oh, that is superb!" the Princess said as she passed. "I have never heard a more beautiful composition. Go and ask him how much the instrument costs; but I will not kiss again."

"He asks a hundred kisses from the Princess," the lady said who went in to ask.

"I believe he is mad," the Princess said, and she went on, but had not got many yards when she stopped. "The arts must be encouraged," she continued; "and am I not the Emperor's daughter? Go and tell him that he shall have ten kisses from me, the same as the last time, and the rest he can have from my ladies."

"Oh, but we are very unwilling!" the ladies cried.

"What rubbish that is!" the Princess said. "If I can kiss him I should think you can, too; and remember that I feed you and pay you wages."

So what could they do but go again!

"A hundred kisses from the Princess," he said, "or let each keep his own."

"Stand there," she said. The ladies stood round her, and the kissing began.

"What is all that commotion at the pigsty?" the Emperor cried, as he stepped out on the balcony. He rubbed his eyes, and put on his spectacles. "Why, it is the court ladies, who are up to some of their tricks! I suppose I must go and look after them." So he pulled his slippers up at the heel, for they were shoes the heels of which he had trodden down.

What haste he did make, to be sure!

When he reached the yard he walked quite softly, and the ladies were so busily engaged counting the

kisses, to make sure all was fair, that they did not notice him. He stood on tiptoe.

"What's this?" he cried, when he saw them kissing, and he hit them on the head with his slipper, just as the swineherd was receiving the eighty-sixth kiss.

"Get out with you!" he said, for he was very angry; and the Princess, as well as the swineherd, was banished the Empire.

There she now stood, crying; the swineherd grumbled, and the rain came pouring down.

"Oh, miserable wretch!" the Princess cried. "Had I but accepted the handsome Prince! Oh dear, how unhappy I am!"

The swineherd now went behind a tree, washed the black and brown from his face, threw off the shabby clothes, and appeared in his Prince's costume, so handsome that the Princess courtesied to him.

"I only despise you now," he said. "You refused an honest Prince, and did not understand the value of the rose and the nightingale, but were ready enough to kiss the swineherd for a plaything. Now you see what you get for it all."

He then went into his kingdom, and shut the door in her face. So she was left outside to sing, "Home, sweet home."

(3,227)

JANE AUSTEN

Pride and Prejudice

[The story opens with a most entertaining dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, in which the latter is urging her husband to call upon Mr. Bingley, a wealthy young bachelor who has come to live in the neighbourhood. Mr. Bennet protests that he has no interest whatever in the young man, and is reproached by his wife for being indifferent to the prospects of his five unmarried daughters. Mr. Bennet, however, calls on Bingley, and soon afterwards the Bennet girls meet him and his party at an assembly, where he pays marked attention to Jane; the eldest girl, Elizabeth, her sister, does not fare so well, for Darcy, a friend of Bingley, and a still more eligible bachelor, refuses to dance with her, and displays a haughty air of indifference to the whole Bennet family. Elizabeth, possessing a sense of humour, is in no way cast down by this rebuff. The acquaintance between the Bennets and the Bingleys ripens, with the result that Bingley falls in love with Jane, while Darcy can no longer conceal from himself the fact that he is attracted by Elizabeth's lively charm. Miss Bingley, whose jealous eyes have discovered this, loses no chance of ridiculing Elizabeth and her family. Elizabeth now receives an offer of marriage from her cousin Mr. Collins, a pompous and absurd young clergyman, who has been appointed to a good living and now requires a wife. In a delicious scene, where Elizabeth's sparkling humour and Collins's absurdity are given full play, she refuses him, and later he marries her friend, Charlotte Lucas. In the meantime Elizabeth has met George Wickham, a young officer, who tells her that he has known Darcy from boyhood and received unjust treatment at his hands. Elizabeth is very willing to

believe anything bad about one who has always seemed to slight her. Jane receives a letter from Miss Bingley containing the news of their immediate departure to London for an indefinite period. This is a severe blow to Jane, who has become deeply attached to Bingley, the more so as Miss Bingley hints at an attachment between her brother and Darcy's sister.

Elizabeth goes to visit the Collinses and is taken to see Lady Catherine de Burgh, an overbearing, inquisitive old woman, and Darcy's aunt. Darcy comes to stay with her, bringing a Colonel Fitzwilliam with him, who admires Elizabeth, and in a conversation with her tells her that it is Darcy who has come between Jane and Bingley. Indignant and distressed, Elizabeth refuses to accompany the Collinses to a dinner party given by Lady Catherine de Burgh, and is sitting alone when Darcy comes in and bursts into a passionate declaration of love, ending in an offer of marriage. Of Elizabeth's spirited rejection of this brilliant offer, and her gradual softening towards her magnificent lover, ending in the discovery that he has won her heart, we must leave Jane Austen herself to tell, for who but she could describe so delightfully the surprising change that takes place in the feelings of both Darcy and Elizabeth, do such full justice to the maternal transports of Mrs. Bennet when Bingley marries Jane and Elizabeth becomes the wife of Darcy, or from this record of domestic affairs evolve a story, such as this is, of adventure and romance.]

DARCY DECLARES HIMSELF

WHEN they were gone, Elizabeth, as if intending to exasperate herself as much as possible against Mr. Darcy, chose for her employment the examination of all the letters which Jane had written to her since her being in Kent. They contained no actual complaint, nor was there any revival of past occurrences, or any communication of present suffering; but in all, and in almost every line of each, there was a want of that cheerfulness which had been used to characterize her style, and which, proceeding from the serenity of a

mind at ease with itself, and kindly disposed towards every one, had been scarcely ever clouded. Elizabeth noticed every sentence conveying the idea of uneasiness with an attention which it had hardly received on the first perusal. Mr. Darcy's shameful boast of what misery he had been able to inflict gave her a keener sense of her sister's sufferings. It was some consolation to think that his visit to Rosings was to end on the day after the next, and a still greater that in less than a fortnight she should herself be with Jane again, and enabled to contribute to the recovery of her spirits, by all that affection could do.

She could not think of Darcy's leaving Kent without remembering that his cousin was to go with him ; but Colonel Fitzwilliam had made it clear that he had no intentions at all, and, agreeable as he was, she did not mean to be unhappy about him.

While settling this point, she was suddenly roused by the sound of the door bell ; and her spirits were a little fluttered by the idea of its being Colonel Fitzwilliam himself, who had once before called late in the evening, and might now come to inquire particularly after her. But this idea was soon banished, and her spirits were very differently affected, when, to her utter amazement, she saw Mr. Darcy walk into the room. In a hurried manner he immediately began an inquiry after her health, imputing his visit to a wish of hearing that she were better. She answered him with cold civility. He sat down for a few moments, and then getting up, walked about the room. Elizabeth was surprised, but said not a word. After a silence of several minutes, he came towards her in an agitated manner, and thus began—

"In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you."

Elizabeth's astonishment was beyond expression. She stared, coloured, doubted, and was silent. This

he considered sufficient encouragement, and the avowal of all that he felt and had long felt for her immediately followed. He spoke well, but there were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed, and he was not more eloquent on the subject of tenderness than of pride. His sense of her inferiority, of its being a degradation, of the family obstacles which judgment had always opposed to inclination, were dwelt on with a warmth which seemed due to the consequence he was wounding, but was very unlikely to recommend his suit.

In spite of her deeply rooted dislike, she could not be insensible to the compliment of such a man's affection ; and though her intentions did not vary for an instant, she was at first sorry for the pain he was to receive ; till, roused to resentment by his subsequent language, she lost all compassion in anger. She tried, however, to compose herself to answer him with patience, when he should have done. He concluded with representing to her the strength of that attachment which, in spite of all his endeavours, he had found impossible to conquer, and with expressing his hope that it would now be rewarded by her acceptance of his hand. As he said this she could easily see that he had no doubt of a favourable answer. He *spoke* of apprehension and anxiety, but his countenance expressed real security. Such a circumstance could only exasperate further ; and when he ceased, the colour rose into her cheeks, and she said—

"In such cases as this, it is, I believe, the established mode to express a sense of obligation for the sentiments avowed, however unequally they may be returned. It is natural that obligation should be felt, and if I could *feel* gratitude, I would now thank you. But I cannot. I have never desired your good opinion, and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly. I am sorry to have occasioned pain to any one. It has been most unconsciously done, however, and, I

hope, will be of short duration. The feelings which you tell me have long prevented the acknowledgment of your regard can have little difficulty in overcoming it after this explanation."

Mr. Darcy, who was leaning against the mantelpiece with his eyes fixed on her face, seemed to catch her words with no less resentment than surprise. His complexion became pale with anger, and the disturbance of his mind was visible in every feature. He was struggling for the appearance of composure, and would not open his lips till he believed himself to have attained it. The pause was to Elizabeth's feelings dreadful. At length, in a voice of forced calmness, he said—

"And this is all the reply which I am to have the honour of expecting! I might, perhaps, wish to be informed why, with so little *endeavour* at civility, I am thus rejected. But it is of small importance."

"I might as well inquire," replied she, "why, with so evident a design of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason, and even against your character? Was not this some excuse for incivility, if I *was* uncivil? But I have other provocations. You know I have. Had not my own feelings decided against you, had they been indifferent, or had they even been favourable, do you think that any consideration would tempt me to accept the man who has been the means of ruining, perhaps for ever, the happiness of a most beloved sister?"

As she pronounced these words Mr. Darcy changed colour; but the emotion was short, and he listened without attempting to interrupt her while she continued—

"I have every reason in the world to think ill of you. No motive can excuse the unjust and ungenerous part you acted *there*. You dare not, you cannot, deny that you have been the principal, if not the only means of

dividing them from each other, of exposing one to the censure of the world for caprice and instability, the other to its derision for disappointed hopes, and involving them both in misery of the acutest kind."

She paused, and saw with no slight indignation that he was listening with an air which proved him wholly unmoved by any feeling of remorse. He even looked at her with a smile of affected incredulity.

"Can you deny that you have done it?" she repeated.

With assumed tranquillity he then replied, "I have no wish of denying that I did everything in my power to separate my friend from your sister, or that I rejoice in my success. Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself."

Elizabeth disdained the appearance of noticing this civil reflection, but its meaning did not escape, nor was it likely to conciliate her.

"But it is not merely this affair," she continued, "on which my dislike is founded. Long before it had taken place, my opinion of you was decided. Your character was unfolded in the recital which I received many months ago from Mr. Wickham. On this subject what can you have to say? In what imaginary act of friendship can you here defend yourself? or under what misrepresentation can you here impose upon others?"

"You take an eager interest in that gentleman's concerns," said Darcy, in a less tranquil tone, and with a heightened colour.

"Who that knows what his misfortunes have been can help feeling an interest in him."

"His misfortunes!" repeated Darcy contemptuously—"yes, his misfortunes have been great indeed."

"And of your infliction," cried Elizabeth, with energy. "You have reduced him to his present state of poverty—comparative poverty. You have withheld the advantages which you must know to have

been designed for him. You have deprived the best years of his life of that independence which was no less his due than his desert. You have done all this, and yet you can treat the mention of his misfortunes with contempt and ridicule."

"And this," cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, "is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps," added he, stopping in his walk, and turning towards her, "these offences might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that had long prevented my forming any serious design. These bitter accusations might have been suppressed, had I, with greater policy, concealed my struggles, and flattered you into the belief of my being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination—by reason, by reflection, by everything. But disguise of every sort is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Could you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connections?—to congratulate myself on the hope of relations whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?"

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said—

"You are mistaken, Mr. Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentlemanlike manner."

She saw him start at this; but he said nothing, and she continued—

"You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it."

Again his astonishment was obvious ; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on—

" From the very beginning—from the first moment, I may almost say—of my acquaintance with you, your manners, impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that groundwork of disapprobation on which succeeding events have built so immovable a dislike ; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry."

" You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your feelings, and I have now only to be ashamed of what my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness."

And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house. The tumult of her mind was now painfully great. She knew not how to support herself, and, from actual weakness, sat down and cried for half an hour. Her astonishment, as she reflected on what had passed, was increased by every review of it. That she should receive an offer of marriage from Mr. Darcy, that he should have been in love with her for so many months—so much in love as to wish to marry her in spite of all the objections which had made him prevent his friend's marrying her sister, and which must appear at least with equal force in his own case—was almost incredible ! It was gratifying to have inspired unconsciously so strong an affection. But his pride, his abominable pride, his shameless avowal of what he had done with respect to Jane, his unpardonable assurance in acknowledging, though he could not justify it, and the unfeeling manner in which he had mentioned Mr. Wickham, his cruelty

towards whom he had not attempted to deny, soon overcame the pity which the consideration of his attachment had for a moment excited.

She continued in very agitating reflections till the sound of Lady Catherine's carriage made her feel how unequal she was to encounter Charlotte's observation, and hurried her away to her room.

Persuasion

[*Persuasion,* like *Pride and Prejudice,* moves in a narrow circle. But the genius of Jane Austen turns it into a magic circle.

Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall, a vain fool, has three daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth, cold-hearted and soured by her failure to capture William Elliot, the heir-presumptive, is his favourite. Anne, quiet and sensible, takes after her dead mother, and is ignored. Mary, snobbish and querulous, is married to an easy-going young squire, Charles Musgrove, and they live at the Cottage at Uppercross, a neighbouring village; the elder Musgroves, with their lively daughters, Henrietta and Louisa, living at the Great House.

Sir Walter, heavily in debt, refuses to retrench, but his agent succeeds in packing him off to Bath with Elizabeth, who insists on taking with them Mrs. Clay, the agent's widowed daughter, a designing woman; Kellynch Hall is let to a rich admiral and his wife, both breezy and charming people.

This is disturbing news for Anne, for she had been deeply in love with Mrs. Croft's brother, Captain Wentworth, seven years before, and he with her. But she refused him, thanks to the " persuasion " of Lady Russell, a neighbour. Angry and mortified, he went off to sea and tried to forget Anne. But Anne knew she could never forget him. Rich now, and unmarried, he comes to stay at Kellynch, while Anne stays with Mary at Uppercross. He comes over frequently, and shows signs of falling in love with Louisa, treating Anne with distant civility.

This tangled skein Jane Austen now proceeds to un-

ravel with delicate skill, until she has every thread lying smoothly in its place; Wentworth falls out of love with Louisa, and when he meets Anne alone the eight long years of misunderstanding and estrangement are wiped out in a moment. The other characters are arranged in the position best suited to them without our really noticing how it is done, so anxious are we to make sure of happiness for Anne; whose character and thoughts are so tenderly and intimately described that we suspect her to be Jane herself.]

THE ADMIRAL TELLS A SECRET

ANNE was too much engaged with Lady Russell to be often walking herself; but it so happened that one morning about a week or ten days after the Crofts' arrival, it suited her best to leave her friend, or her friend's carriage, in the lower part of the town, and return alone to Camden Place; and in walking up Milsom Street she had the good fortune to meet with the admiral. He was standing by himself at a print-shop window, with his hands behind him, in earnest contemplation of some print; and she not only might have passed him unseen, but was obliged to touch as well as address him before she could catch his notice. When he did perceive and acknowledge her, however, it was done with all his usual frankness and good-humour. "Ha! is it you? Thank you, thank you. This is treating me like a friend. Here I am, you see, staring at a picture. I can never get by this shop without stopping. But what a thing here is, by way of a boat. Do look at it. Did you ever see the like? What queer fellows your fine painters must be, to think that anybody would venture their lives in such a shapeless old cockleshell as that! And yet, here are two gentlemen stuck up in it mightily at their ease, and looking about them at the rocks and mountains, as if they were not to be upset the next moment, which they certainly must be. I wonder where that boat

was built "—laughing heartily. "I would not venture over a horsepond in it. "Well," turning away, "now, where are you bound? Can I go anywhere for you, or with you? Can I be of any use?"

"None, I thank you, unless you will give me the pleasure of your company the little way our road lies together. I am going home."

"That I will, with all my heart, and farther too. Yes, yes, we will have a snug walk together; and I have something to tell you as we go along. There, take my arm; that's right. I do not feel comfortable if I have not a woman there. Lord! what a boat it is!" taking a last look at the picture, as they began to be in motion.

"Did you say that you had something to tell me, sir?"

"Yes, I have, presently. But here comes a friend, Captain Brigden. I shall only say, 'How d'ye do?' as we pass, however. I shall not stop.—'How d'ye do?'—Brigden stares to see anybody with me but my wife. She, poor soul, is tied by the leg. She has a blister on one of her heels as large as a three-shilling piece. If you look across the street you will see Admiral Brand coming down with his brother. Shabby fellows, both of them! I am glad they are not on this side of the way. Sophy cannot bear them. They played me a pitiful trick once—got away some of my best men. I will tell you the whole story another time. There comes old Sir Archibald Drew and his grandson. Look, he sees us; he kisses his hand to you; he takes you for my wife. Ah! the peace has come too soon for that younker. Poor old Sir Archibald! How do you like Bath, Miss Elliot? It suits us very well. We are always meeting with some old friend or other; the street's full of them every morning; sure to have plenty of chat; and then we get away from them all, and shut ourselves into our lodgings, and draw in our chairs, and are as snug as

if we were at Kellynch—ay, or as we used to be even at North Yarmouth and Deal. We do not like our lodgings here the worse, I can tell you, for putting us in mind of those we first had at North Yarmouth. The wind blows through one of the cupboards just in the same way."

When they were got a little farther, Anne ventured to press again for what he had to communicate. She had hoped, when clear of Milsom Street, to have her curiosity gratified; but she was still obliged to wait, for the admiral had made up his mind not to begin till they had gained the greater space and quiet of Belmont; and as she was not really Mrs. Croft, she must let him have his own way. As soon as they were fairly ascending Belmont, he began—

"Well, now you shall hear something that will surprise you. But first of all, you must tell me the name of the young lady I am going to talk about—that young lady, you know, that we have all been so concerned for—the Miss Musgrove that all this has been happening to. Her Christian name—I always forget her Christian name."

Anne had been ashamed to appear to comprehend so soon as she really did; but now she could safely suggest the name of Louisa.

"Ay, ay, Miss Louisa Musgrove; that is the name. I wish young ladies had not such a number of fine Christian names. I should never be out if they were all Sophys, or something of that sort. Well, this Miss Louisa, we all thought, you know, was to marry Frederick. He was courting her week after week. The only wonder was what they could be waiting for, till the business at Lyme came; then, indeed, it was clear enough that they must wait till her brain was set to right. But even then there was something odd in their way of going on. Instead of staying at Lyme, he went off to Plymouth, and then he went off to see Edward. When we came back from Minehead, he

was gone down to Edward's, and there he has been ever since. We have seen nothing of him since November. Even Sophy could not understand it. But now the matter has taken the strangest turn of all; for this young lady, this same Miss Musgrove, instead of being to marry Frederick, is to marry James Benwick. You know James Benwick?"

"A little. I am a little acquainted with Captain Benwick."

"Well, she is to marry him. Nay, most likely they are married already, for I do not know what they should wait for."

"I thought Captain Benwick a very pleasing young man," said Anne, "and I understand that he bears an excellent character."

"Oh yes, yes; there is not a word to be said against James Benwick. He is only a commander, it is true, made last summer, and these are bad times for getting on, but he has not another fault that I know of. An excellent, good-hearted fellow, I assure you. A very active, zealous officer too, which is more than you would think for, perhaps, for that soft sort of manner does not do him justice."

"Indeed you are mistaken there, sir; I should never augur want of spirit from Captain Benwick's manners. I thought them particularly pleasing, and I will answer for it they would generally please."

"Well, well, ladies are the best judges; but James Benwick is rather too piano for me; and though very likely it is all our partiality, Sophy and I cannot help thinking Frederick's manners better than his. There is something about Frederick more to our taste."

Anne was caught. She had only meant to oppose the too common idea of spirit and gentleness being incompatible with each other—not at all to represent Captain Benwick's manners as the very best that could possibly be; and after a little hesitation, she was beginning to say, "I was not entering into any com-

parison of the two friends," but the admiral interrupted her with—

"And the thing is certainly true. It is not a mere bit of gossip. We had it from Frederick himself. His sister had a letter from him yesterday, in which he tells us of it, and he had just had it in a letter from Harville, written upon the spot, from Uppercross. I fancy they are all at Uppercross."

This was an opportunity which Anne could not resist; she said, therefore, "I hope, admiral—I hope there is nothing in the style of Captain Wentworth's letter to make you and Mrs. Croft particularly uneasy. It did certainly seem last autumn as if there were an attachment between him and Louisa Musgrove; but I hope it may be understood to have worn out on each side equally and without violence. I hope his letter does not breathe the spirit of an ill-used man."

"Not at all—not at all: there is not an oath nor a murmur from beginning to end."

Anne looked down to hide her smile.

"No, no; Frederick is not a man to whine and complain; he has too much spirit for that. If the girl likes another man better, it is very fit she should have him."

"Certainly. But what I mean is that I hope there is nothing in Captain Wentworth's manner of writing to make you suppose he thinks himself ill-used by his friend, which might appear, you know, without its being absolutely said. I should be very sorry that such a friendship as has subsisted between him and Captain Benwick should be destroyed, or even wounded, by a circumstance of this sort."

"Yes, yes; I understand you. But there is nothing at all of that nature in the letter. He does not give the least fling at Benwick—does not so much as say, 'I wonder at it; I have a reason of my own for wondering at it.' No, you would not guess, from his way of writing, that he had ever thought of this Miss

(what's her name ?) for himself. He very handsomely hopes they will be happy together ; and there is nothing very unforgiving in that, I think."

Anne did not receive the perfect conviction which the admiral meant to convey, but it would have been useless to press the inquiry further. She therefore satisfied herself with commonplace remarks or quiet attention, and the admiral had it all his own way.

" Poor Frederick ! " said he at last. " Now he must begin all over again with somebody else. I think we must get him to Bath. Sophy must write, and beg him to come to Bath. Here are pretty girls enough, I am sure. It would be of no use to go to Uppercross again, for that other Miss Musgrove, I find, is bespoke by her cousin, the young parson. Do not you think, Miss Elliot, we had better try to get him to Bath ? "

GEORGE BORROW

Lavengro

[Under the name of Lavengro, given to him by his friends the gipsies, George Borrow describes the amazing adventures of his childhood and boyhood when accompanying his father to the various stations of his regiment. Thus we hear of Lavengro's pity for the French captives taken at Waterloo and imprisoned in the Norman Cross at Peterborough, his experiences at Edinburgh, when, as an ally of the boys of the Auld Toon, he throws stones with such deadly aim at the boys of the New Toon, that he covers himself with glory. When next we meet him he is in Ireland, learning Irish from a strange fellow called Murtagh, and paying for his lessons with a pack of cards. In Ireland, too, takes place the exciting ride on the wild Irish cob, with the subsequent uncanny interview with the smith. Then back again to England to an old cathedral town. At this time Lavengro's father becomes anxious over the propensity his son shows for strange people and strange languages, especially the Irish. Lavengro begins to study French and Italian under a banished priest, and also picks up a smattering of Spanish, but in spite of such unusual accomplishments for a boy, manages to get a great deal of fun in the pursuit of small birds with an ancient musket. He visits a horse fair, falls in with his old friends the gipsies, and goes with one of them to their tents. Wishing to learn the gipsy language he visits the encampment frequently.

His father urges him to choose a profession, but Lavengro is taken ill and nearly dies. Recovering, he begins the study of law in which he makes small progress, but manages with his usual facility for languages to pick up a considerable amount of Welsh. And so we follow

"Merely through forgetfulness, master: I was riding him about a month ago, and having a stick in my hand, I struck him, thinking I was on another horse, or rather thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me, though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world; I should like to see you on him, master."

"I should soon be off him: I can't ride."

"Then you are all right, master; there's no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer's son, who can't ride. If you were a blackguard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs, 'twere another thing; as it is, he'll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride! he'll soon teach you to ride, if you leave the matter with him. He's the best riding master in all Ireland, and the gentlest."

The cob was led forth; what a tremendous creature! I had frequently seen him before, and wondered at him; he was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a metropolitan dray-horse; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back; his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength; he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short. In a word, he was a gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at the present day nearly extinct.

"There!" said the groom, as he looked at him, half admiringly, half sorrowfully, "with sixteen stone on his back, he'll trot fourteen miles in one hour, with your nine stone, some two and a half more, ay, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it."

"I'm half afraid," said I; "I had rather you would ride him."

"I'd rather so, too, if he would let me; but he remembers the blow. Now, don't be afraid, young master, he's longing to go out himself. He's been

trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means; he'll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them; but to me he says, 'No! you struck me.'"

"But," said I, "where's the saddle?"

"Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be a frank rider, you must begin without a saddle; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don't trust him, and leave you to yourself. Now, before you mount, make his acquaintance—see there, how he kisses you and licks your face, and see how he lifts his foot, that's to shake hands. You may trust him—now you are on his back at last; mind how you hold the bridle—gently, gently! It's not four pair of hands like yours can hold him if he wishes to be off. Mind what I tell you—leave it all to him."

Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast, however, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off; the animal perceived it too, and instantly stood stone still till I had righted myself; and now the groom came up: "When you feel yourself going," said he, "don't lay hold of the mane, that's no use; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning; it's his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That's it, now abroad with you; I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular rough-rider by the time you come back."

And so it proved; I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding, after the first timidity is got over, to supple and youthful limbs; and there is no second fear. The creature soon found that the nerves of his rider were in proper tone. Turning his head half round he made a kind of whining noise, flung out a little foam, and set off.

In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road,

bathed with perspiration, but screaming with delight; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Oh, that ride! that first ride!—most truly it was an epoch in my existence; and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I daresay—but give me the flush, and triumph, and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob.

Oh, that cob; that Irish cob!—may the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest, and most gallant of its kind! Oh! the days when, issuing from the barrack-gate of Templemore, we commenced our hurry-skurry just as inclination led—now across the fields—direct over stone walls and running brooks—mere pastime for the cob!—sometimes along the road to Thurles and Holy Cross, even to distant Cahir!—what was distance to the cob?

On a certain day I had been out on an excursion. In a cross-road, at some distance from the Satanic hill, the animal which I rode cast a shoe. By good luck a small village was at hand, at the entrance of which was a large shed, from which proceeded a most furious noise of hammering. Leading the cob by the bridle, I entered boldly. "Shoe this horse, and do it quickly, a gough," said I to a wild grimy figure of a man, whom I found alone, fashioning a piece of iron.

"Arrigod yuit?" said the fellow, desisting from his work, and staring at me.

"O yes, I have money," said I, "and of the best;" and I pulled out an English shilling.

" Tabhair chugam ? " said the smith, stretching out his grimy hand.

" No, I sha'n't," said I ; " some people are glad to get their money when their work is done."

The fellow hammered a little longer, and then proceeded to shoe the cob, after having first surveyed it with attention. He performed his job rather roughly, and more than once appeared to give the animal unnecessary pain, frequently making use of loud and boisterous words. By the time the work was done the creature was in a state of high excitement, and plunged and tore. The smith stood at a short distance, seeming to enjoy the irritation of the animal, and showing, in a remarkable manner, a huge fang, which projected from the under jaw of a very wry mouth.

" You deserve better handling," said I, as I went up to the cob and fondled it ; whereupon it whinnied, and attempted to touch my face with its nose.

" Are ye not afraid of that beast ? " said the smith, showing his fang. " Arrah, it's vicious that he looks ! "

" It's at you, then !—I don't fear him ; " and thereupon I passed under the horse, between his hind legs.

" And is that all you can do, agrah ? " said the smith.

" No," said I, " I can ride him."

" Ye can ride him, and what else, agrah ? "

" I can leap him over a six-foot wall," said I.

" Over a wall, and what more, agrah ? "

" Nothing more," said I ; " what more would you have ? "

" Can you do this, agrah ? " said the smith ; and he uttered a word which I had never heard before, in a sharp pungent tone. The effect upon myself was somewhat extraordinary ; a strange thrill ran through me. But with regard to the cob it was terrible ; the animal forthwith became like one mad, and reared and kicked with the utmost desperation.

"Can you do that, agrah?" said the smith.

"What is it?" said I, retreating. "I never saw the horse so before."

"Go between his legs, agrah," said the smith, "his hinder legs;" and he again showed his fang.

"I dare not," said I, "he would kill me."

"He would kill ye! and how do ye know that, agrah?"

"I feel he would," said I, "something tells me so."

"And it tells ye truth, agrah; but it's a fine beast, and it's a pity to see him in such a state: Is agam an't leigeas"—and here he uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but sweet and almost plaintive; the effect of it was as instantaneous as that of the other, but how different!—the animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. The smith went up to it, coaxed and patted it, making use of various sounds of equal endearment; then turning to me, and holding out once more the grimy hand, he said, "And now ye will be giving me the Sassenach tenpence, agrah?"

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The Last of the Mohicans

[During the struggle between the English and the French for supremacy in North America, General Munro, a gallant old Scotsman, in command of a lonely fort, learns that the French commander, Montcalm, is advancing upon him with a large body of troops. He communicates with General Webb, commander-in-chief of the English army, asking for strong reinforcements; but Webb, under-estimating the French strength, only sends fifteen hundred men.

Munro's daughters, Cora and Alice, guests of Webb, decide to join their father, and set out under the escort of Major Heyward, a young officer, and with an Indian guide called Magua, to ride through the forest. Owing to the treachery of Magua, who has a secret grievance against Munro, they lose the track, and when hopelessly lost meet a white scout, going by the name of Hawk-eye, the Mohican chief Chingachgook, and his son Uncas.

Hawk-eye at once suspects the villainy of Magua, and acquaints Heyward with his suspicions. The latter protests that Magua has come to him with excellent credentials, but the wary hunter is not deceived. Heyward interrogates Magua, who cannot explain satisfactorily why he has led the party astray, and upon Heyward seizing him, knocks up the soldier's arm and escapes into the forest. Hawk-eye now fears the worst, that Magua will raise the hostile Indians. Heyward, now thoroughly alarmed on account of Cora and Alice, begs Hawk-eye and the two Mohicans to help him place them in safety. They consent, and with masterly tactics get the whole party to the river, where they leave the horses and take to a canoe. They land on some rocks over a waterfall,

a hiding-place well known to the scout, and, concealing the girls in a cave, await developments. For a time all is quiet; the fugitives begin to think that their fears have been vain, and that Magua has failed in his intention to bring the Hurons against them. Suddenly the scream of a horse attacked by wolves is heard. Hawk-eye realizes at once that if the redskins are seeking the trail, this will put them red-hot upon it; still nothing happens, and the party are about to slip back into the canoe and continue their journey, when suddenly a tumult of shouts and yells fills the woods, the savage Hurons burst from their cover and open a murderous fire upon the little group on the rock.

But Hawk-eye, known far and wide to every Indian tribe as "La Longue Carabine," does tremendous execution with his deadly aim, while the Mohican and his son keep up a merciless fire, until it almost seems as if the attack is beaten off, when an unexpected and terrible reverse falls upon them, leaving them without means of defence against their murderous foes. They prepare to sell their lives dear in one last effort to protect the girls. The Hurons, secure of success, have withdrawn to plot the next move in their deadly game, but it is only a brief respite. Cora, who sees clearly that to remain on the rock will mean death or capture for the whole party, urges the men to make a bold attempt to escape under cover of darkness and seek help, pointing out that by no other means can they aid her or her sister. Realizing the force of her argument, Hawk-eye and the Mohicans drop noiselessly into the water, leaving Heyward to protect the sisters. How they succeed in their hazardous undertaking, with the fate of Heyward and the two girls, makes the most thrilling story of courage and sagacity; but Magua, crafty and vengeful, well named "Le Renard Subtil," is not easily balked of his quarry. We see him triumphant, defeated, and again triumphant, for no ordinary redskin this, but a chief, fallen from high estate, ambitious to regain his sway once more. For the indignity suffered at the bidding of a paleface, he demands a sacrifice. It is Cora, brave, beautiful, and devoted, who is the victim. But not alone, for Uncas, the finest flower of Indian chivalry, in one last effort to save her falls—The Last of the Mohicans.]

THE HURONS ATTACK

THE warning call of the scout was not uttered without occasion. During the occurrence of the deadly encounter just related, the roar of the falls was unbroken by any human sound whatever. It would seem that interest in the result had kept the natives on the opposite shores in breathless suspense, while the quick evolutions and swift changes in the positions of the combatants effectually prevented a fire that might prove dangerous alike to friend and enemy. But the moment the struggle was decided, a yell arose as fierce and savage as wild and revengeful passions could throw into the air. It was followed by the swift flashes of the rifles, which sent their leaden messengers across the rock in volleys, as though the assailants would pour out their impotent fury on the insensible scene of the fatal contest.

A steady though deliberate return was made from the rifle of Chingachgook, who had maintained his post throughout the fray with unmoved resolution. When the triumphant shout of Uncas was borne to his ears, the gratified father raised his voice in a single responsive cry, after which his busy piece alone proved that he still guarded his pass with unwearied diligence. In this manner many minutes flew by with the swiftness of thought, the rifles of the assailants speaking at times in rattling volleys, and at others in occasional, scattering shots. Though the rock, the trees, and the shrubs were cut and torn in a hundred places around the besieged, their cover was so close, and so rigidly maintained, that as yet David had been the only sufferer in their little band.

"Let them burn their powder," said the deliberate scout, while bullet after bullet whizzed by the place where he securely lay; "there will be a fine gathering of lead when it is over, and I fancy the imps will tire of

the sport afore these old stones cry out for mercy! Uncas, boy, you waste the karnels by overcharging; and a kicking rifle never carries a true bullet. I told you to take that loping miscreant under the line of white paint; now, if your bullet went a hair's-breadth it went two inches above it. The life lies low in a Mingo, and humanity teaches us to make a quick end of the sarpents."

A quiet smile lighted the haughty features of the young Mohican, betraying his knowledge of the English language, as well as of the other's meaning; but he suffered it to pass away without vindication or reply.

"I cannot permit you to accuse Uncas of want of judgment or of skill," said Duncan; "he saved my life in the coolest and readiest manner, and he has made a friend who never will require to be reminded of the debt he owes."

Uncas partly raised his body, and offered his hand to the grasp of Heyward. During this act of friendship, the two young men exchanged looks of intelligence, which caused Duncan to forget the character and condition of his wild associate. In the meanwhile, Hawk-eye, who looked on this burst of youthful feeling with a cool but kind regard, made the following reply—

"Life is an obligation which friends often owe to each other in the wilderness. I daresay I may have served Uncas some such turn myself before now; and I very well remember that he has stood between me and death five different times—three times from the Mingoes, once in crossing the Horican, and——"

"That bullet was better aimed than common!" exclaimed Duncan, involuntarily shrinking from a shot which struck the rock at his side with a smart rebound.

Hawk-eye laid his hand on the shapeless metal, and shook his head as he examined it, saying, "Falling

lead is never flattened! Had it come from the clouds this might have happened!"

But the rifle of Uncas was deliberately raised toward the heavens, directing the eyes of his companions to a point where the mystery was immediately explained. A ragged oak grew on the right bank of the river, nearly opposite to their position, which, seeking the freedom of the open space, had inclined so far forward that its upper branches overhung that arm of the stream which flowed nearest to its own shore. Among the topmost leaves, which scantily concealed the gnarled and stunted limbs, a savage was nestled, partly concealed by the trunk of the tree, and partly exposed, as though looking down upon them to ascertain the effect produced by his treacherous aim.

The Deerslayer

[When reading *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Pathfinder* we must often have longed to know more of the early history of the intrepid scout and his faithful friend and ally, Chingachgook. In *The Deerslayer* our curiosity on this head is gratified, for in its pages we meet with them both as young men. Already the scout is famous for his markmanship, which has gained for him among the Indians the name of "Deerslayer," but so far his quarry has been the game with which the forest abounds, and no human target has been the object of his unerring aim. It is in the service of the lovely, imperious Judith and her gentle sister Hetty that he first finds a deadlier mark. The mystery surrounding the two sisters, their perils and escapes from the fury of the hostile Indians, with the adventures of Hurry Harry and old Tom Hutter, are every bit as exciting as those scenes in which we have met Hawk-eye and the Pathfinder before; but in the last scene with Judith, where the proud beauty sues for the love of a humble trapper, and sues in vain, we find the key to something which puzzles us, when, many years later, the Pathfinder relinquishes his claim to Mabel Dunham. Amid the scenes of excite-

ment and romance in which all three books abound, perhaps the impression which takes the firmest hold upon our imagination is that of the faithful friendship between the white trapper and the Redskin Chief. Through toil and tribulation, misfortune and success, they stand by each other with an exquisite fidelity, a veritable David and Jonathan of the trail.]

THE DUEL IN THE WOODS

WHEN about a hundred yards from the shore, Deerslayer rose in the canoe, gave three or four vigorous strokes with the paddle, sufficient of themselves to impel the bark to land ; and then quickly laying aside the instrument of labour, he seized that of war. He was in the very act of raising the rifle, when a sharp report was followed by the buzz of a bullet which passed so near his body as to cause him involuntarily to start. The next instant Deerslayer staggered and fell his whole length in the bottom of the canoe. A yell—it came from a single voice—followed, and an Indian leaped from the bushes upon the open area of the point, bounding towards the canoe. This was the moment the young man desired. He rose on the instant, and levelled his own rifle at his uncovered foe ; but his finger hesitated about pulling the trigger on one whom he held at such a disadvantage. This little delay probably saved the life of the Indian, who bounded back into the cover as swiftly as he had broken out of it. In the meantime Deerslayer had been swiftly approaching the land, and his own canoe reached the point just as his enemy disappeared. As its movements had not been directed, it touched the shore a few yards from the other boat ; and though the rifle of his foe had to be loaded, there was not time to secure his prize and to carry it beyond danger before he would be exposed to another shot. Under the circumstances, therefore, he did not pause an instant, but dashed into the woods and sought a cover.

On the immediate point there was a small open area, partly in native grass and partly beach, but a dense fringe of bushes lined its upper side. This narrow belt of dwarf vegetation passed, one issued immediately into the high and gloomy vaults of the forest. The land was tolerably level for a few hundred feet, and then it rose precipitously in a mountain side. The trees were tall, large, and so free from underbrush that they resembled vast columns, irregularly scattered, upholding a dome of leaves. Although they stood tolerably close together, for their age and size, the eye could penetrate to considerable distances; and bodies of men even might have engaged beneath their cover with concert and intelligence.

Deerslayer knew that his adversary must be employed in reloading, unless he had fled. The former proved to be the case, for the young man had no sooner placed himself behind a tree than he caught a glimpse of the arm of the Indian, his body being concealed by an oak, in the very act of forcing the leathered bullet home. Nothing would have been easier than to spring forward and decide the affair by a close assault on his unprepared foe; but every feeling of Deerslayer revolted at such a step, although his own life had just been attempted from a cover. He was yet unpractised in the ruthless expedients of savage warfare, of which he knew nothing except by tradition and theory, and it struck him as an unfair advantage to assail an unarmed foe. His colour had heightened, his eye frowned, his lips were compressed, and all his energies were collected and ready; but instead of advancing to fire, he dropped his rifle to the usual position of a sportsman in readiness to catch his aim, and muttered to himself, unconscious that he was speaking—

"No, no; that may be redskin warfare, but it's not a Christian's gifts. Let the miscreant charge, and then we'll take it out like men; for the canoe he *must*

not and *shall* not have. No, no ; let him have time to load, and God will take care of the right."

All this time the Indian had been so intent on his own movements that he was even ignorant that his enemy was in the wood. His only apprehension was that the canoe would be recovered and carried away before he might be in readiness to prevent it. He had sought the cover from habit, but was within a few feet of the fringe of bushes, and could be at the margin of the forest, in readiness to fire, in a moment. The distance between him and his enemy was about fifty yards, and the trees were so arranged by nature that the line of sight was not interrupted, except by the particular trees behind which each party stood.

His rifle was no sooner loaded than the savage glanced around him, and advanced incautiously as regarded the real, but stealthily as respected the fancied position of his enemy, until he was fairly exposed. Then Deerslayer stepped from behind his own cover and hailed him.

"This-a-way, redskin—this-a-way, if you're looking for me," he called out. "I'm young in war, but not so young as to stand on an open beach to be shot down like an owl by daylight. It rests on yourself whether it's peace or war atween us ; for my gifts are white gifts, and I'm not one of them that thinks it valiant to slay human mortals singly in the woods."

The savage was a good deal startled by this sudden discovery of the danger he ran. He had a little knowledge of English, however, and caught the drift of the other's meaning. He was also too well schooled to betray alarm, but dropping the butt of his rifle to the earth with an air of confidence, he made a gesture of lofty courtesy. All this was done with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to consider no man his superior. In the midst of this consummate acting, however, the volcano that raged within caused his eyes to glare and his nostrils to dilate like those of

some wild beast that is suddenly prevented from taking the fatal leap.

"Two canoe," he said, in the deep, guttural tones of his race, holding up the number of fingers he mentioned by way of preventing mistakes; "one for you —one for me."

"No, no, Mingo; that will never do. You own neither; and neither shall you have, as long as I can prevent it. I know it's war atween your people and mine, but that's no reason why human mortals should slay each other like savage creatur's that meet in the woods. Go your way, then, and leave me to go mine. The world is large enough for us both; and when we meet fairly in battle, why, the Lord will order the fate of each of us."

"Good!" exclaimed the Indian. "My brother missionary; great talk—all about Manitou."

"Not so—not so, warrior. I'm not good enough for the Moravians, and am too good for most of the other vagabonds that preach about in the woods. No, no; I'm only a hunter as yet, though afore the peace is made 'tis like enough there'll be occasion to strike a blow at some of your people."

"Good! My brother very young, but he very wise. Little warrior—great talker. Chief, sometimes, in council."

"I don't know this, nor do I say it, Indian," returned Deerslayer, colouring a little at the ill-concealed sarcasm of the other's manner; "I look forward to a life in the woods, and I only hope it may be a peaceable one. All young men must go on the war-path when there's occasion, but war isn't needfully massacre. I've seen enough of the last, this very night, to know that Providence frowns on it; and I now invite you to go your own way, while I go mine, and hope that we may part fri'nds."

"Good! My brother has two scalp—grey hair under t'other. Old wisdom—young tongue."

Here the savage advanced with confidence, his hand extended, his face smiling, and his whole bearing denoting amity and respect. Deerslayer met his offered friendship in a proper spirit, and they shook hands cordially, each endeavouring to assure the other of his sincerity and desire to be at peace.

"All have his own," said the Indian: "my canoe, mine; your canoe, your'n. Go look. If your'n, you keep; if mine, I keep."

"That's just, redskin; though you must be wrong in thinking your canoe your property. Howsoever, seein' is believin'; and we'll go down to the shore, where you may look with your own eyes, for it's likely you'll object to trustin' altogether to mine."

The Indian uttered his favourite exclamation of "Good!" and then they walked side by side towards the shore. There was no apparent distrust in the manner of either, the Indian moving in advance, as if he wished to show his companion that he did not fear turning his back to him. As they reached the open ground, the former pointed towards Deerslayer's boat, and said emphatically—

"No mine—paleface canoe. *This* red man's. No want other man's canoe—want his own."

"You're wrong, redskin—you're altogether wrong. This canoe was left in old Hutter's keeping, and is his'n according to all law, red or white, till its owner comes to claim it. Here's the seats and the stitching of the bark to speak for themselves. No man ever knowed an Indian to turn off such work."

"Good! My brother little old—big wisdom. Indian no make him. White man's work."

"I'm glad you think so, for holding out to the contrary might have made ill blood atween us, every one having a right to take possession of his own. I'll just shove the canoe out of reach of dispute at once, as the quickest way of settling difficulties."

While Deerslayer was speaking, he put a foot at the

end of the light boat, and giving a vigorous shove, he sent it out into the lake a hundred feet or more, where, taking the true current, it would necessarily float past the point, and be in no further danger of coming ashore. The savage started at this ready and decided expedient, and his companion saw that he cast a hurried and fierce glance at his own canoe, or that which contained the paddles. The change of manner, however, was but momentary, and then the Iroquois resumed his air of friendliness and a smile of satisfaction.

"Good!" he repeated, with stronger emphasis than ever. "Young head—old mind. Know how to settle quarrel. Farewell, brother. He go to house in water—Muskrat house; Indian go to camp; tell chiefs no find canoe."

Deerslayer was not sorry to hear this proposal, for he felt anxious to join the females, and he took the offered hand of the Indian very willingly. The parting words were friendly; and while the red man walked calmly towards the wood, with the rifle in the hollow of his arm, without once looking back in uneasiness or distrust, the white man moved towards the remaining canoe, carrying his piece in the same pacific manner, it is true, but keeping his eyes fastened on the movements of the other. This distrust, however, seemed to be altogether uncalled for; and, as if ashamed to have entertained it, the young man averted his look, and stepped carelessly up to his boat. Here he began to push the canoe from the shore, and to make his other preparations for departing. He might have been thus employed a minute, when, happening to turn his face towards the land, his quick and certain eye told him, at a glance, the imminent jeopardy in which his life was placed. The black, ferocious eyes of the savage were glancing on him, like those of the crouching tiger, through a small opening in the bushes, and the muzzle of his rifle seemed already to be opening in a line with his own body.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Deerslayer as a hunter did him good service. Accustomed to fire with the deer on the bound, and often when the precise position of the animal's body had in a manner to be guessed at, he used the same expedients here. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single moment and a single motion; then, aiming almost without sighting, he fired into the bushes where he knew a body ought to be, in order to sustain the appalling countenance, which alone was visible. There was not time to raise the piece any higher, or to take a more deliberate aim. So rapid were his movements that both parties discharged their pieces at the same instant, the concussions mingling in one report. The mountains, indeed, gave back but a single echo. Deerslayer dropped his piece and stood, with head erect, steady as one of the pines in the calm of a June morning, watching the result; while the savage gave the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing a tomahawk. Still Deerslayer moved not, but stood with his unloaded rifle fallen against his shoulders, while, with a hunter's habits, his hands were mechanically feeling for the powder-horn and charger. When about forty feet from his enemy, the savage hurled his keen weapon, but it was with an eye so vacant, and a hand so unsteady and feeble, that the young man caught it by the handle as it was flying past him. At that instant the Indian staggered and fell his whole length on the ground.

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" exclaimed Deerslayer, who was already preparing to force a fresh bullet into his rifle. "I knowed it must come to this, as soon as I had got the range from the creatur's eyes. A man sights suddenly, and fires quick, when his own life's in danger; yes, I knowed it would come to this. I was about the hundredth part of a second too quick for him, or it might have been bad for me. The

riptyle's bullet has just grazed my side. But say what you will, for or ag'in 'em, a redskin is by no means as sartain with powder and ball as a white man. Their gifts don't seem to lie that-a-way. Even Chingachgook, great as he is in other matters, isn't downright deadly with the rifle."

By this time the piece was reloaded, and Deerslayer, after tossing the tomahawk into the canoe, advanced to his victim, and stood over him, leaning on his rifle, in melancholy attention. It was the first instance in which he had seen a man fall in battle ; it was the first fellow-creature against whom he had ever seriously raised his own hand. The sensations were novel ; and regret, with the freshness of our better feelings, mingled with his triumph. The Indian was not dead, though shot directly through the body. He lay on his back motionless, but his eyes, now full of consciousness, watched each action of his victor, as the fallen bird regards the fowler, jealous of every movement. The man probably expected the fatal blow which was to precede the loss of his scalp, or perhaps he anticipated that this latter act of cruelty would precede his death. Deerslayer read his thoughts, and he found a melancholy satisfaction in relieving the apprehensions of the helpless savage.

" No, no, redskin," he said ; " you've nothing more to fear from me. I am of a Christian stock, and scalping is not of my gifts. I'll just make sartain of your rifle, and then come back and do you what sarvice I can. Though here I can't stay much longer, as the crack of three rifles will be apt to bring some of your devils down upon me."

The close of this was said in a sort of soliloquy, as the young man went in quest of the fallen rifle. The piece was found where its owner had dropped it, and was immediately put into the canoe. Laying his own rifle at its side, Deerslayer then returned and stood over the Indian again.

" All inmity atween you and me's at an ind, redskin," said he, " and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury."

Could looks have conveyed all they meant, it is probable Deerslayer's innocent vanity on the subject of colour would have been rebuked a little ; but he comprehended the gratitude that was expressed in the eyes of the dying savage without in the least detecting the bitter sarcasm that struggled with the better feeling.

" Water ! " ejaculated the thirsty and unfortunate creature ; " give poor Indian water ! "

" Ay, water you shall have, if you drink the lake dry. I'll just carry you down to it, that you may take your fill. This is the way, they tell me, with all wounded people—water is their greatest comfort and delight."

So saying, Deerslayer raised the Indian in his arms and carried him to the lake. Here he first helped him to take an attitude in which he could appease his burning thirst, after which he seated himself on a stone, and took the head of his wounded adversary in his own lap, and endeavoured to soothe his anguish in the best manner he could.

" It would be sinful in me to tell you your time hadn't come, warrior," he commenced, " and therefore I'll not say it. You've passed the middle age already, and considerin' the sort of lives ye lead, your days have been pretty well filled. The principal thing now is to look forward to what comes next. Neither redskin nor paleface, on the whole, calculates much on sleepin' for ever, but both expect to live in another world. Each has his gifts, and will be judged by 'em, and I suppose you've thought these matters over enough not to stand in need of sarmons when the trial comes. You'll find your happy hunting-grounds if you've been a just Indian ; if an unjust, you'll meet your desarts in another way."

"Good!" ejaculated the Indian, whose voice retained its depth even as life ebbed away; "young head—old wisdom!"

"It's sometimes a consolation, when the ind comes, to know that them we've harmed, or *tried* to harm, forgive us. I suppose natur' seeks this relief by way of getting a pardon on 'arth, as we never can know whether He pardons, who is all in all, till judgment itself comes. It's soothing to know that *any* pardon at such times; and that, I conclude, is the secret. Now, as for myself, I overlook altogether your designs ag'in my life—first because no harm came of 'em; next, because it's your gifts, and natur', and trainin', and I ought not to have trusted you at all; and finally and chiefly, because I can bear no ill-will to a dying man, whether heathen or Christian. So, put your heart at ease, so far as I'm consarned."

It is probable that the Indian had some of the fearful glimpses of the unknown state of being which God in mercy seems at times to afford to all the human race, but they were necessarily in conformity with his habits and prejudices. Like most of his people, and like too many of our own, he thought more of dying in a way to gain applause among those he left than to secure a better state of existence hereafter. While Deerslayer was speaking, his mind was a little bewildered, though he felt that the intention was good; and when he had done, a regret passed over his spirit that none of his own tribe were present to witness his stoicism, under extreme bodily suffering, and the firmness with which he met his end. With the high innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior, before he becomes corrupted by too much intercourse with the worst class of the white men, he endeavoured to express his thankfulness for the other's good intentions, and to let him understand that they were appreciated.

"Good!" he repeated, for this was an English

word much used by the savages—" good! Young head; young *heart* too. *Old* heart tough; no shed tear. Hear Indian when he die, and no want to lie; what he call him?"

" Deerslayer is the name I bear now, though the Delawares have said that when I get back from this warpath I shall have a more manly title, provided I can 'arn one."

" That good name for boy—poor name for warrior. He get better quick. No fear *there* "—the savage had strength sufficient under the strong excitement he felt to raise a hand and to tap the young man on his breast —" eye sartain—finger lightning—aim death—great warrior soon. No Deerslayer—Hawk-eye—Hawk-eye —Hawk-eye. Shake hand."

The Pathfinder

[To those who said good-bye to Hawk-eye and the old chief Chingachgook in *The Last of the Mohicans*, to meet them once more will be like a reunion with old and well-tried friends.

Again we are in the primeval forests, listening to every crack of a dry twig, lest it should herald the approach of some unfriendly Redskin, for peace has not been restored, and the forest conceals many a tomahawk ready to leap to its dread work and add another scalp to the glory of its owner. Two white travellers, a young girl and her uncle, an old seaman, led by an Indian guide, are making for the spot from which issues a wisp of blue smoke, indicating that some one has lit a fire, and, from the observations of the guide, a Paleface, they come across a group consisting of our old friend Hawk-eye, now known as " The Pathfinder," his faithful ally Chingachgook and a young American, Jasper Western, named, from his calling as a sailor on Lake Ontario, Eau-douce. They have been sent to meet Mabel Dunham and the seaman, old Cap, and to convey them safely to the garrison, where Mabel's father, a sergeant in the 55th Americans, awaits the arrival of his daughter. The Indian guide, Arrowhead,

who is a traitor in the pay of the French, has succumbed to the charms of pretty Mabel Dunham, and desires to carry her off to his wigwam. He incites the hostile Redskins to cut off the passage to the garrison, and it is only by the masterly tactics of the Pathfinder and Jasper Western, somewhat hampered by old Cap's fussy advice, that the party reach their destination without a scalp missing. The story now opens out in an unexpected and exciting manner. Mabel's father is dispatched to an outpost, to which he travels (accompanied by his daughter, the Pathfinder, and old Cap) on the cutter commanded by Jasper. Suddenly, Jasper is deprived of his command, and old Cap takes the helm with disastrous results, which only the tardy reinstatement of Jasper prevents from becoming real calamity.

With masterly judgment he saves the cutter and eventually brings it to its destination. But Arrowhead, possessed with the desire of carrying off Mabel, has once more inflamed the Redskins, and the most terrible drama is enacted round the lonely blockhouse, where Mabel, supported only by June, Arrowhead's squaw, is besieged by an infuriated mob of half-drunken savages; failing to fire her refuge, they kill every white man who falls into their hands. It is Pathfinder who manages to reach her unharmed, and who, when her wounded father is dragged inside the blockhouse, acquiesces to the dying man's last wish that he should marry Mabel. And Pathfinder, in spite of the peril in which they all stand, rejoices, for this simple hunter, faithful friend, and bold enemy has fallen deeply in love with the blue-eyed girl.

How Jasper clears himself of imputed treachery, by arriving to save the besieged blockhouse, and how Mabel, plighted to Pathfinder, thinks she has discovered too late that Jasper loves her, prepares one for the sacrifice that, knowing the noble scout, we feel sure that he will make. Once more he picks up the long, long trail, the end of which no man can see.]

JASPER OUTWITS THE IROQUOIS

"THE moment has come, men," Pathfinder commenced, "when our plans must be coolly laid, in order that we may act together, and with a right under-

standing of our errand and gifts. In an hour's time these woods will be as dark as midnight; and if we are ever to gain the garrison, it must be done under favour of this advantage.—What say you, Master Cap? for though none of the most experienced in combats and retreats in the woods, your years entitle you to speak first in a matter like this, and in a council."

"Well, in my judgment, all we have to do is to go on board the canoe when it gets to be so dark the enemy's lookouts can't see us, and run for the haven, as wind and tide will allow."

"That is easily said, but not so easily done," returned the guide. "We shall be more exposed in the river than by following the woods; and then there is the Oswego rift below us, and I am far from sartain that Jasper himself can carry a boat safely through it in the dark.—What say you, lad, as to your own skill and judgment?"

"I am of Master Cap's opinion about using the canoe. Mabel is too tender to walk through swamps and among roots of trees, in such a night as this promises to be, and then I always feel myself stouter of heart and truer of eye when afloat than when ashore."

"Stout of heart you always be, lad, and I think tolerably true of eye for one who has lived so much in broad sunshine and so little in the woods. Ah's me! the Ontario has no trees, or it would be a plain to delight a hunter's heart! As to your opinion, friends, there is much for and much against it. For it, it may be said water leaves no trail——"

"What do you call the wake?" interrupted the pertinacious and dogmatical Cap.

"Anan?"

"Go on," said Jasper; "Master Cap thinks he is on the ocean. Water leaves no trail——"

"It leaves none, Eau-douce, hereaway, though I do not pretend to say what it may leave on the sea. Then

a canoe is both swift and easy when it floats with the current, and the tender limbs of the sergeant's daughter will be favoured by its motion. But, on the other hand, the river will have no cover but the clouds in the heavens; the rift is a ticklish thing for boats to enter into, even by daylight; and it is six fairly measured miles, by water, from this spot to the garrison. Then a trail on land is not easy to be found in the dark. I am troubled, Jasper, to say which way we ought to counsel and advise."

"If the Serpent and myself could swim into the river, and bring off the other canoe," the young sailor replied, "it would seem to me that our safest course would be the water."

"If, indeed! and yet it might easily be done, as soon as it is a little darker. Well, well, I am not sartain it will not be the best; though, were we only a party of men, it would be like a hunt to the lusty and brave to play at hide-and-seek with yonder miscreants on the other shore. Jasper," continued the guide, into whose character there entered no ingredient which belonged to vain display or theatrical effect, "will you undertake to bring in the canoe?"

"I will undertake anything that will serve and protect Mabel, Pathfinder."

"That is an upright feeling, and I suppose it is natur'. The Sarpent, who is nearly naked already, can help you; and this will be cutting off one of the means of them devils to work their harm."

This material point being settled, the different members of the party prepared themselves to put the project in execution. The shades of evening fell fast upon the forest; and by the time all was ready for the attempt, it was found impossible to discern objects on the opposite shore. Time now pressed, for Indian cunning could devise so many expedients for passing so narrow a stream that the Pathfinder was getting impatient to quit the spot. While Jasper and his

companion entered the river, armed with nothing but their knives and the Delaware's tomahawk, observing the greatest caution not to betray their movements, the guide brought Mabel from her place of concealment, and bidding her and Cap proceed along the shore to the foot of the rapids, he got into the canoe that remained in his possession, in order to carry it to the same place.

This was easily effected. The canoe was laid against the bank, and Mabel and her uncle entered it, taking their seats as usual; while the Pathfinder, erect in the stern, held by a bush, in order to prevent the swift stream from sweeping them down its current. Several minutes of intense and breathless expectation followed, while they awaited the result of the bold attempt of their comrades.

It will be understood that the two adventurers were compelled to swim across a deep and rapid channel before they could reach a part of the rift that admitted of wading. This portion of the enterprise was soon effected; and Jasper and the Serpent struck the bottom side by side at the same instant. Having secured firm footing, they took hold of each other's hands, and waded slowly and with extreme caution in the supposed direction of the canoe. But the darkness was already so deep that they soon ascertained they were to be but little aided by the sense of sight, and that their search must be conducted on that species of instinct which enables the woodsman to find his way when the sun is hid, no stars appear, and all would seem chaos to one less accustomed to the mazes of the forest. Under these circumstances, Jasper submitted to be guided by the Delaware, whose habits best fitted him to take the lead. Still it was no easy matter to wade amid the roaring element at that hour, and retain a clear recollection of the localities. By the time they believed themselves to be in the centre of the stream, the two shores were discernible merely by masses of

obscurity denser than common, the outlines against the clouds being barely distinguishable by the ragged tops of the trees. Once or twice the wanderers altered their course, in consequence of unexpectedly stepping into deep water; for they knew that the boat had lodged on the shallowest part of the ridge. In short, with this fact for their compass, Jasper and his companion wandered about in the water for nearly a quarter of an hour; and at the end of that period, which began to appear interminable to the young man, they found themselves apparently no nearer the object of their search than they had been at its commencement. Just as the Delaware was about to stop, in order to inform his associate that they would do well to return to the land, in order to take a fresh departure, he saw the form of a man moving about in the water, almost within reach of his arm. Jasper was at his side, and he at once understood that the Iroquois were engaged on the same errand as he was himself.

"Mingo!" he uttered in Jasper's ear; "the Serpent will show his brother how to be cunning."

The young sailor caught a glimpse of the figure at that instant, and the startling truth also flashed on his mind. Understanding the necessity of trusting all to the Delaware chief, he kept back, while his friend moved cautiously in the direction in which the strange form had vanished. In another moment it was seen again, evidently moving towards themselves. The waters made such an uproar that little was to be apprehended from ordinary sounds; and the Indian, turning his head, hastily said, "Leave it to the cunning of the Great Serpent."

"Hugh!" exclaimed the strange savage, adding, in the language of his people, "The canoe is found, but there were none to help me. Come, let us raise it from the rock."

"Willingly," answered Chingachgook, who understood the dialect; "lead; we will follow."

The stranger, unable to distinguish between voices and accents amid the raging of the rapid, led the way in the necessary direction; and the two others keeping close at his heels, all three speedily reached the canoe. The Iroquois laid hold of one end, Chingachgook placed himself in the centre, and Jasper went to the opposite extremity, as it was important that the stranger should not detect the presence of a paleface—a discovery that might be made by the parts of the dress the young man still wore, as well as by the general appearance of his head.

"Lift," said the Iroquois, in the sententious manner of his race; and by a trifling effort the canoe was raised from the rock, held a moment in the air to empty it, and then placed carefully on the water in its proper position. All three held it firmly, lest it should escape from their hands under the pressure of the violent current; while the Iroquois, who led, of course, being at the upper end of the boat, took the direction of the eastern shore, or towards the spot where his friends waited his return.

As the Delaware and Jasper well knew there must be several more of the Iroquois on the rift, from the circumstance that their own appearance had occasioned no surprise in the individual they had met, both felt the necessity of extreme caution. Men less bold and determined would have thought that they were incurring too great a risk by thus venturing into the midst of their enemies; but these hardy borderers were unacquainted with fear, were accustomed to hazards, and so well understood the necessity of at least preventing their foes from getting the boat, that they would have cheerfully encountered even greater risks to secure their object. So all-important to the safety of Mabel, indeed, did Jasper deem the possession or the destruction of this canoe, that he had drawn his knife, and stood ready to rip up the bark, in order to render the boat temporarily unserviceable,

should anything occur to compel the Delaware and himself to abandon their prize.

In the meantime the Iroquois, who led the way, proceeded slowly through the water, in the direction of his own party, still grasping the canoe, and dragging his reluctant followers in his train. Once Chingachgook raised his tomahawk, and was about to bury it in the brain of his confiding and unsuspicious neighbour; but the probability that the death-cry or the floating body might give the alarm induced that wary chief to change his purpose. At the next moment he regretted this indecision, for the three who clung to the canoe suddenly found themselves in the centre of a party of no less than four others, who were in quest of it.

After the usual brief characteristic exclamations of satisfaction, the savages eagerly laid hold of the canoe, for all seemed impressed with the necessity of securing this important boat, the one side in order to assail their foes, and the other to secure their retreat. The addition to the party, however, was so unlooked for, and so completely gave the enemy the superiority, that for a few moments the ingenuity and address of even the Delaware were at fault. The five Iroquois, who seemed perfectly to understand their errand, pressed forward towards their own shore, without pausing to converse, their object being, in truth, to obtain the paddles, which they had previously secured, and to embark three or four warriors, with all their rifles and powder-horns, the want of which had alone prevented their crossing the river by swimming as soon as it was dark.

In this manner the body of friends and foes united reached the margin of the eastern channel, where, as in the case of the western, the river was too deep to be waded. Here a short pause succeeded, it being necessary to determine the manner in which the canoe was to be carried across. One of the four who had just

reached the boat was a chief; and the habitual deference which the American Indian pays to merit, experience, and station kept the others silent until this individual had spoken.

The halt greatly added to the danger of discovering the presence of Jasper in particular, who, however, had the precaution to throw the cap he wore into the bottom of the canoe. Being without his jacket and shirt, the outline of his figure in the obscurity would now be less likely to attract observation. His position, too, at the stern of the canoe, a little favoured his concealment, the Iroquois naturally keeping their looks directed the other way. Not so with Chingachgook. This warrior was literally in the midst of his most deadly foes, and he could scarcely move without touching one of them. Yet he was apparently unmoved, though he kept all his senses on the alert, in readiness to escape, or to strike a blow, at the proper moment. By carefully abstaining from looking towards those behind him, he lessened the chances of discovery, and waited with the indomitable patience of an Indian for the instant when he should be required to act.

"Let all my young men but two, one at each end of the canoe, cross and get their arms," said the Iroquois chief. "Let the two push over the boat."

The Indians quietly obeyed, leaving Jasper at the stern and the Iroquois who had found the canoe at the bow of the light craft, Chingachgook burying himself so deep in the river as to be passed by the others without detection. The splashing in the water, the tossing arms, and the calls of one to another, soon announced that the four who had last joined the party were already swimming. As soon as this fact was certain, the Delaware rose, resumed his former station, and began to think the moment for action was come.

One less habitually under self-restraint than this warrior would probably have now aimed his meditated

blow; but Chingachgook knew there were more Iroquois behind him on the rift, and he was a warrior much too trained and experienced to risk anything unnecessarily. He suffered the Indian at the bow of the canoe to push off into the deep water, and then all three were swimming in the direction of the eastern shore. Instead, however, of helping the canoe across the swift current, no sooner did the Delaware and Jasper find themselves within the influence of its greatest force than both began to swim in a way to check their farther progress across the stream. Nor was this done suddenly, or in the incautious manner in which a civilized man would have been apt to attempt the artifice, but warily, and so gradually that the Iroquois at the bow fancied at first he was merely struggling against the strength of the current. Of course, while acted on by these opposing efforts, the canoe drifted downstream, and in about a minute it was floating in still deeper water at the foot of the rift. Here, however, the Iroquois was not slow in finding that something unusual retarded their advance, and looking back he first learned that he was resisted by the efforts of his companions.

That second nature which grows up through habit instantly told the young Iroquois that he was alone with enemies. Dashing the water aside, he sprang at the throat of Chingachgook; and the two Indians, relinquishing their hold of the canoe, seized each other like tigers. In the midst of the darkness of that gloomy night, and floating in an element so dangerous to man when engaged in deadly strife, they appeared to forget everything but their fell animosity and their mutual desire to conquer.

Jasper had now complete command of the canoe, which flew off like a feather impelled by the breath, under the violent reaction of the struggles of the two combatants. The first impulse of the youth was to swim to the aid of the Delaware, but the importance

of securing the boat presented itself with tenfold force, while he listened to the heavy breathings of the warriors as they throttled each other, and he proceeded as fast as possible towards the western shore. This he soon reached; and after a short search he succeeded in discovering the remainder of the party, and in procuring his clothes. A few words sufficed to explain the situation in which he had left the Delaware, and the manner in which the canoe had been obtained.

When those who had been left behind had heard the explanations of Jasper, a profound stillness reigned among them, each listening intently in the vain hope of catching some clue to the result of the fearful struggle that had just taken place, if it were not still going on in the water. Nothing was audible beyond the steady roar of the rushing river, it being a part of the policy of their enemies on the opposite shore to observe the most deathlike stillness.

MRS. CRAIK

John Halifax, Gentleman

[John Halifax, a homeless orphan boy, is sheltering from the rain under the same doorway as Abel Fletcher and his invalid son Phineas, when he hears the former expressing anxiety as to how his son will get home alone. John offers to take him, and after satisfying Abel that he is honest and respectable, is allowed to do so. On reaching the house Phineas begs John to come in, and asks him all about himself. John can tell him little except that he is of gentle birth, the proof of which he has in a book upon the fly-leaf of which is written "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Phineas persuades his father to employ John in his tannery, and the two boys meet often in the tanyard, where Phineas, stretched out upon a heap of oak bark, spends the happiest hours he has ever known, in his new friend's company. Learning that John can neither read nor write he offers to teach him, John making such rapid progress that he rises to the position of a clerk; but a great grief falls upon the boys when John incurs the anger of Abel Fletcher, and is forbidden by way of punishment either to see or speak to Phineas. He wins back his friend, however, by coming to the aid of Abel Fletcher in a moment of the gravest danger. Once more Phineas can rejoice in the companionship of one whom he loves more dearly than a brother. Later, when the two boys have grown to manhood, and John is suffering with all the strength of his vivid nature from the pangs of hopeless love, when this same love seems as if it were going to cost him his brave young life, it is then that Phineas goes out to seek not his own but his friend's happiness and brings it right to him.

For the story of John's wooing and the description of his married happiness, for the triumphs and trials that beset him in his effort to balance the scales between masters and men, we must follow Mrs. Craik's story. But it is not in the development of John's character, not in his achievements, nor yet in the story of his children, that we shall take the most pleasure ; but in the description of his friendship with Phineas Fletcher, whose selfless devotion to the boy he had loved, and the man he almost adores, seems to be the biggest prize in life awarded to John Halifax, Gentleman.]

JOHN HALIFAX TO THE RESCUE

On the Monday morning my father went to the tanyard as usual. I spent the day in my bedroom, which looked over the garden, where I saw nothing but the waving of the trees and the birds hopping over the smooth grass ; heard nothing but the soft chime, hour after hour, of the Abbey bells. What was passing in the world, in the town, or even in the next street, was to me faint as dreams.

At dinner-time I rose, went downstairs, and waited for my father ; waited one, two, three hours. It was very strange. He never by any chance overstayed his time without sending a message home. So after some consideration as to whether I dared encroach upon his formal habits so much, and after much advice from Jael, who betrayed more anxiety than was at all warranted by the cause she assigned—namely, the spoiled dinner—I dispatched Jem Watkins to the tanyard to see after his master.

He came back with ill news. The lane leading to the tanyard was blocked up with a wild mob. Even the stolid, starved patience of our Norton Bury poor had come to an end at last—they had followed the example of many others. There was a bread riot in the town.

God only knows how terrible those " riots " were ;

when the people rose in desperation, not from some delusion of crazy, bloodthirsty "patriotism," but to get food for themselves, their wives, and children. God only knows what madness was in each individual heart of that concourse of poor wretches, styled "the mob," when every man took up arms, certain that there were before him but two alternatives, starving or—hanging.

The riot here was scarcely universal. Norton Bury was not a large place, and had always abundance of smallpox and fevers to keep the poor down numerically. Jem said it was chiefly about our mill and our tanyard that the disturbance lay.

"And where is my father?"

Jem "didn't know," and looked very much as if he didn't care.

"Jael, somebody must go at once and find my father."

"I am going," said Jael, who had already put on her cloak and hood. Of course, despite all her opposition, I went too.

The tanyard was deserted; the mob had divided, and gone, one half to our mill, the rest to another that was lower down the river. I asked of a poor frightened bark-cutter if she knew where my father was. She thought he was gone for the "millingtary"; but Mr. Halifax was at the mill now—she hoped no harm would come to Mr. Halifax.

Even in that moment of alarm I felt a sense of pleasure. I had not been in the tanyard for nearly three years. I did not know John had come already to be called "Mr. Halifax."

There was nothing for me but to wait here till my father returned. He could not surely be so insane as to go to the mill—and John was there. Terribly was my heart divided, but my duty lay with my father.

Jael sat down in the shed, or marched restlessly between the tan pits. I went to the end of the yard,

and looked down towards the mill. What a half-hour it was!

At last, exhausted, I sat down on the bark heap where John and I once sat as lads. He must now be more than twenty; I wondered if he were altered.

"O David! David!" I thought, as I listened eagerly for any sounds abroad in the town; "what should I do if any harm came to thee?"

This minute I heard a footstep crossing the yard. No, it was not my father's—it was firmer, quicker, younger. I sprang from the bark heap.

"Phineas!"

"John!"

What a grasp that was—both hands! and how fondly and proudly I looked up in his face—the still boyish face. But the figure was quite that of a man now.

For a minute we forgot ourselves in our joy, and then he let go my hands, saying hurriedly—

"Where is your father?"

"I wish I knew! Gone for the soldiers, they say."

"No, not that—he would never do that. I must go and look for him. Good-bye."

"Nay, dear John!"

"Can't—can't," said he firmly; "not while your father forbids. I must go." And he was gone.

Though my heart rebelled, my conscience defended him; marvelling how it was that he who had never known his father should uphold so sternly the duty of filial obedience. I think it ought to act as a solemn warning to those who exact so much from the mere fact and name of parenthood, without having in any way fulfilled its duties, that orphans from birth often revere the ideal of that bond far more than those who have known it in reality. Always excepting those children to whose blessed lot it has fallen to have the ideal realized.

In a few minutes I saw him and my father enter the

tanyard together. He was talking earnestly, and my father was listening—ay, listening—and to John Halifax! But whatever the argument was, it failed to move him. Greatly troubled, but staunch as a rock, my old father stood resting his lame foot on a heap of hides. I went to meet him.

"Phineas," said John anxiously, "come and help me.—No, Abel Fletcher," he added, rather proudly, in reply to a sharp, suspicious glance at us both; "your son and I only met ten minutes ago, and have scarcely exchanged a word. But we cannot waste time over that matter now.—Phineas, help me to persuade your father to save his property. He will not call for the aid of the law, because he is a Friend. Besides, for the same reason, it might be useless asking."

"Verily!" said my father, with a bitter and meaning smile.

"But he might get his own men to defend his property, and need not do what he is bent on doing—go to the mill himself."

"Surely," was all Abel Fletcher said, planting his oaken stick firmly, as firmly as his will, and taking his way to the riverside, in the direction of the mill.

I caught his arm. "Father, don't go."

"My son," said he, turning on me one of his "iron looks," as I used to call them—tokens of a nature that might have run molten once, and had settled into a hard, moulded mass, of which nothing could afterwards alter one form, or erase one line—"My son, no opposition. Any who try that with me fail. If those fellows had waited two days more I would have sold all my wheat at a hundred shillings a quarter; now they shall have nothing. It will teach them wisdom another time. Get thee safe home, Phineas, my son; Jael, go thou likewise."

But neither went. John held me back as I was following my father.

"He will do it, Phineas, and I suppose he must.

Please God, I'll take care no harm touches him—but you go home."

That was not to be thought of. Fortunately, the time was too brief for argument, so the discussion soon ended. He followed my father, and I followed him. For Jael, she disappeared.

There was a private path from the tanyard to the mill, along the riverside; by this we went in silence. When we reached the spot it was deserted; but farther down the river we heard a scuffling, and saw a number of men breaking down our garden wall.

"They think he is gone home," whispered John; "we'll get in here the safer. Quick, Phineas."

We crossed the little bridge; John took a key out of his pocket, and let us into the mill by a small door—the only entrance, and that was barred and trebly barred within. It had good need to be in such times.

The mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while—it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by—a cursed fortune wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father——"

"Hush!" whispered John, "it was for his son's sake, you know."

But while we stood, and with a meaning but rather grim smile Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold—we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

Two Years before the Mast

[Even in these days of gentler manners, two years before the mast would be a hard test of endurance for any lad, but when Dana shipped in the brig *Pilgrim* bound from Boston, round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America, he needed to be as tough as hickory to carry through his contract of a two years' voyage as an ordinary seaman. The first day at sea daunted even his stout heart, for the *Pilgrim* ran into heavy weather during which the new hand was ordered aloft to reef top-sails, a duty utterly new to him, and rendered all the more difficult and dangerous as he was suffering acutely from sea-sickness. Next day, however, things improved, the weather was calmer, and Dana, reinforced with a chunk of salt meat, which he gnaws gratefully, began to look about him a bit and settle in to his new job. His vigorous powers of description now enable the reader to realize pretty clearly what a seaman's daily work aboard the *Pilgrim* consisted of, and how a sail on the horizon threw the whole ship's company into a ferment of excitement, particularly when it happened to be (as on one occasion) that of a pirate vessel, armed and full of men, and in pursuit of the little *Pilgrim*. Of storms, even hurricanes, Dana speaks with that familiarity that breeds contempt, for who can expect to round the Horn without a pretty buffeting; but when a shipmate goes overboard, and is lost, a hush falls upon the *Pilgrim*, and humble pathos invests the auction of the dead man's effects—one misses a man at sea so much. At last land is sighted, Robinson Crusoe's Island, Juan Fernandez, and we are shown the governor (an Englishman who had entered the Chilean navy) coming aboard with his comic

suite to dine with the captain. Let us hope that something better than salt beef and ship's biscuit are set before his Excellency. After leaving Juan Fernandez, no land is sighted until Point Conception, nearly a two-months' voyage, when the ship's routine is tightened up to keep the men from brooding. After sixty miles' sail along the coast, the *Pilgrim* casts anchor in the spacious bay of Santa Barbara, and we may now revel in the sprightly pages describing the varied folk who come to look at the varied cargo, the ships and their motley crews, with Dana's first impressions of California. But the real cream of the book rises in those chapters dealing with the life ashore, when Dana is left with a party in charge of the hide-curing, while the *Pilgrim*, with her irascible captain, goes on a short cruise. He makes this part of his adventures so vivid to the reader that one can see the narrow strip of beach overshadowed by great cliffs and hear the beachcombers singing in their various languages, while the Sandwich Islanders, tucked up in the great oven, sleep off their orgies until their lack of resources force them to sign on for a fresh voyage. How Dana finishes his voyage on the *Pilgrim*, and his adventures on the *Alert*, with the story of some shipmates, notably George Harris and Tom Marsh, makes as good reading as all that has gone before, but the main impression which the book leaves behind, though no such idea seems to strike the writer, is the indomitable pluck, cheery good-humour, and resource of Dana himself, during his "Two Years before the Mast."]

HUMOURS OF CAPE WEATHER

We had now got hardened to Cape weather, the vessel was under reduced sail, and everything secured on deck and below, so that we had little to do but to steer and to stand our watch. Our clothes were all wet through, and the only change was from wet to more wet. We had only to come below when the watch was out, wring out our wet clothes, hang them up, and turn in and sleep as soundly as we could until our watch was called again. The only time when we

could be said to take any pleasure was at night and morning, when we were allowed a tin pot full of hot tea, sweetened with molasses. This, bad as it was, was still warm and comforting, and, together with our sea biscuit and cold salt beef, made quite a meal. Yet even this meal was attended with some uncertainty. We had to go ourselves to the galley and take our kid of beef and tin pots of tea and run the risk of losing them before we could get below. Many a kid of beef have I seen rolling in the scuppers * and the bearer lying at his length on the decks. I remember an English lad who was always the life of the crew standing for nearly ten minutes at the galley, with his pot of tea in his hand, waiting for a chance to get down into the forecastle, and, seeing what he thought was a "smooth spell," started to go forward. He had just got to the end of the windlass when a great sea broke over the bows, and for a moment I saw nothing of him but his head and shoulders; and at the next instant, being taken off his legs, he was carried aft with the sea, until her stern lifting up, and sending the water forward, he was left high and dry at the side of the longboat, still holding on to his tin pot, which had now nothing in it but salt water. But nothing could ever daunt him, or overcome, for a moment, his habitual good-humour. Regaining his legs, he rolled below, saying, as he passed, "A man's no sailor if he can't take a joke." The ducking was not the worst of such an affair, for, as there was an allowance of tea, you could get no more from the galley; and though the sailors would never suffer a man to go without, but would always turn in a little from their own pots to fill up his, yet this was at best but dividing the loss among all hands.

Something of the same kind befell me a few days after. The cook had just made for us a mess of hot

* *Scuppers*, holes cut in the water-ways for the water to run from the decks.

"scouse"—that is, biscuit pounded fine, salt beef cut into small pieces, and a few potatoes, boiled up together and seasoned with pepper. This was a rare treat, and I being the last at the galley, had it put in my charge to carry down for the mess. I got along very well as far as the hatchway, and was just getting down the steps, when a heavy sea, lifting the stern out of water, and, passing forward, dropping it down again, threw the steps from their place, and I came down into the steerage a little faster than I meant to, with the kid on top of me, and the whole precious mess scattered over the floor.

A MEETING AT SEA

Friday, November 14th.—We were now well to the westward of the Cape, and were changing our course to the northward as much as we dared, since the strong south-west winds, which prevailed then, carried us in towards Patagonia. At two p.m. we saw a sail on our larboard beam, and at four we made it out to be a large ship, steering our course, under single-reefed topsails. We at that time had shaken the reefs out of our topsails, as the wind was lighter, and set the main top-gallant sail. As soon as our captain saw what sail she was under, he set the fore top-gallant sail and flying jib; and the old whaler—for such his boats and short sail showed him to be—felt a little ashamed, and shook the reefs out of his topsails, but could do no more, for he had sent down his top-gallant masts off the Cape. He ran down for us, and answered our hail as the whaleship *New England*, of Poughkeepsie, one hundred and twenty days from New York. The ship fell astern, and continued in sight during the night. Toward morning, the wind having become light, we crossed our royal and skysail yards, and at daylight we were seen under a

cloud of sail, having royals and skysails * fore and aft. The " spouter," as the sailors call a whaleman, had sent up his main top-gallant mast and set the sail, and made signal for us to heave to. About half-past seven their whaleboat came alongside, and Captain Job Terry sprang on board, a man known in every port and by every vessel in the Pacific Ocean.

Captain Terry convinced our captain that our reckoning was a little out, and, having spent the day on board, put off in his boat at sunset for his ship, which was now six or eight miles astern. He began a " yarn " when he came aboard, which lasted, with but little intermission, for four hours. It would probably never have come to an end had not a good breeze sprung up which sent him off to his own vessel.

At eight o'clock we altered our course to the northward, bound for Juan Fernandez.

* *Skysail*, a light sail, next above the royal.

CHARLES DARWIN

The Voyage of the "Beagle"

[On the 27th of December 1831, H.M.S. *Beagle*, a ten-gun brig, sailed from Devonport to survey Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, the coasts of Chile and Peru, and some Pacific Islands. The survey was duly carried out, and on the way home the brig visited, among other places, New Zealand, Australia, and Brazil, reaching Falmouth in October 1836. On board, as scientific observer, was Charles Darwin, then a young man of twenty-two. While on shore in South America, he rode many hundreds of miles on horseback to visit places of interest and watch wild animals in their haunts. The expedition was no easy picnic. On board ship Darwin suffered continuously from sea-sickness, and on land had sometimes to endure real hardships. On the return from one trip, when they had to ford a creek with the waves breaking over them, "even the iron-framed Gauchos professed themselves glad when they reached the settlement." When he was camping near Cape Horn, a beach of pebbles was a "luxury," for one night he had to sleep on large round boulders, with putrefying seaweed between them, and even then the tide rose and made him shift his blanket. But the result was the publication of his *Journal*, a book to be read not only because it was written by Darwin, but because it is such a fascinating combination of travel and natural history. Darwin, perhaps wisely, made no attempt at fine writing; his aim was to observe accurately and to describe clearly. "No nigger with lash over him," he says elsewhere, "could have worked harder at clearness than I have done." And so we get a unique series of pictures of scenery, towns, men, animals, and birds. The tropical

splendours of Brazil, the gloomy forests of Tierra del Fuego, the fury of Cape Horn, the giant peaks of the Andes, the great ravines of Tahiti, are all brought before our eyes. We get to know the Gauchos and Fuëgians as if we had met them ourselves. At Valdivia, Darwin was on shore during a great earthquake, and gives us a vivid account of what it felt like, and of the ruin which it brought about with the help of a great tidal wave.

His descriptions of the habits of wild animals and birds, such as the puma, the jaguar, the guanaco, the condor, the penguin, and the barking-bird, are all most lifelike. Of the great tortoises of the Galapagos he says, "I frequently got on their backs, and then, on my giving a few raps on the hinder part of their shell, they would rise up and walk away; but I found it very difficult to keep my balance." In an easy way he discusses with us some of the problems connected with the origin and distribution of animals, and we feel that he is collecting the facts on which he afterwards founded his famous theory of Natural Selection. He worked and thought so hard that on his return his father said that the shape of his head was altered!

So, when we read the *Journal,* we may well be grateful to Charles Darwin.]

THE FUEGIANS AT HOME

December 17th, 1832.—Having now finished with Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, I will describe our first arrival in Tierra del Fuego. A little after noon we doubled Cape St. Diego, and entered the famous Strait of Le Maire. We kept close to the Fuegian shore, but the outline of the rugged, inhospitable Statenland was visible amidst the clouds. In the afternoon we anchored in the Bay of Good Success. While entering we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea; and as we passed by they sprang up, and, waving their tattered cloaks, sent forth a loud and sonorous shout.

The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry. The harbour consists of a fine piece of water half surrounded by low rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

In the morning the captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail, one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man ; it is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family ; the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away. These Fuegians are a very different race from the stunted, miserable wretches farther westward ; and they seem closely allied to the famous Patagonians of the Strait of Megellan. Their only garment consists of a mantle made of guanaco skin, with the wool outside ; this they wear just thrown over their shoulders, leaving their persons as often exposed as covered. Their skin is of a dirty coppery-red colour.

The old man had a fillet of white feathers tied round

his head, which partly confined his black, coarse, and entangled hair. His face was crossed by two broad transverse bars ; one, painted bright red, reached from ear to ear and included the upper lip ; the other, white like chalk, extended above and parallel to the first, so that even his eyelids were thus coloured. The other two men were ornamented by streaks of black powder, made of charcoal. The party altogether closely resembled the devils which come on the stage in plays like *Der Freischutz.*

Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts, and making a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and this demonstration of friendship was repeated several times ; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

They are excellent mimics : as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry ; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we

Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American Indian through a sentence of more than three words ? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres : the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he may be recognized. How can this faculty be explained ? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilized ?

When a song was struck up by our party, I thought the Fuegians would have fallen down with astonishment. With equal surprise they viewed our dancing ; but one of the young men, when asked, had no objection to a little waltzing. Little accustomed to Europeans as they appeared to be, yet they knew and dreaded our firearms ; nothing would tempt them to take a gun in their hands. They begged for knives, calling them by the Spanish word "*cuchilla.*" They explained also what they wanted, by acting as if they had a piece of blubber in their mouth, and then pretending to cut instead of tear it.

CHARLES DICKENS

Pickwick Papers

[The story of Mr. Pickwick is one of the funniest in the world. A benevolent old gentleman with a theory on tittlebats, he undertakes to make a journey on behalf of the Pickwick Club, of which he is president. He is accompanied by Tracy Tupman, Augustus Snodgrass, and Nathaniel Winkle, fellow Pickwickians. On the very morning of their departure they are involved in an adventure more exciting than pleasant, from which they are rescued by Jingle, a happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, who insists on accompanying them to Rochester, where they all put up at an inn. Jingle leads the plump and would-be-peaceful Tracy Tupman into mischief, which nearly ends in a duel. The Pickwickians attend a review, at which they meet Mr. Wardle, his two daughters, their spinster aunt, and the Fat Boy. Mr. Wardle invites the Pickwickians to pay him a visit at Manor Farm, Dingley Dell. Owing to mishaps on the road they arrive in a comical and sorry plight; however, Mr. Wardle gives them a splendid welcome, and they remain some time, during which Mr. Tupman succumbs to the mature charms of the spinster aunt. Jingle turns up and decides to cut Tracy Tupman out by persuading the spinster aunt to elope with him. He gets away with her, but is pursued by the indignant Mr. Wardle, accompanied by Mr. Pickwick, who, in spite of an accident to their post-chaise, catch up the runaways in London at an inn. Here Mr. Pickwick meets the famous Sam Weller. Jingle is bought off, and the spinster aunt taken back to Manor Farm to find that Tracy Tupman has already left. Mr. Pickwick decides to follow him, and after a warm farewell departs, accompanied by Snodgrass and Winkle, in search of their missing friend. He is found snugly

established at Cobham, where Mr. Pickwick makes a wonderful discovery which decides him to hurry back to London. Arriving at his lodgings, he attempts to break to Mrs. Bardell, his landlady, the news that he has engaged Sam Weller as a servant. She misunderstands him, with embarrassing consequences, which result in a lawsuit against the innocent Mr. Pickwick, and a series of the most wonderful attempts on the part of Sam Weller, aided by his old father, to confuse and outwit the enemies of his master. In the meantime Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass have been having adventures on their own account, mostly of a sentimental nature, and involving them in the most absurd predicaments. The pursuit of the elusive Jingle by the enraged Mr. Pickwick, his discovery in prison, where Mr. Pickwick also finds himself, the pranks and oddities of every other character that crops up in the story, all conspire to make up the finest entertainment for the reader. And when, at the last, with the release of Mr. Pickwick from prison, everything ends as happily as could be, we close the book on the best feast of laughter that the greatest humorist in English fiction ever prepared for us.]

MR. WINKLE ON HORSEBACK

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman; and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives. Oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle;

"very good saddle-horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick.—"Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Now Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in—"bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floorcloth shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, Shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy-hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbins." Shiny Villiam—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust the whip into his right.

"Wo—o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler encouragingly.—"Jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler.—"Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Wo—o!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to

pieces with the violence of the exercise, " pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face ; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

" Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle soothingly—" poor fellow—good old horse." The " poor fellow " was proof against flattery : the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away ; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

" What am I to do ? " shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. " What am I to do ? I can't get on him."

" You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

" But he won't come ! " roared Mr. Winkle. " Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity : he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew

the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet and kicking up of the dust ; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch ; and finally stood stock-still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

David Copperfield

[David Copperfield tells his own story, and from him we learn that he was born after his father's death. Upon the day of his birth, his great-aunt, Betsey Trotwood, arrives, announces her intention of being godmother to the baby if it is a girl, but when she learns it is a boy goes off in a huff. David describes his childhood with his mother and old nurse Peggotty, and a visit to her brother, in terms so real that the old boat-builder, Mr. Peggotty, his melancholy housekeeper, Mrs. Gummidge, little Em'ly and the honest nephew Ham, all seem to come alive inside their quaint home, an old boat moored on the sea-shore. David is very happy playing with "Little Em'ly" by the sea, but returns home to find that his mother has married again. The old happy life is over, his stepfather hates him, and after an ugly scene between the man and the boy, David is packed off to a school kept by a bully called Creakle. He meets the handsome, brilliant Steerforth and Traddles, the latter one of the most delightful characters in the book. David's mother dies, his stepfather refuses to keep him either at school or at home, and he is sent to earn his living in London, where he lodges with the Micawbers, an extraordinary but kind couple, who are his only friends in the world. They are forced, by financial straits, to leave London, and David is left homeless. He decides to seek out the old aunt, Betsey Trotwood, in her cottage at Dover, but before he starts, his box and little store of money are stolen. He sets off on foot, and after many hardships arrives, a ragged waif, at his aunt's door. She adopts him and sends him to school at Canterbury, where he boards with Mr. Wickfield, Miss Trotwood's solicitor, and meets his daughter Agnes. He also makes the acquaintance of Uriah Heep, Mr. Wickfield's confidential clerk, who, under the guise of humility, is plotting to ruin his master. His schooldays over, David again visits Mr. Peggotty, taking his fascinating school-friend Steerforth with him. "Little Em'ly," now grown into a beautiful young woman, is engaged to Ham, her cousin. Steerforth admires her and makes

David uneasy by saying that she is too good for Ham. David is articled to Spenlow and Jorkins, attorneys, and meets Mr. Spenlow's daughter Dora, with whom he falls most desperately in love. After various vicissitudes, among which are the loss of Miss Trotwood's money and the death of Dora's father, which leaves her penniless, the young pair are married and set up housekeeping, the description of which moves the reader to laughter not far removed from tears, for Dora, "Little Blossom," as Miss Trotwood loves to call her, begins to fade, and foolish, childlike, as she has often seemed, her death makes a terrible gap. No brief summary can complete the story of Steerforth and "Little Em'ly," do justice to the incomparable Micawber, disentangle Mr. Wickfield from the snare set for him by the detestable Uriah Heep, or describe the heroic sacrifice of the humble boatman, Ham. Only the rich fancy of Dickens himself can clothe his varied characters with life or devise the unexpected and exciting situations we find them in.

That David Copperfield should find his greatest happiness in the love of Agnes Wickfield does not surprise us. Dora had foreseen that it must be so, and, seeing, had died content.]

SOMEBODY TURNS UP

It was Mr. Micawber! It was Mr. Micawber, with his eye-glass, and his walking-stick, and his shirt-collar, and his genteel air, and the condescending roll in his voice, all complete!

"My dear Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, putting out his hand, "this is indeed a meeting which is calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the instability and uncertainty of all human—in short, it is a most extraordinary meeting. Walking along the street, reflecting upon the probability of something turning up (of which I am at present rather sanguine), I find a young but valued friend turn up, who is connected with the most eventful period of my life—I may say, with the turning-point of my existence. Copperfield, my dear fellow, how do you do?"

I cannot say—I really can*not* say—that I was glad to see Mr. Micawber there ; but I was glad to see him too, and shook hands with him heartily, inquiring how Mrs. Micawber was.

" Thank you," said Mr. Micawber, waving his hand as of old, and settling his chin in his shirt-collar, " she is tolerably convalescent. The twins no longer derive their sustenance from Nature's founts—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in one of his bursts of confidence, " they are weaned—and Mrs. Micawber is, at present, my travelling companion. She will be rejoiced, Copperfield, to renew her acquaintance with one who has proved himself in all respects a worthy minister at the sacred altar of friendship."

I said I should be delighted to see her.

" You are very good," said Mr. Micawber.

Mr. Micawber then smiled, settled his chin again, and looked about him.

" I have discovered my friend Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber genteelly, and without addressing himself particularly to any one, " not in solitude, but partaking of a social meal in company with a widow lady and one who is apparently her offspring—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another of his bursts of confidence, " her son. I shall esteem it an honour to be presented."

I could do no less, under these circumstances, than make Mr. Micawber known to Uriah Heep and his mother, which I accordingly did. As they abased themselves before him, Mr. Micawber took a seat, and waved his hand in his most courtly manner.

" Any friend of my friend Copperfield's," said Mr. Micawber, " has a personal claim upon myself."

" We are too umble, sir," said Mrs. Heep, " my son and me, to be the friends of Master Copperfield. He has been so good as take his tea with us, and we are thankful to him for his company ; also to you, sir, for your notice."

"Ma'am," returned Mr. Micawber, with a bow, "you are very obliging.—And what are you doing, Copperfield ? Still in the wine trade ? "

I was excessively anxious to get Mr. Micawber away, and replied, with my hat in my hand, and a very red face, I have no doubt, that I was a pupil at Doctor Strong's.

"A pupil ? " said Mr. Micawber, raising his eyebrows. "I am extremely happy to hear it. Although a mind like my friend Copperfield's "—to Uriah and Mrs. Heep—" does not require that cultivation which, without his knowledge of men and things, it would require, still it is a rich soil teeming with latent vegetation—in short," said Mr. Micawber, smiling, in another burst of confidence, " it is an intellect capable of getting up the classics to any extent."

Uriah, with his long hands slowly twining over one another, made a ghastly writhe from the waist upwards, to express his concurrence in this estimation of me.

"Shall we go and see Mrs. Micawber, sir ? " I said, to get Mr. Micawber away.

"If you will do her that favour, Copperfield," replied Mr. Micawber, rising. "I have no scruple in saying, in the presence of our friends here, that I am a man who has, for some years, contended against the pressure of pecuniary difficulties." I knew he was certain to say something of this kind ; he always would be so boastful about his difficulties. "Sometimes I have risen superior to my difficulties. Sometimes my difficulties have—in short, have floored me. There have been times when I have administered a succession of facers to them ; there have been times when they have been too many for me, and I have given in, and said to Mrs. Micawber, in the words of Cato, 'Plato, thou reasonest well. It's all up now. I can show fight no more.' But at no time of my life," said Mr. Micawber, "have I enjoyed a higher degree of satisfaction than

in pouring my griefs (if I may describe difficulties, chiefly arising out of warrants of attorney and promissory notes at two and four months, by that word) into the bosom of my friend Copperfield."

Mr. Micawber closed this handsome tribute by saying, "Mr. Heep! good-evening. Mrs. Heep! your servant," and then walking out with me in his most fashionable manner, making a good deal of noise on the pavement with his shoes, and humming a tune as we went.

It was a little inn where Mr. Micawber put up, and he occupied a little room in it, partitioned off from the commercial room, and strongly flavoured with tobacco-smoke. I think it was over the kitchen, because a warm, greasy smell appeared to come up through the chinks in the floor, and there was a flabby perspiration on the walls. I know it was near the bar, on account of the smell of spirits and jingling of glasses. Here, recumbent on a small sofa, underneath a picture of a racehorse, with her head close to the fire, and her feet pushing the mustard off the dumb-waiter at the other end of the room, was Mrs. Micawber, to whom Mr. Micawber entered first, saying, "My dear, allow me to introduce to you a pupil of Doctor Strong's."

I noticed, by-the-bye, that although Mr. Micawber was just as much confused as ever about my age and standing, he always remembered, as a genteel thing, that I was a pupil of Doctor Strong's.

Mrs. Micawber was amazed, but very glad to see me. I was very glad to see her too, and, after an affectionate greeting on both sides, sat down on the small sofa near her.

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber, "if you will mention to Copperfield what our present position is, which I have no doubt he will like to know, I will go and look at the paper the while, and see whether anything turns up among the advertisements."

" I thought you were at Plymouth, ma'am," I said to Mrs. Micawber, as he went out.

" My dear Master Copperfield," she replied, " we went to Plymouth."

" To be on the spot," I hinted.

" Just so," said Mrs. Micawber—" to be on the spot. But the truth is, talent is not wanted in the Custom House. The local influence of my family was quite unavailing to obtain any employment in that department for a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities. They would rather *not* have a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities. He would only show the deficiency of the others. Apart from which," said Mrs. Micawber, " I will not disguise from you, my dear Master Copperfield, that when that branch of my family which is settled in Plymouth became aware that Mr. Micawber was accompanied by myself, and by little Wilkins and his sister, and by the twins, they did not receive him with that ardour which he might have expected, being so newly released from captivity. In fact," said Mrs. Micawber, lowering her voice—" this is between ourselves—our reception was cool."

" Dear me ! " I said.

" Yes," said Mrs. Micawber. " It is truly painful to contemplate mankind in such an aspect, Master Copperfield, but our reception was decidedly cool. There is no doubt about it. In fact, that branch of my family which is settled in Plymouth became quite personal to Mr. Micawber, before we had been there a week."

I said, and thought, that they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

" Still, so it was," continued Mrs. Micawber. " Under such circumstances, what could a man of Mr. Micawber's spirit do ? But one obvious course was left—to borrow of that branch of my family the money to return to London, and to return at any sacrifice."

"Then you all came back again, ma'am?" I said.

"We all came back again," replied Mrs. Micawber. "Since then, I have consulted other branches of my family on the course which it is most expedient for Mr. Micawber to take—for I maintain that he must take some course, Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber argumentatively. "It is clear that a family of six, not including a domestic, cannot live upon air."

"Certainly, ma'am," said I.

"The opinion of those other branches of my family," pursued Mrs. Micawber, "is, that Mr. Micawber should immediately turn his attention to coals."

"To what, ma'am?"

"To coals," said Mrs. Micawber—"to the coal trade. Mr. Micawber was induced to think, on inquiry, that there might be an opening for a man of his talent in the Medway coal trade. Then, as Mr. Micawber very properly said, the first step to be taken clearly was, to come and *see* the Medway. Which we came and saw. I say 'we,' Master Copperfield; for I never will," said Mrs. Micawber with emotion—"I never will desert Mr. Micawber."

Nicholas Nickleby

[Nicholas Nickleby, a charming youth of eighteen, and his sister Kate, a year younger, finding upon the death of their father that they are penniless, with their mother to support, ask the assistance of their uncle, Ralph Nickleby, a crafty skinflint. He obtains for Nicholas a position as usher at a school in Yorkshire, Dotheboys Hall, kept by a bullying rascal called Squeers, with the assistance of his wife, a muscular virago, his odious son Wackford, and shrewish daughter Fanny; they manage to make the life of Nicholas so unbearable that, added to his helpless indignation at the miseries heaped upon the wretched boys at the school, he can bear it no longer

and runs away, taking with him a poor, half-witted creature called Smike.

On foot they make their way to London, where they are befriended by Newman Noggs, Ralph Nickleby's clerk. Seeking out Ralph Nickleby, to tell him what has happened, Nicholas finds that he has been forestalled by Squeers, who with cunning malice has trumped up a story against him. Ralph, glad of any excuse to rid himself of his nephew, refuses to believe him, and the two part in anger. Nearly penniless and without a friend in London, Nicholas decides to leave with Smike, and sets out to walk to Portsmouth with the idea of taking a berth on a ship. Stopping at an inn on the way, he meets Vincent Crummles, the proprietor of a travelling theatre, who engages him as an all-round handy-man and finds a small part for Smike.

In the meantime Kate is suffering every humiliation and trial that ill-fortune can devise. With Nicholas far away, her mother a foolish old babbler, and her uncle, Ralph Nickleby, so base that he does not scruple to use her beauty as a decoy for his dupes, her life is made almost unendurable. It is Newman Noggs, the old broken-down gentleman, another of Ralph's victims, who stands between the helpless girl and her persecutors, summons Nicholas to protect her, and defeats the sinister schemes of the miser Ralph Nickleby.

The book ends happily, irradiated by the genial benevolence of the Cheeryble brothers, enriched by the romance which attends the love affairs of both Kate and Nicholas, and enlivened with exquisitely funny descriptions of the Crummleses and Kenwigs; but perhaps the highest comedy in the story is found in the absurd conversation of Mrs. Nickleby, who, arch, knowing, and complacent, "never opens her mouth without putting her foot in it."

A shadow falls across the sunny path upon which Nicholas and Kate enter. One whom they love and pity does not live to rejoice in their happiness; tears and laughter are never far apart in the story of *Nicholas Nickleby*. But find out for yourselves.]

DOTHEBOYS HALL

They had not been in this apartment a couple of minutes when a female bounced into the room, and, seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat, gave him two loud kisses, one close after the other, like a postman's knock. The lady, who was of a large raw-boned figure, was about half a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night-jacket, with her hair in papers; she had also a dirty nightcap on, relieved by a yellow cotton handkerchief which tied it under the chin.

"How is my Squeery?" said this lady, in a playful manner and a very hoarse voice.

"Quite well, my love," replied Squeers. "How's the cows?"

"All right, every one of 'em," answered the lady.

"And the pigs?" said Squeers.

"As well as they were when you went away."

"Come; that's a blessing," said Squeers, pulling off his greatcoat. "The boys are all as they were, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, they're well enough," replied Mrs. Squeers, snappishly. "That young Pitcher's had a fever."

"No!" exclaimed Squeers. "D—n that boy, he's always at something of that sort."

"Never was such a boy, I do believe," said Mrs. Squeers; "whatever he has is always catching, too. I say it's obstinacy, and nothing shall ever convince me that it isn't. I'd beat it out of him, and I told you that six months ago."

"So you did, my love," rejoined Squeers. "We'll try what can be done."

Pending these little endearments, Nicholas had stood, awkwardly enough, in the middle of the room, not very well knowing whether he was expected to retire into the passage or to remain where he was.

He was now relieved from his perplexity by Mr. Squeers.

"This is the new young man, my dear," said that gentleman.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Squeers, nodding her head at Nicholas, and eyeing him coldly from top to toe.

"He'll take a meal with us to-night," said Squeers, "and go among the boys to-morrow morning. You can give him a shake-down here to-night, can't you?"

"We must manage it somehow," replied the lady.—"You don't much mind how you sleep, I suppose, sir?"

"No, indeed," replied Nicholas; "I am not particular."

"That's lucky," said Mrs. Squeers. And as the lady's humour was considered to lie chiefly in retort, Mr. Squeers laughed heartily, and seemed to expect that Nicholas should do the same.

After some further conversation between the master and mistress relative to the success of Mr. Squeers's trip, and the people who had paid, and the people who had made default in payment, a young servant girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his greatcoat pockets of letters to different boys, and other small documents, which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced, with an anxious and timid expression, at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once, for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively, and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton

suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. Heaven knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse, man's neckerchief. He was lame; and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers; "let the things alone, can't you."

"Eh!" said Squeers, looking up. "Oh! it's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control by force the nervous wandering of his fingers; "is there——"

"Well!" said Squeers.

"Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me?"

"Devil a bit," replied Squeers, testily.

The lad withdrew his eyes, and putting his hand to his face, moved towards the door.

"Not a word," resumed Squeers, "and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here all these years and no money paid after the first six—nor notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

"I'll tell you what, Squeers," remarked his wife as the door closed, "I think that young chap's turning silly."

"I hope not," said the schoolmaster; "for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink, any way. I should think he'd have wit enough for us, though, if he was. But come; let's have supper, for I'm hungry and tired, and want to get to bed."

This reminder brought in an exclusive steak for Mr. Squeers, who speedily proceeded to do it ample justice. Nicholas drew up his chair, but his appetite was effectually taken away.

"How's the steak, Squeers?" said Mrs. S.

"Tender as a lamb," replied Squeers. "Have a bit?"

"I couldn't eat a morsel," replied his wife. "What'll the young man take, my dear?"

"Whatever he likes that's present," rejoined Squeers, in a most unusual burst of generosity.

"What do you say, Mr. Knuckleboy?" inquired Mrs. Squeers.

"I'll take a little of the pie, if you please," replied Nicholas. "A very little, for I'm not hungry."

"Well, it's a pity to cut the pie if you're not hungry, isn't it?" said Mrs. Squeers. "Will you try a bit of the beef?"

"Whatever you please," replied Nicholas, abstractedly; "it's all the same to me."

Mrs. Squeers looked vastly gracious on receiving this reply; and nodding to Squeers, as much as to say that she was glad to find the young man knew his station, assisted Nicholas to a slice of meat with her own fair hands.

"Ale, Squeery?" inquired the lady, winking and frowning to give him to understand that the question propounded was, whether Nicholas should have ale, and not whether he (Squeers) would take any.

"Certainly," said Squeers, re-telegraphing in the same manner; "a glassful."

So Nicholas had a glassful, and being occupied with his own reflections, drank it in happy innocence of all the foregoing proceedings.

"Uncommon juicy steak that," said Squeers, as he laid down his knife and fork, after plying it in silence for some time.

"It's prime meat," rejoined his lady. "I bought a good large piece of it myself on purpose for——"

"For what?" exclaimed Squeers hastily. "Not for the——"

"No, no, not for them," rejoined Mrs. Squeers; "on purpose for you against you came home. Lor! you didn't think I could have made such a mistake as that?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I didn't know what you were going to say," said Squeers, who had turned pale.

"You needn't make yourself uncomfortable," remarked his wife, laughing heartily. "To think that I should be such a noddy! Well!"

This part of the conversation was rather unintelligible; but popular rumour in the neighbourhood asserted that Mr. Squeers, being amiably opposed to cruelty to animals, not unfrequently purchased for boy-consumption the bodies of horned cattle who had died a natural death. Possibly he was apprehensive of having unintentionally devoured some choice morsel intended for the young gentlemen.

Supper being over, and removed by a small servant-girl with a hungry eye, Mrs. Squeers retired to lock it up, and also to take into safe custody the clothes of the five boys who had just arrived, and who were half-way up the troublesome flight of steps which

leads to death's door, in consequence of exposure to the cold. They were then regaled with a light supper of porridge, and stowed away, side by side, in a small bedstead, to warm each other, and dream of a substantial meal, with something hot after it, if their fancies set that way, which it is not at all improbable they did.

Mr. Squeers treated himself to a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, made on the liberal half-and-half principle, allowing for the dissolution of the sugar; and his amiable helpmate mixed Nicholas the ghost of a small glassful of the same compound. This done, Mr. and Mrs. Squeers drew close up to the fire, and, sitting with their feet on the fender, talked confidentially in whispers; while Nicholas, taking up the tutor's assistant, read the interesting legends in the miscellaneous questions and all the figures into the bargain, with as much thought or consciousness of what he was doing as if he had been in a magnetic slumber.

At length Mr. Squeers yawned fearfully, and opined that it was high time to go to bed; upon which signal Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a small straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

"We'll put you into your regular bedroom to-morrow, Nickleby," said Squeers.—"Let me see! Who sleeps in Brooks's bed, my dear?"

"In Brooks's?" said Mrs. Squeers, pondering. "There's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and what's-his-name."

"So there is," rejoined Squeers. "Yes! Brooks is full."

"Full!" thought Nicholas; "I should think he was."

"There's a place somewhere, I know," said Squeers, "but I can't at this moment call to mind where it is. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow.—

Good-night, Nickleby. Seven o'clock in the morning, mind."

"I shall be ready, sir," replied Nicholas. "Good-night."

"I'll come in myself and show you where the well is," said Squeers. "You'll always find a little bit of soap in the kitchen window; that belongs to you."

Nicholas opened his eyes, but not his mouth; and Squeers was again going away when he once more turned back.

"I don't know, I am sure," he said, "whose towel to put you on; but if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning, Mrs. Squeers will arrange that in the course of the day.—My dear, don't forget."

"I'll take care," replied Mrs. Squeers; "and mind *you* take care, young man, and get first wash. The teacher ought always to have it; but they get the better of him if they can."

Mr. Squeers then nudged Mrs. Squeers to bring away the brandy-bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night; and the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

Nicholas being left alone, took half a dozen turns up and down the room in a condition of much agitation and excitement; but growing gradually calmer, sat himself down in a chair, and mentally resolved that, come what come might, he would endeavour for a time to bear whatever wretchedness might be in store for him, and that, remembering the helplessness of his mother and sister, he would give his uncle no plea for deserting them in their need. Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effect in the mind from which they spring. He grew less desponding, and—so sanguine and buoyant is youth—even hoped that affairs at Dotheboys Hall might yet prove better than they promised.

He was preparing for bed with something like renewed cheerfulness, when a sealed letter fell from his

coat pocket. In the hurry of leaving London it had escaped his attention, and had not occurred to him since, but it at once brought back to him the recollection of the mysterious behaviour of Newman Noggs.

"Dear me!" said Nicholas, "what an extraordinary hand!"

It was directed to himself, was written upon very dirty paper, and in such cramped and crippled writing as to be almost illegible. After great difficulty and much puzzling he contrived to read as follows:

"My dear Young Man,—I know the world. Your father did not, or he would not have done me a kindness when there was no hope of return. You do not, or you would not be bound on such a journey.

"If ever you want a shelter in London (don't be angry at this; *I* once thought I never should), they know where I live at the sign of the Crown in Silver Street, Golden Square. It is at the corner of Silver Street and James Street, with a bar door both ways. You can come at night. Once nobody was ashamed—never mind that; it's all over.

"Excuse errors. I should forget how to wear a whole coat now. I have forgotten all my old ways. My spelling may have gone with them.

"Newman Noggs.

"*P.S.*—If you should go near Barnard Castle, there is good ale at the King's Head. Say you know me, and I am sure they will not charge you for it. You may say, *Mr.* Noggs there, for I was a gentleman then—I was indeed."

It may be a very undignified circumstance to record, but after he had folded this letter and placed it in his pocket-book, Nicholas Nickleby's eyes were dimmed with a moisture that might have been taken for tears.

The Old Curiosity Shop

[*The Old Curiosity Shop* is remarkable for the study of that wise and beautiful child, "Little Nell," who, learning through her love for him, that her grandfather is oppressed by some secret trouble, and learning too that he is in the power of a hideous and malicious dwarf called Quilp, manages to persuade him to fly from the Old Curiosity Shop with her and seek refuge in some distant country place. Together they slip away before dawn, and take to the road, carrying all they possess in modest bundles, the old man holding the child by the hand, and supported further by his staff.

Of their adventures, misfortunes, and cruel privations, Dickens makes the most tender and touching story, blending tragedy and comedy so skilfully that we never see the join; in one chapter we may be laughing over the whimsical absurdities of Dick Swiveller, or the efforts of Kit Nubbles to restrain the antics of the pampered pony "Whisker," who rules old Mr. and Mrs. Garland, or in another listening to the patter of the Punch and Judy showmen Codlin and Short, as they walk beside Nell and her grandfather on the dusty road to the fair, or almost moved to tears by the recital of the hardships and terrors that fall to the lot of Nell, and which she bears with such noble fortitude.

The book is rich in those character studies of which Dickens was such a master. Quilp, the most revolting of monstrosities, who, failing to track down the fugitives, falls into his own trap and dies as horribly as he has lived; Sampson Brass, mean and shifty from first to last; his sister Sally, a woman of iron, but no coward; and the delicious "Marchioness," the underfed drudge who, if she doesn't exactly marry Prince Charming, yet wins the man she loves. And where else but in the pages of Dickens could we meet the likes of Mrs. Jarley? of "Jarley's Celebrated Waxworks," if you please, with half a dozen other delightful oddities, forming a constant procession of ever-changing interest, and all very much alive, all ready with their own little story, for in and out of the main theme of Nell's heroic effort to save her grandfather from dishonour, wander other little tales,

each with its own charm and distinguished by the genius of the author.

Like so many of the novels of Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop* can be read many times without exhausting its " infinite variety."]

NELL DISCOVERS HER GRANDFATHER'S SECRET

At length the play came to an end, and Mr. Isaac List rose the only winner. Mat and the landlord bore their losses with professional fortitude. Isaac pocketed his gains with the air of a man who had quite made up his mind to win all along, and was neither surprised nor pleased.

Nell's little purse was exhausted ; but although it lay empty by his side, and the other players had now risen from the table, the old man sat poring over the cards, dealing them as they had been dealt before, and turning up the different hands to see what each man would have held if they had still been playing. He was quite absorbed in this occupation, when the child drew near and laid her hand upon his shoulder, telling him it was near midnight.

" See the curse of poverty, Nell," he said, pointing to the packs he had spread out upon the table. " If I could have gone on a little longer, only a little longer, the luck would have turned on my side. Yes, it's as plain as the marks upon the cards. See here—and there—and here again."

" Put them away," urged the child. " Try to forget them."

" Try to forget them ! " he rejoined, raising his haggard face to hers, and regarding her with an incredulous stare. " To forget them ! How are we ever to grow rich if I forget them ? "

The child could only shake her head.

" No, no, Nell," said the old man, patting her

cheek, "they must not be forgotten. We must make amends for this as soon as we can. Patience—patience, and we'll right thee yet, I promise thee. Lose to-day, win to-morrow. And nothing can be won without anxiety and care—nothing. Come, I am ready."

"Do you know what the time is?" said Mr. Groves, who was smoking with his friends. "Past twelve o'clock——"

"——And a rainy night," added the stout man.

"The Valiant Soldier, by James Groves. Good beds. Cheap entertainment for man and beast," said Mr. Groves, quoting his sign-board. "Half-past twelve o'clock."

"It's very late," said the uneasy child. "I wish we had gone before. What will they think of us? It will be two o'clock by the time we get back. What would it cost, sir, if we stopped here?"

"Two good beds, one-and-sixpence; supper and beer one shilling; total, two shillings and sixpence," replied the Valiant Soldier.

Now Nell had still the piece of gold sewn in her dress; and when she came to consider the lateness of the hour, and the somnolent habits of Mrs. Jarley, and to imagine the state of consternation in which they would certainly throw that good lady by knocking her up in the middle of the night—and when she reflected, on the other hand, that if they remained where they were, and rose early in the morning, they might get back before she awoke, and could plead the violence of the storm by which they had been overtaken as a good apology for their absence—she decided, after a great deal of hesitation, to remain. She therefore took her grandfather aside, and telling him that she had still enough left to defray the cost of their lodging, proposed that they should stay there for the night.

"If I had had but that money before—if I had only

known of it a few minutes ago!" muttered the old man.

"We will decide to stop here, if you please," said Nell, turning hastily to the landlord.

"I think that's prudent," returned Mr. Groves. "You shall have your suppers directly."

Accordingly, when Mr. Groves had smoked his pipe out, knocked out the ashes, and placed it carefully in a corner of the fireplace, with the bowl downwards, he brought in the bread and cheese and beer, with many high encomiums upon their excellence, and bade his guests fall to, and make themselves at home. Nell and her grandfather ate sparingly, for both were occupied with their own reflections. The other gentlemen, for whose constitutions beer was too weak and tame a liquid, consoled themselves with spirits and tobacco.

As they would leave the house very early in the morning, the child was anxious to pay for their entertainment before they retired to bed. But as she felt the necessity of concealing her little hoard from her grandfather, and had to change the piece of gold, she took it secretly from its place of concealment, and embraced an opportunity of following the landlord when he went out of the room, and tendered it to him in the little bar.

"Will you give me the change here, if you please?" said the child.

Mr. James Groves was evidently surprised, and looked at the money, and rang it, and looked at the child, and at the money again, as though he had a mind to inquire how she came by it. The coin being genuine, however, and changed at his house, he probably felt, like a wise landlord, that it was no business of his. At any rate, he counted out the change and gave it her. The child was returning to the room where they had passed the evening, when she fancied she saw a figure just gliding in at the door. There

was nothing but the long dark passage between this door and the place where she had changed the money, and being very certain that no person had passed in or out while she stood there, the thought struck her that she had been watched.

But by whom ? When she re-entered the room she found its inmates exactly as she had left them. The stout fellow lay upon two chairs, resting his head on his hand, and the squinting man reposed in a similar attitude on the opposite side of the table. Between them sat her grandfather, looking intently at the winner with a kind of hungry admiration, and hanging upon his words as if he were some superior being. She was puzzled for a moment, and looked round to see if any one else were there. No. Then she asked her grandfather in a whisper whether anybody had left the room while she was absent. "No," he said, "nobody."

It must have been her fancy, then; and yet it was strange that, without anything in her previous thoughts to lead to it, she should have imagined this figure so very distinctly. She was still wondering and thinking of it, when a girl came to light her to bed.

The old man took leave of the company at the same time, and they went upstairs together. It was a great, rambling house, with dull corridors and wide staircases, which the flaring candles seemed to make more gloomy. She left her grandfather in his chamber, and followed her guide to another, which was at the end of a passage, and approached by some half-dozen crazy steps. This was prepared for her. The girl lingered a little while to talk, and tell her grievances. She had not a good place, she said ; the wages were low, and the work was hard. She was going to leave it in a fortnight ; the child couldn't recommend her to another, she supposed ? Indeed, she was afraid another would be difficult to get after living there, for the house had a very indifferent character ; there was

far too much card-playing, and such like. She was very much mistaken if some of the people who came there oftenest were quite as honest as they might be, but she wouldn't have it known that she had said so for the world. Then there were some rambling allusions to a rejected sweetheart, who had threatened to go a-soldiering—a final promise of knocking at the door early in the morning—and "Good-night."

The child did not feel comfortable when she was left alone. She could not help thinking of the figure stealing through the passage downstairs, and what the girl had said did not tend to reassure her. The men were very ill-looking. They might get their living by robbing and murdering travellers. Who could tell?

Reasoning herself out of these fears, or losing sight of them for a little while, there came the anxiety to which the adventures of the night gave rise. Here was the old passion awakened again in her grandfather's breast, and to what further distraction it might tempt him Heaven only knew. What fears their absence might have occasioned already! Persons might be seeking for them even then. Would they be forgiven in the morning, or turned adrift again? Oh, why had they stopped in that strange place? It would have been better, under any circumstances, to have gone on!

At last, sleep gradually stole upon her—a broken, fitful sleep, troubled by dreams of falling from high towers, and waking with a start and in great terror. A deeper slumber followed this—and then—What! That figure in the room!

A figure was there. Yes, she had drawn up the blind to admit the light when it should dawn, and there, between the foot of the bed and the dark casement, it crouched and slunk along, groping its way with noiseless hands, and stealing round the bed. She had no voice to cry for help, no power to move, but lay still, watching it.

On it came—on, silently and stealthily, to the bed's head. The breath so near her pillow, that she shrunk back into it, lest these wandering hands should light upon her face. Back again it stole to the window—then turned its head towards her.

The dark form was a mere blot upon the lighter darkness of the room, but she saw the turning of the head, and felt and knew how the eyes looked and the ears listened. There it remained, motionless as she. At length, still keeping the face towards her, it busied its hands in something, and she heard the chink of money.

Then on it came again, silent and stealthy as before, and replacing the garments it had taken from the bedside, dropped upon its hands and knees and crawled away. How slowly it seemed to move, now that she could hear but not see it, creeping along the floor! It reached the door at last, and stood upon its feet. The steps creaked beneath its noiseless tread, and it was gone.

The first impulse of the child was to fly from the terror of being by herself in that room—to have somebody by—not to be alone—and then her power of speech would be restored. With no consciousness of having moved, she gained the door.

There was the dreadful shadow, pausing at the bottom of the steps.

She could not pass it; she might have done so, perhaps, in the darkness without being seized, but her blood curdled at the thought. The figure stood quite still, and so did she—not boldly, but of necessity, for going back into the room was hardly less terrible than going on.

The rain beat fast and furiously without, and ran down in plashing streams from the thatched roof. Some summer insect, with no escape into the air, flew blindly to and fro, beating its body against the walls and ceiling, and filling the silent place with murmur.

The figure moved again. The child involuntarily did the same. Once in her grandfather's room, she would be safe.

It crept along the passage until it came to the very door she longed so ardently to reach. The child, in the agony of being so near, had almost darted forward with the design of bursting into the room and closing it behind her, when the figure stopped again.

The idea flashed suddenly upon her—What if it entered there, and had a design upon the old man's life? She turned faint and sick. It did. It went in. There was a light inside. The figure was now within the chamber, and she, still dumb—quite dumb and almost senseless—stood looking on.

The door was partly open. Not knowing what she meant to do, but meaning to preserve him or be killed herself, she staggered forward and looked in.

What sight was that which met her view?

The bed had not been lain on, but was smooth and empty. And at a table sat the old man himself—the only living creature there—his white face pinched and sharpened by the greediness which made his eyes unnaturally bright—counting the money of which his hands had robbed her.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

The Three Musketeers

[D'Artagnan, the son of a Gascon nobleman, sets out for Paris to win his fortune with only a few crowns in his purse and a letter from his father to an old comrade-in-arms, M. de Tréville, Captain of the King's Musketeers. At Meung he crosses swords with an unknown nobleman, and is wounded, but recovers in time to witness a meeting between his late adversary and a beautiful young woman called Milady. D'Artagnan continues his way to Paris and gains an interview with the great Captain. He meets The Three Musketeers, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, and longs to be one of their glorious company; but, to his disappointment, M. de Tréville arranges for him to enter a military academy, there to learn the heroic arts, and to fit himself for a commission in some distinguished corps. He manages, however, to commend himself to the "glorious three," and so distinguishes himself in various encounters with parties of the Cardinal's Guards (between whom and the King's Musketeers exists a continual jealous feud), that he is accepted by the stately Athos, the magnificent Porthos, and the elegant Aramis, as a little brother-in-arms. The Cardinal, that celebrated soldier-statesman Richelieu, outwardly a friend, but inwardly a bitter enemy of the beautiful Anne of Austria, Louis XII.'s queen, plots her downfall through the medium of her suspected attachment to the Duke of Buckingham. Through the agency of Milady, his cleverest spy, Richelieu causes a forged letter to be sent to the duke, who, loving Anne devotedly, hurries over to Paris, only to find himself tricked, but refuses to return without seeing the object of his adoration. The unhappy Anne, surrounded by the Cardinal's spies set to watch her, has yet one faithful creature to

rely upon, a little seamstress, Constance Bonacieux, the wife of D'Artagnan's landlord, a craven, avaricious, gullible bourgeois. D'Artagnan, who has been able to rescue Constance from an attack on her liberty, made by the Cardinal's orders, forms an attachment for her, which she reciprocates, taking him into her confidence. The Queen, yielding to the tender importunities of the Duke, sees him for a few brief innocent moments, thereby falling headlong into the trap so cunningly laid by the Cardinal. It is then, when all seems lost, that Constance seeks the aid of D'Artagnan, who enlists the glorious triumvirate in the Queen's cause, and outwitting the arch-spy Milady, foils the Cardinal in the very moment of his triumph. From this time, the Cardinal marks D'Artagnan down, but the wily Gascon eludes all the snares set for him. Even when Milady is set on to decoy and destroy him, he yet manages to escape from her toils. The exploits, gallant and romantic, of The Three Musketeers, the tragedy of Buckingham's assassination, the fate of the tender Constance, the unveiling of the mystery that shrouds the melancholy but noble figure of Athos, with the dread finale—of these things Dumas alone can tell with the verve, the insight, the sympathy which he brought to the creation of his immortal trio, *The Three Musketeers*.]

D'ARTAGNAN WINS HIS SPURS

"AND now you are all assembled, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "permit me to offer you my excuses."

At this word *excuses* a cloud passed over the brow of Athos, a haughty smile curled the lip of Porthos, and a negative sign was the reply of Aramis.

"You do not understand me, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, throwing up his head, on which was playing at that moment a ray of sunlight, gilding its clear and bold outlines. "I ask to be excused in case I should not be able to discharge my debt to all three; for M. Athos has the right to kill me first, which must much diminish the face-value of your bill, M. Porthos, and render yours almost worthless, M.

Aramis. And now, gentlemen, I repeat, excuse me, but on that account only, and—on guard ! "

At these words, with the most gallant air possible, D'Artagnan drew his sword.

The blood had mounted to the head of D'Artagnan, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against all the musketeers in the kingdom as willingly as he now did against Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

It was a quarter past twelve. The sun was in its zenith, and the spot chosen for the theatre of the duel was exposed to its full power.

" It is very hot," said Athos, drawing his sword in his turn, " and yet I cannot take off my doublet, for only just now I felt my wound beginning to bleed again, and I should not like to annoy the gentleman with the sight of blood which he has not drawn from me himself."

" That is true, sir," replied D'Artagnan ; " and whether drawn by myself or another, I assure you I shall always view with regret the blood of so brave a man. I will therefore fight in my doublet, as you do."

" Come, come, enough of such compliments," cried Porthos ; " please remember we are waiting our turn."

" Speak for yourself when you are inclined to utter such incongruities," interrupted Aramis. " For my part, I think what they say is very well said, and quite worthy of two gentlemen."

" When you please, sir," said Athos, putting himself on guard.

" I was awaiting your order," said D'Artagnan, crossing swords.

But scarcely had the two rapiers clashed on meeting when a company of the guards of his Eminence, commanded by M. de Jussac, turned the angle of the convent.

" The cardinal's guards ! the cardinal's guards ! " cried Aramis and Porthos at the same time. " Sheathe swords, gentlemen ! sheathe swords ! "

But it was too late. The two combatants had been seen in a position which left no doubt of their intentions.

"Halloo!" cried Jussac, advancing towards them, and making a sign to his men to do the same—"halloo, musketeers! fighting here, then, are you? And the edicts—what has become of them?"

"You are very generous, gentlemen of the guards," said Athos with acrimony, for Jussac was one of the aggressors of the preceding day. "If we were to see you fighting, I can assure you that we would make no effort to prevent you. Leave us alone, then, and you will enjoy a little amusement without cost to yourselves."

"Gentlemen," said Jussac, "I greatly regret to declare the thing impossible. Duty before everything. Sheathe, then, if you please, and follow us."

"Sir," said Aramis, parodying Jussac, "it would afford us great pleasure to obey your polite invitation if it depended upon ourselves; but unfortunately the thing is impossible: M. de Tréville has forbidden it. Pass on your way, then; it is the best thing you can do."

This raillery exasperated Jussac.

"We will charge upon you, then," said he, "if you disobey."

"There are five of them," said Athos, half-aloud, "and we are but three. We shall be beaten again, and must die on the spot; for, I swear it, I will never appear before the captain again as a conquered man."

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis instantly closed in, and Jussac drew up his soldiers.

This short interval was sufficient to determine D'Artagnan. It was one of those events which decide the life of a man. It was a choice between the king and the cardinal. The choice made, it must be persisted in. To fight was to disobey the law, to risk his head, to make at once an enemy of a minister more

powerful than the king himself; all this the young man perceived, and yet, to his praise be it said, he did not hesitate a second. Turning towards Athos and his friends—

"Gentlemen," said he, "allow me to correct your words, if you please. You said you were but three, but it appears to me we are four."

"But you are not one of us," said Porthos.

"That's true," replied D'Artagnan; "I do not wear the uniform, but I am with you in spirit. My heart is that of a musketeer. I feel it, sir, and that urges me on."

"Withdraw, young man," cried Jussac, who, doubtless by his gestures and the expression of his countenance, had guessed D'Artagnan's design. "You may retire; we allow you to do so. Save your skin; begone quickly."

D'Artagnan did not move.

"Well, you are a real good fellow," said Athos, pressing the young man's hand.

"Come, come, decide one way or the other," replied Jussac.

"Well," said Porthos to Aramis, "we must do something."

"You are very generous," said Athos.

But all three were thinking of the youthfulness of D'Artagnan, and dreaded his inexperience.

"We would be only three, one of whom is wounded, with the addition of a boy," resumed Athos, "and yet they will say none the less that we were four men."

"Yes, but to yield!" said Porthos.

"That's rather difficult," replied Athos.

D'Artagnan understood their hesitancy.

"Try me, gentlemen," said he, "and I swear to you by my honour that I will not go hence if we are conquered."

"What is your name, my brave fellow?" said Athos.

"D'Artagnan, sir."

"Well, then, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, forward!" cried Athos.

"Come, gentlemen, have you made your minds up?" cried Jussac for the third time.

"It is done, gentlemen," said Athos.

"And what do you mean to do?" asked Jussac.

"We are about to have the honour of charging you," replied Aramis, lifting his hat with one hand and drawing his sword with the other.

"Oh! you resist, do you?" cried Jussac.

"'Sblood! does that astonish you?"

And the nine combatants rushed at one another with a madness which, however, did not exclude a certain amount of method.

Athos fixed upon Cahusac, a favourite of the cardinal's, Porthos had Bicarat, and Aramis found himself opposed to two adversaries. As to D'Artagnan, he sprang towards Jussac himself.

The heart of the young Gascon beat as though it would burst its fetters—not from fear, God be thanked (he had not the shade of it), but with emulation. He fought like a mad tiger, turning ten times round his adversary, and changing his ground and his guard twenty times. Jussac was, as they said then, fond of the sword, and had had much practice; nevertheless it required all his skill to defend himself against an adversary who, active and energetic, departed every instant from received rules, attacking him on all sides at once, and yet parrying like a man who had the greatest respect for his own epidermis.

This contest at length exhausted Jussac's patience. Furious at being held in check by one whom he had considered a boy, he grew angry and began to make mistakes. D'Artagnan, who, though wanting in practice, had a profound theory, redoubled his agility. Jussac, anxious to put an end to this, springing forward, aimed a terrible thrust at his adversary,

but the latter parried it; and while Jussac was recovering himself, glided like a serpent beneath his blade, and passed his sword through his body. Jussac fell in a heap.

D'Artagnan then cast an anxious and rapid glance over the field of battle.

Aramis had already killed one of his adversaries, but the other was pressing him warmly. Nevertheless Aramis was in a good situation and still able to defend himself.

Bicarat and Porthos had just made counter hits. Porthos had received a thrust through his arm, and Bicarat one through his thigh. But neither of the wounds was serious, and they only fought the more earnestly for them.

Athos, wounded again by Cahusac, was steadily growing paler, but did not give way a foot; he had only changed his sword-hand, and was fighting with his left.

According to the laws of duelling at that period, D'Artagnan was at liberty to assist the one he pleased. While he was trying to find out which of his companions needed his aid, he caught a glance from Athos. This glance was of sublime eloquence. Athos would have died rather than appeal for help; but he could look, and with that look ask assistance. D'Artagnan interpreted it. With a terrible bound he sprang to the side of Cahusac, crying—

"To me, Sir Guard, or I will slay you!"

Cahusac turned. It was time, for Athos, whose great courage alone supported him, sank upon his knee.

"'Sblood!" cried he to D'Artagnan, "do not kill him, young man, I beg of you. I have an old affair to settle with him when I am healed and sound again. Disarm him only; make sure of his sword. That's it! that's it! well done! very well done!"

This exclamation was drawn from Athos by seeing

the sword of Cahusac fly twenty paces from him. D'Artagnan and Cahusac sprang forward at the same instant, the one to recover, the other to obtain, the sword; but D'Artagnan, being the more active, reached it first and placed his foot upon it.

Cahusac immediately ran to the guardsman whom Aramis had killed, seized his rapier, and returned towards D'Artagnan; but on his way he met Athos, who, during the momentary relief which D'Artagnan had procured for him, had recovered his breath, and who, for fear that D'Artagnan should kill his own personal enemy, wished to resumed the fight.

D'Artagnan perceived that it would be disobliging Athos not to leave him alone; and in a few minutes Cahusac fell, with a sword-thrust through his throat.

At the same instant Aramis placed his sword-point on the breast of his fallen enemy, and compelled him to ask for mercy.

Only Porthos and Bicarat remained. Porthos was boasting merrily, asking Bicarat what o'clock it could be, and offering him his compliments upon his brother having just obtained a company in the regiment of Navarre; but joke as he might, he gained no advantage. Bicarat was one of those iron men who never fall dead.

Nevertheless it was necessary to put an end to the affair. The watch might come up and take all the combatants, wounded or not, royalists or cardinalists. Athos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan surrounded Bicarat and summoned him to surrender. Though alone against all, and with a wound in his thigh, Bicarat wished to hold out; but Jussac, who had risen upon his elbow, cried out to him to yield. Bicarat was a Gascon, as D'Artagnan was; he turned a deaf ear, and contented himself with laughing; and between two parries, finding time to point to a spot of earth with his sword—

"Here," cried he, parodying a verse of the Bible—

"here will Bicarat die, the only one of those who are with him!"

"But there are four against you; leave off, I command you!"

"Ah, if you command me, that's another thing," said Bicarat; "you being my sergeant, it is my duty to obey."

And springing backward, he broke his sword across his knee to avoid the necessity of surrendering it, threw the pieces over the convent wall, and crossed his arms, whistling a cardinalist air.

Bravery is always respected, even in an enemy. The musketeers saluted Bicarat with their swords, and returned them to their sheaths. D'Artagnan did the same; then assisted by Bicarat, the only one left standing, he bore Jussac, Cahusac, and that one of Aramis's adversaries who was only wounded, under the porch of the convent. The fourth, as we had said, was dead. They then rang the bell, and carrying away four swords out of five, they took their road, intoxicated with joy, towards the hôtel of M. de Tréville.

They walked arm in arm, occupying the whole width of the street, and accosting every musketeer they met, so that in the end it became a triumphal march. The heart of D'Artagnan throbbed with wild delight; he walked between Athos and Porthos, pressing them tenderly.

"If I am not yet a musketeer," said he to his new friends, as he passed through the gateway of M. de Tréville's hôtel, "at least I have entered upon my apprenticeship, haven't I?"

Twenty Years After

[Richelieu, the great Cardinal, is dead, and Mazarin, the crafty Italian, reigns in his stead, hated by the people but safe in the favour of the Queen Regent, that same

beautiful Anne of Austria, once beloved of Buckingham. Mazarin, in need of a trustworthy agent, is reminded of D'Artagnan, who, still a lieutenant in the King's Musketeers, is burning for some opportunity to display his courage and sagacity. He receives a summons from the Cardinal, and, convincing him of his ability, is entrusted with a mission so difficult and dangerous that he suggests to Mazarin the names of The Three Musketeers as his companions in it. Since their farewells after the death of Milady he has lost sight of them; but following up the flimsiest of clues, gets into touch with all three. His hopes receive a check when he learns that the swords of Athos and Aramis are not at the disposal of the Cardinal, and has to content himself with the unquestioning support of Porthos.

Into the story, like some evil genius, springs a young man calling himself Mordaunt, but in reality the son of Milady, and pledged to revenge her. With this end in view, under the protection of Cromwell, who sends him to Mazarin with a letter, he marks down D'Artagnan and The Three Musketeers, and when D'Artagnan and Porthos reunite with Athos in the cause of King Charles of England, it is Mordaunt who foils them in their gallant attempt to rescue the unhappy and betrayed monarch from the very scaffold, and plots their destruction with such deadly malice, that it is only the ready wit and cool courage of D'Artagnan, aided by a lucky stroke of fate, that saves them all from a terrible end. When Mordaunt meets death himself in one final act of treachery against the noble Athos whose hand was stretched out to save him, it is difficult to realize that the four gallant gentlemen of France are at last safe from his malignity.

And so we leave them to reap as they deserve or desire those rewards so dearly won in the service of kings, queens, and their ministers. Neither Anne of Austria nor Mazarin have good memories, but D'Artagnan knows how to remind them, and in one final brilliant coup wrings from Queen and Cardinal the fulfilment of their tardy promises, and makes his last gesture as Captain of the King's Musketeers.]

ATHOS FAILS TO SAVE THE KING

THE mob had already assembled when the confession terminated. The king's children next arrived—the Princess Charlotte, a beautiful, fair-haired child, with tears in her eyes, and the Duke of Gloucester, a boy eight or nine years old, whose tearless eyes and curling lip revealed a growing pride. He had wept all night long, but would not show his grief before the people.

Charles's heart melted within him at the sight of those two children, whom he had not seen for two years and whom he now met at the moment of death. He turned to brush away a tear, and then, summoning up all his firmness, drew his daughter toward him, recommending her to be pious and resigned. Then he took the boy upon his knee.

" My son," he said to him, " you saw a great number of people in the streets as you came here. These men are going to behead your father. Do not forget that. Perhaps some day they will want to make you king, instead of the Prince of Wales, or the Duke of York, your elder brothers. But you are not the king, my son, and can never be so while they are alive. Swear to me, then, never to let them put a crown upon your head unless you have a legal right to the crown. For one day—listen, my son—one day, if you do so, they will doom you to destruction, head and crown, too, and then you will not be able to die with a calm conscience, as I die. Swear, my son."

The child stretched out his little hand toward that of his father and said, " I swear to your majesty."

" Henry," said Charles, " call me your father."

" Father," replied the child, " I swear to you that they shall kill me sooner than make me king."

" Good, my child. Now kiss me; and you, too, Charlotte. Never forget me."

"Oh! never, never!" cried both the children, throwing their arms around their father's neck.

"Farewell," said Charles, "farewell, my children. Take them away, Juxon; their tears will deprive me of the courage to die."

Juxon led them away, and this time the doors were left open.

Meanwhile, Athos, in his concealment, waited in vain the signal to recommence his work. Two long hours he waited in terrible inaction. A deathlike silence reigned in the room above. At last he determined to discover the cause of this stillness. He crept from his hole and stood, hidden by the black drapery, beneath the scaffold. Peeping out from the drapery, he could see the rows of halberdiers and musketeers around the scaffold and the first ranks of the populace swaying and groaning like the sea.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked himself, trembling more than the wind-swayed cloth he was holding back. "The people are hurrying on, the soldiers under arms, and among the spectators I see D'Artagnan. What is he waiting for? What is he looking at? Good God! have they allowed the headsman to escape?"

Suddenly the dull beating of muffled drums filled the square. The sound of heavy steps was heard above his head. The next moment the very planks of the scaffold creaked with the weight of an advancing procession, and the eager faces of the spectators confirmed what a last hope at the bottom of his heart had prevented him till then believing. At the same moment a well-known voice above him pronounced these words—

"Colonel, I want to speak to the people."

Athos shuddered from head to foot. It was the king speaking on the scaffold.

In fact, after taking a few drops of wine and a piece of bread, Charles, weary of waiting for death, had

suddenly decided to go to meet it and had given the signal for movement. Then the two wings of the window facing the square had been thrown open, and the people had seen silently advancing from the interior of the vast chamber, first, a masked man, who, carrying an axe in his hand, was recognized as the executioner. He approached the block and laid his axe upon it. Behind him, pale indeed, but marching with a firm step, was Charles Stuart, who advanced between two priests, followed by a few superior officers appointed to preside at the execution and attended by two files of partisans who took their places on opposite sides of the scaffold.

The sight of the masked man gave rise to a prolonged sensation. Every one was full of curiosity as to who that unknown executioner could be who presented himself so opportunely to assure to the people the promised spectacle, when the people believed it had been postponed until the following day. All gazed at him searchingly.

But they could discern nothing but a man of middle height, dressed in black, apparently of a certain age, for the end of a grey beard peeped out from the bottom of the mask that hid his features.

The king's request had undoubtedly been acceded to by an affirmative sign, for in firm, sonorous accents, which vibrated in the depths of Athos's heart, the king began his speech, explaining his conduct and counselling the welfare of the kingdom.

"Oh!" said Athos to himself, "is it indeed possible that I hear what I hear and that I see what I see? Is it possible that God has abandoned His representative on earth and left him to die thus miserably? And I have not seen him! I have not said adieu to him!"

A noise was heard like that the instrument of death would make if moved upon the block.

"Do not touch the axe," said the king, and resumed his speech.

At the end of his speech the king looked tenderly around upon the people. Then unfastening the diamond ornament which the queen had sent him, he placed it in the hands of the priest who accompanied Juxon. Then he drew from his breast a little cross set in diamonds, which, like the order, had been the gift of Henrietta Maria.

"Sir," said he to the priest, "I shall keep this cross in my hand till the last moment. Take it from me when I am—dead."

"Yes, sire," said a voice, which Athos recognized as that of Aramis.

He then took his hat from his head and threw it on the ground. One by one he undid the buttons of his doublet, took it off and deposited it by the side of his hat. Then, as it was cold, he asked for his gown, which was brought to him.

All the preparations were made with a frightful calmness. One would have thought the king was going to bed and not to his coffin.

"Will these be in your way?" he said to the executioner, raising his long locks; "if so, they can be tied up."

Charles accompanied these words with a look designed to penetrate the mask of the unknown headsman. His calm, noble gaze forced the man to turn away his head. But after the searching look of the king he encountered the burning eyes of Aramis.

The king, seeing that he did not reply, repeated his question.

"It will do," replied the man, in a tremulous voice, "if you separate them across the neck."

The king parted his hair with his hands, and looking at the block he said—

"This block is very low; is there no other to be had?"

"It is the usual block," answered the man in the mask.

"Do you think you can behead me with a single blow?" asked the king.

"I hope so," was the reply. There was something so strange in these three words that everybody, except the king, shuddered.

"I do not wish to be taken by surprise," added the king. "I shall kneel down to pray; do not strike then."

"When shall I strike?"

"When I shall lay my head on the block and say '*Remember!*' then strike boldly."

"Gentlemen," said the king to those around him, "I leave you to brave the tempest; I go before you to a kingdom which knows no storms. Farewell."

He looked at Aramis and made a special sign to him with his head.

"Now," he continued, "withdraw a little and let me say my prayer, I beseech you. You, also, stand aside," he said to the masked man. "It is only for a moment and I know that I belong to you; but remember that you are not to strike till I give the signal."

Then he knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and lowering his face to the planks, as if he would have kissed them, said in a low tone, in French, "Comte de la Fère, are you there?"

"Yes, your majesty," he answered, trembling.

"Faithful friend, noble heart!" said the king, "I should not have been rescued. I have addressed my people and I have spoken to God; last of all I speak to you. To maintain a cause which I believed sacred I have lost the throne and my children their inheritance. A million in gold remains; it is buried in the cellars of Newcastle Keep. You only know that this money exists. Make use of it, then, whenever you think it will be most useful, for my eldest son's welfare. And now, farewell."

"Farewell, saintly, martyred majesty," lisped Athos, chilled with terror.

A moment's silence ensued, and then, in a full, sonorous voice, the king exclaimed : "*Remember!*"

He had scarcely uttered the word when a heavy blow shook the scaffold and where Athos stood immovable a warm drop fell upon his brow. He reeled back with a shudder, and the same moment the drops became a crimson cataract.

Athos fell on his knees and remained some minutes as if bewildered or stunned. At last he rose and taking his handkerchief steeped it in the blood of the martyred king. Then as the crowd gradually dispersed he leaped down, crept from behind the drapery, glided between two horses, mingled with the crowd and was the first to arrive at the inn.

Having gained his room he raised his hand to his face, and observing that his fingers were covered with the monarch's blood, fell down insensible.

GEORGE ELIOT

Silas Marner

[Silas Marner, a linen weaver, comes to the village of Raveloe with a mystery surrounding him, which is not lightened by his living all alone in a little cottage on the edge of some stone pits. There he plies his trade, such a good one that he amasses a small fortune, which he hides in two bags under his cottage floor. The people of Raveloe treat him with suspicion: firstly, because he can cure ailments with simples; secondly, owing to his suffering from attacks of catalepsy, during which he stands as still as if he had been turned to stone, hearing and seeing nothing that goes on around him.

Squire Cass, the most important person in Raveloe, wishes his son, Godfrey, to marry charming Nancy Lammeter, and Godfrey is very willing to do so, but cannot, as he is secretly married already to a woman of whom he is ashamed, not only because she is of lower birth than himself, but because she has taken to drugs. There is a child, and Dunsey, the squire's second son, who knows Godfrey's secret, blackmails his brother by threatening to expose him to the squire if Godfrey does not supply him with money. Godfrey, to do this, collects one of his father's rents, and gives it to Dunsey; when he is suddenly faced with exposure by the squire threatening to distrain on his tenant for arrears. At his wits' end, he decides to part with his hunter Wildfire, which Dunsey takes to the meet and sells, but rashly following the hunt, brings the mare down over a staked fence which costs poor Wildfire her life. Wondering how he will break the news to Godfrey, he is walking back through the mist when he passes Silas Marner's cottage, sees through the open door that it is empty, enters, and finds

the weaver's money-bags, which he steals and then disappears into the mist.

Silas returns, and discovers his loss. Dazed at first, he wakes to the dreadful truth that he has been robbed, and seeks assistance from the villagers. But the thief has got away, and no one associates the prolonged absence of Dunsey Cass with the robbery.

Godfrey's wife forms the idea of going to the Squire and forcing him to acknowledge his son's marriage. She set off one winter's day with her child, but a craving for opium leads to her taking an overdose of the drug, and she dies in the snow.

The baby awakens and cries, but seeing light streaming across the snow from Silas's cottage, crawls through the open door and falls asleep by the fire. Silas, who has fallen into one of his trances, comes to himself and thinks he sees his lost gold, but it is only the baby's hair gleaming in the firelight. How the old weaver takes the child for his own, calls her Eppie after his mother, and wins, by his devotion, her lasting affection, makes the prettiest story imaginable; and when Eppie develops into a charming young woman, the light of her adopted father's eyes, we sincerely hope that Godfrey Cass will never claim her. And he does not, even when Nancy, his wife, childless herself, pleads with him to do so. He realizes that he has forfeited a father's right, whereas poor Silas Marner has gained one. How Silas recovers his lost bags of gold, with the solving of the mystery which surrounds the disappearance of Dunsey Cass, is the secret which the book keeps to the end, and we will keep it too.]

SILAS FINDS EPPIE

WHEN Marner's sensibility returned he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent

forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when to his blurred vision it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel; it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame. But the flame did not disperse the vision; it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard; and within that vision another, of the thoughts which had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling

that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life : it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe—old quiverings of tenderness —old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life ; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

But there was a cry on the hearth : the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide, quiet gaze at Silas as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet

boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it there was the cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward, so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half covered with the shaken snow.

The Mill on the Floss

[*The Mill on the Floss* is a very great book, and to read it is like gazing upon a wide and varied landscape, at times serene and beautiful, at others swept over and almost blotted out by storms. The scene is simple enough, just an old mill upon the banks of a river, but the river, like the story, has many moods, and seems in some way bound up in the drama of Maggie Tulliver, her parents, and her brother Tom.

When the story opens, Mr. Tulliver, the miller, is announcing his intention of sending his son Tom to a better school than the one he has been attending. A friend advises him to have the boy coached privately by a Mr. Stelling. To discuss the matter Mrs. Tulliver's sisters, Mrs. Gleg, Mrs. Pullet, and Mrs. Deane, with their husbands are invited to a family conference at the mill, and with them comes little Lucy Deane to play with her cousins, Tom and Maggie. Maggie, a child of affectionate but undisciplined nature, is very naughty and appears

at the dinner-table with all her hair cut off because she has been sent to make herself tidy. She comes in for some very sharp criticism from her aunts; her father takes her part and has words with Mrs. Gleg, a sharp-tongued acid woman, who reminds him that he is in her debt for five hundred pounds. The miller loses his temper, declares he will repay the money immediately, though he has no idea of how to raise it, being heavily embarrassed by the loss of a lawsuit in which Lawyer Wakem has acted against him, thereby incurring his bitter enmity. He finds the money to repay Mrs. Gleg, however, by raising a mortgage on the mill and his household goods.

Tom goes to Mr. Stelling, and later Philip, the crippled son of Lawyer Wakem, becomes a fellow-pupil. Maggie, who has deeply resented Tom's absence, goes to see him at the Stellings, and she and Philip become friends. Mr. Tulliver loses a second lawsuit, and learns next day that the mortgage on his mill and furniture has been bought by Lawyer Wakem. The news comes as such a shock that, riding home, he has a stroke and is carried in unconscious. Previously some instinct has made him write to Maggie (who has been sent to a boarding-school) telling her to come to him. She arrives to find that tragedy has fallen upon her home, and sets out immediately to bring Tom back from the Stellings. The miller rallies and comes down to find that most of his things have been sold, and that if he wishes to remain on at the mill with his family he must do so as the servant of Lawyer Wakem. From this point the tragedy of *The Mill on the Floss* deepens; there is one gleam of sunshine when Tom brings to his father the money to pay the miller's debts, one exquisite glimpse of romance when Maggie, grown so beautiful and desirable, meets Philip in the Red Deeps, a few happy moments in Lucy Dean's charming company, but for the rest the remorseless river of fate, like the flooded Floss, sweeps the miller and his family on to their appointed end. The book is rich with humour, and in the earlier chapters the devotion of the brother and sister is beautifully shown. On this devotion in its noblest expression the story ends, leaving us with the impression of something sad but very splendid, like sunset after storm.]

MAGGIE IN DISGRACE

Tickling a fat toad who is not highly sensitive is an amusement that it is possible to exhaust, and Tom by-and-by began to look round for some other mode of passing the time. But in so prim a garden, where they were not to go off the paved walks, there was not a great choice of sport. The only great pleasure such a restriction allowed was the pleasure of breaking it, and Tom began to meditate an insurrectionary visit to the pond, about a field's length beyond the garden.

"I say, Lucy," he began, nodding his head up and down with great significance, as he coiled up his string again, "what do you think I mean to do?"

"What, Tom?" said Lucy, with curiosity.

"I mean to go to the pond, and look at the pike. You may go with me if you like," said the young sultan.

"O Tom, *dare* you?" said Lucy. "Aunt said we mustn't go out of the garden."

"Oh, I shall go out at the other end of the garden," said Tom. "Nobody 'ull see us. Besides, I don't care if they do; I'll run off home."

"But *I* couldn't run," said Lucy, who had never before been exposed to such severe temptation.

"Oh, never mind; they won't be cross with *you*," said Tom. "You say I took you."

Tom walked along, and Lucy trotted by his side, timidly enjoying the rare treat of doing something naughty, excited also by the mention of that celebrity, the pike, about which she was quite uncertain whether it was a fish or a fowl. Maggie saw them leaving the garden, and could not resist the impulse to follow. Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love, and that Tom and Lucy should do or see anything of which she was ignorant would have been an intolerable idea to Maggie. So she kept

a few yards behind them, unobserved by Tom, who was presently absorbed in watching for the pike—a highly interesting monster ; he was said to be so very old, so very large, and to have such a remarkable appetite. The pike, like other celebrities, did not show when he was watched for ; but Tom caught sight of something in rapid movement in the water, which attracted him to another spot on the brink of the pond.

"Here, Lucy !" he said in a loud whisper, "come here. Take care ; keep on the grass ; don't step where the cows have been," he added, pointing to a peninsula of dry grass, with trodden mud on each side of it ; for Tom's contemptuous conception of a girl included the attribute of being unfit to walk in dirty places.

Lucy came carefully as she was bidden, and bent down to look at what seemed a golden arrow-head darting through the water. It was a water-snake, Tom told her ; and Lucy at last could see the serpentine wave of its body, very much wondering that a snake could swim. Maggie had drawn nearer and nearer ; she *must* see it too, though it was bitter to her, like everything else, since Tom did not care about her seeing it. At last she was close by Lucy, and Tom, who had been aware of her approach, but would not notice it till he was obliged, turned round and said—

"Now, get away, Maggie. There's no room for you on the grass here. Nobody asked *you* to come."

There were passions at war in Maggie at that moment to have made a tragedy, if tragedies were made by passion only, but the essential τι μέγεθος which was present in the passion was wanting to the action ; the utmost Maggie could do, with a fierce thrust of her small brown arm, was to push poor little pink-and-white Lucy into the cow-trodden mud.

Then Tom could not restrain himself, and gave Maggie two smart slaps on the arm as he ran to pick

up Lucy, who lay crying helplessly. Maggie retreated to the roots of a tree a few yards off, and looked on impenitently. Usually her repentance came quickly after one rash deed, but now Tom and Lucy had made her so miserable, she was glad to spoil their happiness —glad to make everybody uncomfortable. Why should she be sorry? Tom was very slow to forgive *her*, however sorry she might have been.

"I shall tell mother, you know, Miss Mag," said Tom, loudly and emphatically, as soon as Lucy was up and ready to walk away. It was not Tom's practice to "tell," but here justice clearly demanded that Maggie should be visited with the utmost punishment—not that Tom had learnt to put his views in that abstract form; he never mentioned "justice," and had no idea that his desire to punish might be called by that fine name. Lucy was too entirely absorbed by the evil that had befallen her—the spoiling of her pretty best clothes, and the discomfort of being wet and dirty—to think much of the cause, which was entirely mysterious to her. She could never have guessed what she had done to make Maggie angry with her; but she felt that Maggie was very unkind and disagreeable, and made no magnanimous entreaties to Tom that he would not "tell," only running along by his side and crying piteously, while Maggie sat on the roots of the tree and looked after them with her small Medusa face.

"Sally," said Tom, when they reached the kitchen door, and Sally looked at them in speechless amaze, with a piece of bread and butter in her mouth and a toasting-fork in her hand—"Sally, tell mother it was Maggie pushed Lucy into the mud."

"But Lors ha' massy, how did you get near such mud as that?" said Sally, making a wry face, as she stooped down and examined the *corpus delicit*.

Tom's imagination had not been rapid and capacious enough to include this question among the foreseen

consequences, but it was no sooner put than he foresaw whither it tended, and that Maggie would not be considered the only culprit in the case. He walked quietly away from the kitchen door, leaving Sally to that pleasure of guessing which active minds notoriously prefer to ready-made knowledge.

Sally, as you are aware, lost no time in presenting Lucy at the parlour door, for to have so dirty an object introduced into the house at Garum Firs was too great a weight to be sustained by a single mind.

"Goodness gracious!" aunt Pullet exclaimed, after preluding by an inarticulate scream; "keep her at the door, Sally! Don't bring her off the oilcloth, whatever you do."

"Why, she's tumbled into some nasty mud," said Mrs. Tulliver, going up to Lucy to examine into the amount of damage to clothes for which she felt herself responsible to her sister Deane.

"If you please, 'um, it was Miss Maggie as pushed her in," said Sally. "Master Tom's been and said so, and they must ha' been to the pond, for it's only there they could ha' got into such dirt."

"There it is, Bessy; it's what I've been telling you," said Mrs. Pullet, in a tone of prophetic sadness. "It's your children; there's no knowing what they'll come to."

Mrs. Tulliver was mute, feeling herself a truly wretched mother. As usual, the thought pressed upon her that people would think she had done something wicked to deserve her maternal troubles, while Mrs. Pullet began to give elaborate directions to Sally how to guard the premises from serious injury in the course of removing the dirt. Meantime tea was to be brought in by the cook, and the two naughty children were to have theirs in an ignominious manner in the kitchen. Mrs. Tulliver went out to speak to these naughty children, supposing them to be close at hand; but it was not until after some search that she found Tom

leaning with rather a hardened, careless air against the white paling of the poultry-yard, and lowering his piece of string on the other side as a means of exasperating the turkey-cock.

"Tom, you naughty boy, where's your sister?" said Mrs. Tulliver in a distressed voice.

"I don't know," said Tom. His eagerness for justice on Maggie had diminished since he had seen clearly that it could hardly be brought about without the injustice of some blame on his own conduct.

"Why, where did you leave her?" said his mother, looking round.

"Sitting under the tree against the pond," said Tom, apparently indifferent to everything but the string and the turkey-cock.

"Then go and fetch her in this minute, you naughty boy. And how could you think o' going to the pond, and taking your sister where there was dirt? You know she'll do mischief, if there's mischief to be done."

It was Mrs. Tulliver's way, if she blamed Tom, to refer his misdemeanour, somehow or other, to Maggie.

The idea of Maggie sitting alone by the pond roused an habitual fear in Mrs. Tulliver's mind, and she mounted the horse-block to satisfy herself by a sight of that fatal child, while Tom walked—not very quickly—on his way towards her.

"They're such children for the water, mine are," she said aloud, without reflecting that there was no one to hear her; "they'll be brought in dead and drownded some day. I wish that river was far enough."

But when she not only failed to discern Maggie, but presently saw Tom returning from the pool alone, this hovering fear entered and took complete possession of her, and she hurried to meet him.

"Maggie's nowhere about the pond, mother," said Tom; "she's gone away."

MRS. GASKELL

Cranford

[The writer takes us to the delightful village of Cranford, and we are very much obliged to her, for without her we might never have met Miss Deborah, Miss Matty, or any of the early Victorian ladies who are the principal residents of the place. It takes a little time to get to know them, but when we do it is to find out what hearts of gold they carry under their prim cashmere or alpaca bodices, as we learn when the gallant old Captain Brown gives his life for another, and his two daughters are left unprovided for. Cranford is not without its excitements, for when Lady Glenmire comes to visit her sister-in-law, the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson (who, with her pug dog Carlo, and her butler Mulliner rule the village), who can know who will be asked to meet her ladyship, or, if they are, what would be correct to wear ? What caps, shawls, scarves and new mittens are purchased in which to curtsey to a person of such exalted rank ! And when Lady Glenmire turns out to be a homely little person, dowdily dressed and with so little idea of what is due to her position as to fall in love with and actually marry Mr. Hoggins, the local doctor, who creaks up the aisle in church wearing a much mended pair of top boots, then indeed the ladies of Cranford are placed in a very difficult position and hardly know how to act. Not that they are snobs, for when Miss Matty loses her money in a bank failure and is reduced to selling tea and comfits, her genteel friends rally round her, buying far more of both tea and comfits than they can use or afford.

We are so glad when her brother Peter Jenkyns comes back from India, and lifts her out of all her troubles. There is far more in Cranford than this, Miss Matty's love

story, the early history of her brother Peter, but it would be a pity to anticipate the joy of reading the book itself.]

LADY GLENMIRE SURPRISES CRANFORD

We were sitting—Miss Matty and I—much as usual, she in the blue chintz easy-chair, with her back to the light, and her knitting in her hand, I reading aloud the *St. James's Chronicle.* A few minutes more, and we should have gone to make the little alterations in dress usual before calling-time (twelve o'clock) in Cranford. I remember the scene and the date well. We had been talking of the signor's rapid recovery since the warmer weather had set in, and praising Mr. Hoggins's skill, and lamenting his want of refinement and manner (it seems a curious coincidence that this should have been our subject, but so it was), when a knock was heard—a caller's knock—three distinct taps—and we were flying (that is to say, Miss Matty could not walk very fast, having had a touch of rheumatism) to our rooms, to change cap and collars, when Miss Pole arrested us by calling out, as she came up the stairs, "Don't go—I can't wait—it is not twelve, I know—but never mind your dress—I must speak to you." We did our best to look as if it was not we who had made the hurried movement, the sound of which she had heard; for, of course, we did not like to have it supposed that we had any old clothes that it was convenient to wear out in the "sanctuary of home," as Miss Jenkyns once prettily called the back parlour, where she was tying up preserves. So we threw our gentility with double force into our manners, and very genteel we were for two minutes while Miss Pole recovered breath, and excited our curiosity strongly by lifting up her hands in amazement, and bringing them down in silence, as if what she had to say was too big for words, and could only be expressed by pantomime.

"What do you think, Miss Matty? What *do* you think? Lady Glenmire is to marry—is to be married. I mean—Lady Glenmire—Mr. Hoggins—Mr. Hoggins is going to marry Lady Glenmire!"

"Marry!" said we. "Marry! Madness!"

"Marry!" said Miss Pole, with the decision that belonged to her character. "*I* said marry! as you do; and I also said, 'What a fool my lady is going to make of herself!' I could have said 'Madness!' but I controlled myself, for it was in a public shop that I heard of it. Where feminine delicacy is gone to, I don't know! You and I, Miss Matty, would have been ashamed to have known that our marriage was spoken of in a grocer's shop, in the hearing of shopmen!"

"But," said Miss Matty, sighing as one recovering from a blow, "perhaps it is not true. Perhaps we are doing her injustice."

"No," said Miss Pole. "I have taken care to ascertain that. I went straight to Mrs. Fitz-Adam, to borrow a cookery book which I knew she had; and I introduced my congratulations *apropos* of the difficulty gentlemen must have in housekeeping; and Mrs. Fitz-Adam bridled up, and said that she believed it was true, though how and where I could have heard it she did not know. She said her brother and Lady Glenmire had come to an understanding at last. 'Understanding!' Such a coarse word! But my lady will have to come down to many a want of refinement. I have reason to believe Mr. Hoggins sups on bread-and-cheese and beer every night."

"Marry!" said Miss Matty once again. "Well! I never thought of it. Two people that we know going to be married. It's coming very near!"

"So near that my heart stopped beating, when I heard of it, while you might have counted twelve," said Miss Pole.

"One does not know whose turn may come next.

Here, in Cranford, poor Lady Glenmire might have thought herself safe," said Miss Matty, with a gentle pity in her tones.

"Bah!" said Miss Pole, with a toss of her head. "Don't you remember poor dear Captain Brown's song, 'Tibbie Fowler,' and the line—

"'Set her on the Tintock Tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.'

"That was because 'Tibbie Fowler' was rich, I think."

"Well! there is a kind of attraction about Lady Glenmire that I, for one, should be ashamed to have."

I put in my wonder. "But how can she have fancied Mr. Hoggins? I am not surprised that Mr. Hoggins has liked her."

"Oh! I don't know. Mr. Hoggins is rich, and very pleasant-looking," said Miss Matty, "and very good-tempered and kind-hearted."

"She has married for an establishment, that's it. I suppose she takes the surgery with it," said Miss Pole, with a little dry laugh at her own joke. But, like many people who think they have made a severe and sarcastic speech, which yet is clever of its kind, she began to relax in her grimness from the moment when she made this allusion to the surgery; and we turned to speculate on the way in which Mrs. Jamieson would receive the news. The person whom she had left in charge of her house to keep off followers from her maids to set up a follower of her own! And that follower a man whom Mrs. Jamieson had tabooed as vulgar, and inadmissible to Cranford society, not merely on account of his name, but because of his voice, his complexion, his boots, smelling of the stable, and himself, smelling of drugs. Had he ever been to see Lady Glenmire at Mrs. Jamieson's? Chloride of lime would not purify the house in its owner's estima-

tion if he had. Or had their interviews been confined to the occasional meetings in the chamber of the poor sick conjurer, to whom, with all our sense of the *mésalliance*, we could not help allowing that they had both been exceedingly kind? And now it turned out that a servant of Mrs. Jamieson's had been ill, and Mr. Hoggins had been attending her for some weeks. So the wolf had got into the fold, and now he was carrying off the shepherdess. What would Mrs. Jamieson say? We looked into the darkness of futurity as a child gazes after a rocket up in the cloudy sky, full of wondering expectation of the rattle, the discharge, and the brilliant shower of sparks and light. Then we brought ourselves down to earth and the present time by questioning each other (being all equally ignorant, and all equally without the slightest data to build any conclusions upon) as to when IT would take place? Where? How much a year Mr. Hoggins had? Whether she would drop her title? And how Martha and the other correct servants in Cranford would ever be brought to announce a marriage couple as Lady Glenmire and Mr. Hoggins? But would they be visited? Would Mrs. Jamieson let us? Or must we choose between the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson and the degraded Lady Glenmire? We all liked Lady Glenmire the best. She was bright, and kind, and sociable, and agreeable; and Mrs. Jamieson was dull, and inert, and pompous, and tiresome. But we had acknowledged the sway of the latter so long, that it seemed like a kind of disloyalty now even to meditate disobedience to the prohibition we anticipated.

Mrs. Forrester surprised us in our darned caps and patched collars; and we forgot all about them in our eagerness to see how she would bear the information, which we honourably left to Miss Pole to impart, although, if we had been inclined to take unfair advantage, we might have rushed in ourselves, for she

had a most out-of-place fit of coughing for five minutes after Mrs. Forrester entered the room. I shall never forget the imploring expression of her eyes, as she looked at us over her pocket handkerchief. They said, as plain as words could speak, " Don't let Nature deprive me of the treasure which is mine, although for a time I can make no use of it." And we did not.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Vicar of Wakefield

[Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, describes his family amongst the charming surroundings and pleasant people of Wakefield. His eldest son George is engaged to Arabella Wilmot, but before the wedding takes place, the Vicar learns that his agent has made off with nearly the whole of his fortune. Arabella's father at once breaks off the match, and George goes to London to seek his fortune. The Primroses are too poor to remain at Wakefield, and they decide to go to a small farm, the property of Squire Thornhill. The Vicar settles up his affairs, and taking his wife, his two daughters, his son Moses and the two youngest boys, sets out on the seventy mile journey to their new abode. They spend a night at an inn, where the Vicar assists a fellow guest called Burchell, who has no money to pay his bill. They become friends, and Burchell accompanies them some way on the rest of the journey. He tells them about their landlord, Squire Thornhill, remarking that he is entirely dependent on the bounty of his wealthy but eccentric uncle Sir William Thornhill. The Primroses settle down happily in their new home. They become acquainted with Squire Thornhill, who pays court to Olivia. Mrs. Primrose is delighted and tries to induce the Squire to make a declaration, but he holds off. Olivia is persuaded to accept the proposal of a prosperous farmer, but within a few days of her wedding elopes with the Squire. Her father sets off in pursuit, but fails to catch the runaways, and falling ill, is delayed for three weeks. He returns home to find his house in flames. His wife and children are saved, but all his property, including the rest of his money, is lost in the fire.

Misfortune now seems to mark the poor old Vicar for her own. The villainies of the Squire break out in new directions. Olivia is found, broken and ill, having been deserted by her false admirer for a fairer face and larger fortune. When it seems as if a little light might break through the clouds of trouble that hang over the Wakefield family with the return of George, calamity falls upon him too, and it would seem as if there was nothing left to suffer, when Sophia is spirited away! The Vicar now resigns himself to death; his troubles have overwhelmed his body, but his spirit still shines bright and clear, when as if by magic Sir William Thornhill appears. Where is the wicked nephew now? His day is over and all his baseness exposed. We have met Sir William before, although we didn't know it, and are very grateful to him for bringing the undeserved troubles of the Vicar of Wakefield to an end, and if he asks as a reward for all his beneficence the hand of the adorable Sophia, we shall be very glad if she says "Yes," for we know she loved him, even before she knew who he was.

And so we leave this simple family, happy as they deserve, and thank Oliver Goldsmith for giving us as pretty a picture of virtue rewarded as can be found between the covers of a book.]

THE GREEN SPECTACLES

THIS was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of ginger-bread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by little at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was unusually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by-the-bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough

to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to those who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."—"I have brought back no money," cried

Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong, he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them into the fire!"—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A

reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. " Here," continued Moses, " we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Tanglewood Tales

[In the woods, on the shores of the lake, in the dell of Shadow Brook, in the playroom, at Tanglewood fireside, and in the magnificent palace of snow, with ice windows which he had helped Primrose, Periwinkle, and all the rest of his little friends to build, Eustace Bright, the Prince of Story-tellers, relates some of the most beautiful and exciting of the Greek legends.

Lucky little children of New England to live with Eustace in the Golden Age, to meet the beautiful, brave Theseus, follow Cadmus in his strange wanderings, and watch the grim sowing and terrible harvest of The Dragon's Teeth; to make friends with the absurd but lovable Pygmies, watch Europa mount The Magic Bull, and see the glorious Ulysses hurl The Enchanted Goblet at the feet of the false sorceress, Circe.

And if we too would step back into the Golden Age, and learn how Gods and Heroes lived, we can do so in the pages of *Tanglewood Tales*.]

EUROPA AND THE BULL

CADMUS, Phœnix, and Cilix, the three sons of King Agenor, and their little sister Europa (who was a very beautiful child), were at play together near the seashore in their father's kingdom of Phœnicia. They had rambled to some distance from the palace where their parents dwelt, and were now in a verdant meadow on one side of which lay the sea, all sparkling and dimpling in the sunshine, and murmuring gently

against the beach. The three boys were very happy, gathering flowers, and twining them into garlands, with which they adorned the little Europa. Seated on the grass, the child was almost hidden under an abundance of buds and blossoms, whence her rosy face peeped merrily out, and, as Cadmus said, was the prettiest of all the flowers.

Just then there came a splendid butterfly, fluttering along the meadow ; and Cadmus, Phœnix, and Cilix set off in pursuit of it, crying out that it was a flower with wings. Europa, who was a little wearied with playing all day long, did not chase the butterfly with her brothers, but sat still where they had left her, and closed her eyes. For a while she listened to the pleasant murmur of the sea, which was like a voice saying " Hush ! " and bidding her go to sleep. But the pretty child, if she slept at all, could not have slept more than a moment, when she heard something trample on the grass, not far from her, and, peeping out from the heap of flowers, beheld a snow-white bull.

And whence could this bull have come ? Europa and her brothers had been a long time playing in the meadow, and had seen no cattle, nor other living thing, either there or on the neighbouring hills.

" Brother Cadmus ! " cried Europa, starting up out of the midst of the roses and lilies. " Phœnix ! Cilix ! Where are you all ? Help ! Help ! Come and drive away this bull ! "

But her brothers were too far off to hear ; especially as the fright took away Europa's voice, and hindered her from calling very loudly. So there she stood, with her pretty mouth wide open, as pale as the white lilies that were twisted among the other flowers in her garlands.

Nevertheless, it was the suddenness with which she had perceived the bull, rather than anything frightful in his appearance, that caused Europa so much alarm.

On looking at him more attentively, she began to see that he was a beautiful animal, and even fancied a particularly amiable expression in his face. As for his breath—the breath of cattle, you know, is always sweet—it was as fragrant as if he had been grazing on no other food than rosebuds, or at least, the most delicate of clover blossoms. Never before did a bull have such bright and tender eyes, and such smooth horns of ivory, as this one. And the bull ran little races, and capered sportively around the child; so that she quite forgot how big and strong he was, and, from the gentleness and playfulness of his actions, soon came to consider him as innocent a creature as a pet lamb.

Thus, frightened as she at first was, you might by-and-by have seen Europa stroking the bull's forehead with her small white hand, and taking the garlands off her own head to hang them on his neck and ivory horns. Then she pulled up some blades of grass, and he ate them out of her hand, not as if he were hungry, but because he wanted to be friends with the child, and took pleasure in eating what she had touched. Well, my stars! was there ever such a gentle, sweet, pretty, and amiable creature as this bull, and ever such a nice playmate for a little girl?

When the animal saw (for the bull had so much intelligence that it is really wonderful to think of), when he saw that Europa was no longer afraid of him, he grew overjoyed, and could hardly contain himself for delight. He frisked about the meadow, now here, now there, making sprightly leaps, with as little effort as a bird expends in hopping from twig to twig. Indeed, his motion was as light as if he were flying through the air, and his hoofs seemed hardly to leave their print in the grassy soil over which he trod. With his spotless hue, he resembled a snowdrift, wafted along by the wind. Once he galloped so far away that Europa feared lest she might never see

him again ; so, setting up her childish voice, called him back.

"Come back, pretty creature !" she cried. "Here is a nice clover blossom."

And then it was delightful to witness the gratitude of this amiable bull, and how he was so full of joy and thankfulness that he capered higher than ever. He came running, and bowed his head before Europa, as if he knew her to be a king's daughter, or else recognized the important truth that a little girl is everybody's queen. And not only did the bull bend his neck, he absolutely knelt down at her feet, and made such intelligent nods, and other inviting gestures, that Europa understood what he meant just as well as if he had put it in so many words.

"Come, dear child," was what he wanted to say, "let me give you a ride on my back."

At the first thought of such a thing Europa drew back. But then she considered in her wise little head that there could be no possible harm in taking just one gallop on the back of this docile and friendly animal, who would certainly set her down the very instant she desired it. And how it would surprise her brothers to see her riding across the green meadow ! And what merry times they might have, either taking turns for a gallop or clambering on the gentle creature, all four children together, and careering round the field with shouts of laughter that would be heard as far off as King Agenor's palace !

"I think I will do it," said the child to herself.

And, indeed, why not ? She cast a glance around, and caught a glimpse of Cadmus, Phœnix, and Cilix, who were still in pursuit of the butterfly, almost at the other end of the meadow. It would be the quickest way of rejoining them, to get upon the white bull's back. She came a step nearer to him therefore ; and —sociable creature that he was—he showed so much joy at this mark of her confidence, that the child could

not find in her heart to hesitate any longer. Making one bound (for this little princess was as active as a squirrel), there sat Europa on the beautiful bull, holding an ivory horn in each hand, lest she should fall off.

"Softly, pretty bull, softly!" she said, rather frightened at what she had done. "Do not gallop too fast."

Having got the child on his back, the animal gave a leap into the air, and came down so like a feather that Europa did not know when his hoofs touched the ground. He then began a race to that part of the flowery plain where her three brothers were, and where they had just caught their splendid butterfly. Europa screamed with delight; and Phœnix, Cilix, and Cadmus stood gaping at the spectacle of their sister mounted on a white bull, not knowing whether to be frightened or to wish the same good luck for themselves. The gentle and innocent creature (for who could possibly doubt that he was so?) pranced round among the children as sportively as a kitten. Europa all the while looked down upon her brothers, nodding and laughing, but yet with a sort of stateliness in her rosy little face. As the bull wheeled about to take another gallop across the meadow, the child waved her hand, and said, "Good-bye," playfully pretending that she was now bound on a distant journey, and might not see her brothers again for nobody could tell how long.

"Good-bye," shouted Cadmus, Phœnix, and Cilix, all in one breath.

But, together with her enjoyment of the sport, there was still a little remnant of fear in the child's heart; so that her last look at the three boys was a troubled one, and made them feel as if their dear sister were really leaving them for ever. And what do you think the snowy bull did next? Why, he set off, as swift as the wind, straight down to the seashore,

scampered across the sand, took an airy leap, and plunged right in among the foaming billows. The white spray rose in a shower over him and little Europa, and fell spattering down upon the water.

Then what a scream of terror did the poor child send forth! The three brothers screamed manfully, likewise, and ran to the shore as fast as their legs would carry them, with Cadmus at their head. But it was too late. When they reached the margin of the sand, the treacherous animal was already far away in the wide blue sea, with only his snowy head and tail emerging, and poor little Europa between them, stretching out one hand towards her dear brothers, while she grasped the bull's ivory horn with the other. And there stood Cadmus, Phœnix, and Cilix, gazing at this sad spectacle, through their tears, until they could no longer distinguish the bull's snowy head from the white-capped billows that seemed to boil up out of the sea's depths around him. Nothing more was ever seen of the white bull—nothing more of the beautiful child.

THOMAS HUGHES

Tom Brown's Schooldays

[*Tom Brown's Schooldays* is surely the most thrilling Public School story ever written. From the moment when young Tom bowls along on top of the Rugby coach, listening with breathless interest to the old guard spinning yarns about the pranks and exploits of Rugby boys past and present, to the time when he is chaired to the rousing strains of " For he's a jolly good fellow " after playing splendidly in the last match for his house, we feel that we are reading about the real thing. His escapades in the company of his jolly form-mate East, the scrapes in which the lively pair involve themselves, their agony when the great Headmaster drops in to hear their form construe, with their constant warfare against the school bullies, makes the jolliest reading. And when the boy Arthur, delicate, serious, and, worse than all, a worker, is put into Tom's study to steady him, how his disgust boils over into the sympathetic ear of East! And the great fight, on behalf of Arthur, whom Tom has come to regard with honest admiration and affection—even if he is so good, and perhaps because of it—was there ever such a fight, or such a victory when Tom lays out the prince of bullies, Flashman, to the admiration of all the little boys and the approval of the prefects? There is a masterly portrait of the famous Thomas Arnold, greatest of headmasters, unapproachable, austere, until a boy is ill or unhappy, when he comes down from his pedestal and is shown to us as tender and understanding as a woman.

The early chapters of the book before Tom goes to Rugby have their own attraction, made humorous by sly digs at the Brown family all the world over, and painting the Vale of White Horse in such charming

colours that one longs to see it. And old Benjy—what a nurse for a boy of spirit! Before he is out of petticoats Tom Brown is half-way to being a man, bobbing up and down on Benjy's shoulder to get a better view of a sporting game.

And at the end, where we see Tom grown to manhood engaged in a final act of homage to his revered Headmaster, perhaps then we realize to the full that beyond the lively history of well-played games, well-fought fights, and well-taken punishments, there was a something bigger, wider, and more lasting underlying the simple chronicle of *Tom Brown's Schooldays.*]

THE GREAT FIGHT

"Huzza! There's going to be a fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

The news ran like wildfire about, and many boys who were on their way to tea at their several houses turned back, and sought the back of the chapel, where the fights come off.

"Just run and tell East to come and back me," said Tom to a small School-house boy, who was off like a rocket to Harrowell's, just stopping for a moment to poke his head into the School-house hall, where the lower boys were already at tea, and sing out, "Fight! Tom Brown and Slogger Williams."

Up start half the boys at once, leaving bread, eggs, butter, sprats, and all the rest to take care of themselves. The greater part of the remainder follow in a minute, after swallowing their tea, carrying their food in their hands to consume as they go. Three or four only remain, who steal the butter of the more impetuous, and make to themselves an unctuous feast.

In another minute East and Martin tear through the quadrangle, carrying a sponge, and arrive at the scene of action just as the combatants are beginning to strip.

Tom felt he had got his work cut out for him, as

he stripped off his jacket, waistcoat, and braces. East tied his handkerchief round his waist, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves for him. "Now, old boy, don't you open your mouth to say a word, or try to help yourself a bit—we'll do all that; you keep all your breath and strength for the Slogger." Martin meanwhile folded the clothes, and put them under the chapel rails; and now Tom, with East to handle him, and Martin to give him a knee, steps out on the turf, and is ready for all that may come; and here is the Slogger too, all stripped, and thirsting for the fray.

It doesn't look a fair match at first glance: Williams is nearly two inches taller, and probably a long year older than his opponent, and he is very strongly made about the arms and shoulders—"peels well," as the little knot of big fifth-form boys, the amateurs, say, who stand outside the ring of little boys, looking complacently on, but taking no active part in the proceedings. But down below he is not so good by any means—no spring from the loins, and feeblish, not to say shipwrecky, about the knees. Tom, on the contrary, though not half so strong in the arms, is good all over, straight, hard, and springy, from neck to ankle, better perhaps in his legs than anywhere. Besides, you can see by the clear white of his eye, and fresh, bright look of his skin, that he is in tip-top training, able to do all he knows; while the Slogger looks rather sodden, as if he didn't take much exercise and ate too much tuck. The time-keeper is chosen, a large ring made, and the two stand up opposite one another for a moment, giving us time just to make our little observations.

"If Tom'll only condescend to fight with his head and heels," as East mutters to Martin, "we shall do."

But seemingly he won't, for there he goes in, making play with both hands. Hard all is the word; the two stand to one another like men; rally follows rally in quick succession, each fighting as if he thought to

finish the whole thing out of hand. "Can't last at this rate," say the knowing ones, while the partisans of each make the air ring with their shouts and counter-shouts of encouragement, approval, and defiance.

"Take it easy, take it easy; keep away; let him come after you," implores East, as he wipes Tom's face after the first round with a wet sponge, while he sits back on Martin's knee, supported by the Madman's long arms, which tremble a little from excitement.

"Time's up," calls the time-keeper.

"There he goes again, hang it all!" growls East, as his man is at it again, as hard as ever. A very severe round follows, in which Tom gets out and out the worst of it, and is at last hit clean off his legs, and deposited on the grass by a right-hander from the Slogger.

Loud shouts rise from the boys of Slogger's house, and the School-house are silent and vicious, ready to pick quarrels anywhere.

"Two to one in half-crowns on the big un," says Rattle, one of the amateurs, a tall fellow, in thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, and puffy, good-natured face.

"Done!" says Groove, another amateur of quieter look, taking out his notebook to enter it, for our friend Rattle sometimes forgets these little things.

Meantime East is freshening up Tom with the sponges for next round, and has set two other boys to rub his hands.

"Tom, old boy," whispers he, "this may be fun for you, but it's death to me. He'll hit all the fight out of you in another five minutes, and then I shall go and drown myself in the island ditch. Feint him; use your legs; draw him about. He'll lose his wind then in no time, and you can go into him. Hit at his body too; we'll take care of his frontispiece by-and-by."

Tom felt the wisdom of the counsel, and saw already that he couldn't go in and finish the Slogger off at mere hammer and tongs, so changed his tactics completely in the third round. He now fights cautiously, getting away from and parrying the Slogger's lunging hits, instead of trying to counter, and leading his enemy a dance all round the ring after him. "He's funking; go in, Williams," "Catch him up," "Finish him off," scream the small boys of the Slogger party.

"Just what we want," thinks East, chuckling to himself, as he sees Williams, excited by these shouts, and thinking the game in his own hands, blowing himself in his exertions to get to close quarters again, while Tom is keeping away with perfect ease.

They quarter over the ground again and again, Tom always on the defensive.

The Slogger pulls up at last for a moment, fairly blown.

"Now, then, Tom," sings out East, dancing with delight. Tom goes in in a twinkling, and hits two heavy body blows, and gets away again before the Slogger can catch his wind, which when he does he rushes with blind fury at Tom, and being skilfully parried and avoided, overreaches himself and falls on his face, amidst terrific cheers from the School-house boys.

"Double your two to one?" says Groove to Rattle, notebook in hand.

"Stop a bit," says that hero, looking uncomfortably at Williams, who is puffing away on his second's knee, winded enough, but little the worse in any other way.

After another round the Slogger too seems to see that he can't go in and win right off, and has met his match or thereabouts. So he too begins to use his head, and tries to make Tom lose his patience, and come in before his time. And so the fight sways on, now one and now the other getting a trifling pull.

Tom's face begins to look very one-sided—there

are little queer bumps on his forehead, and his mouth is bleeding; but East keeps the wet sponge going so scientifically that he comes up looking as fresh and bright as ever. Williams is only slightly marked in the face, but by the nervous movement of his elbows you can see that Tom's body blows are telling. In fact, half the vice of the Slogger's hitting is neutralized, for he daren't lunge out freely for fear of exposing his sides. It is too interesting by this time for much shouting, and the whole ring is very quiet.

"All right, Tommy," whispers East; "hold on's the horse that's to win. We've got the last. Keep your head, old boy."

VICTOR HUGO

The Toilers of the Sea

[In this absorbing romance of the Channel Islands, the story of Mess Lethierry, owner of the first steamboat to ply between St. Malo and the islands, his pretty niece Deruchette and Gilliatt the Guernsey fisherman, is told with masterly skill.

Owing to the villainy of Sieur Clubin, the captain of the *Durande,* she is run upon the " Douvres," a group of inaccessible rocks five leagues from land. Dispatching the passengers and crew in the long-boat, Clubin announces his decision of remaining on the wreck, posing as a hero, while all the time he is engaged in carrying out a cunning scheme of his own, the object being to escape with a large sum of money belonging to his employer, which no one dreams is in his possession. The complete failure of his plans and his terrible fate seem only what he richly deserves.

The news of the wreck of the *Durande* comes as a crushing blow to Lethierry, for the steamer has been the pride of his life, sharing with Deruchette the deepest affections of his heart. The machinery, triumph of an engineer's skill, is irreplaceable, and when the old man learns that, owing to the accident of the steamer having been lifted high on to the " Douvres," the engine is intact, he bursts out with a wild promise that the man who salves it shall win Deruchette as his bride, to which the girl herself agrees. Soon afterwards Gilliatt disappears, and it is only the reader who may witness the superhuman ingenuity, courage, and endurance which he exerts in his effort to reclaim the machinery from the position in which it had been wedged when the steamer struck. For ten terrible weeks he labours at the gigantic

task single-handed, fighting the fury of the sea, suffering untold hardships, and finally only escaping by a moment the most horrible of deaths.

His gruesome discovery in the cave of the devil-fish, his eventual triumph over the fury of the tempest, and the reward he gains, so different to that which he had expected, Victor Hugo alone has the power to describe. Although large portions of the story are taken up by almost technical details of the manner in which he manages to salve the machinery, and whole chapters of the book are devoted to vivid descriptions of the wonder and power of the sea, not a line should be missed if we are to comprehend fully, firstly, the magnitude of Gilliatt's achievement; and, lastly, the nobility of his final sacrifice.]

A GRIM DISCOVERY

It was time that he killed the devil-fish. He was almost suffocated. His right arm and his chest were purple. Numberless little swellings were distinguishable upon them; the blood flowed from them here and there. The remedy for these wounds is sea-water. Gilliatt plunged into it, rubbing himself at the same time with the palms of his hands. The swellings disappeared under the friction.

By stepping farther into the waters he had, without perceiving it, approached to the species of recess already observed by him near the crevice where he had been attacked by the devil-fish.

This recess stretched obliquely under the great walls of the cavern, and was dry. The large pebbles which had become heaped up there had raised the bottom above the level of ordinary tides. The entrance was a rather large elliptical arch; a man could enter by stooping. The green light of the submarine grotto penetrated into it and lighted it feebly.

It happened that, while hastily rubbing his skin, Gilliatt raised his eyes mechanically.

He was able to see far into the cavern.

He shuddered.

He fancied that he perceived, in the farthest depth of the dusky recess, something smiling.

Gilliatt had never heard the word "hallucination," but he was familiar with the idea. Those mysterious encounters with the invisible, which, for the sake of avoiding the difficulty of explaining them, we call hallucinations, are in nature. Illusions or realities, visions are a fact. He who has the gift will see them. Gilliatt, as we have said, was a dreamer. He had at times the faculty of a seer. It was not in vain that he had spent his days in musing among solitary places.

He imagined himself the dupe of one of those mirages which he had more than once beheld when in his dreamy moods.

The opening was somewhat in the shape of a chalk-burner's oven. It was a low niche with projections like basket-handles. Its abrupt groins contracted gradually as far as the extremity of the crypt, where the heaps of round stones and the rocky roof joined.

Gilliatt entered, and lowering his head, advanced towards the object in the distance.

There was indeed something smiling.

It was a death's head; but it was not only the head. There was the entire skeleton. A complete human skeleton was lying in the cavern.

In such a position a bold man will continue his researches.

Gilliatt cast his eyes around. He was surrounded by a multitude of crabs. The multitude did not stir. They were but empty shells.

These groups were scattered here and there among the masses of pebbles in irregular constellations.

Gilliatt, having his eyes fixed elsewhere, had walked among them without perceiving them.

At this extremity of the crypt, where he had now penetrated, there was a still greater heap of remains. It was a confused mass of legs, antennæ, and mandibles.

Claws stood wide open; bony shells lay still under their bristling prickles; some reversed showed their livid hollows. The heap was like a *mêlée* of besiegers who had fallen, and lay massed together.

The skeleton was partly buried in this heap.

Under this confused mass of scales and tentacles the eye perceived the cranium with its furrows, the vertebræ, the thigh bones, the tibias, and the long-jointed finger-bones with their nails. The frame of the ribs was filled with crabs. Some heart had once beat there. The green mould of the sea had settled round the sockets of the eyes. Limpets had left their slime upon the bony nostrils. For the rest, there were not in this cave within the rocks either seagulls, or weeds, or a breath of air. All was still. The teeth grinned.

The sombre side of laughter is that strange mockery of its expression which is peculiar to a human skull.

This marvellous palace of the deep, inlaid and incrusted with all the gems of the sea, had at length revealed and told its secret. It was a savage haunt; the devil-fish inhabited it; it was also a tomb, in which the body of a man reposed.

The skeleton and the creatures around it oscillated vaguely in the reflections of the subterranean water which trembled upon the roof and wall. The horrible multitude of crabs looked as if finishing their repast. These crustacea seemed to be devouring the carcass. Nothing could be more strange than the aspect of the dead vermin upon their dead prey.

Gilliatt had beneath his eyes the storehouse of the devil-fish.

It was a dismal sight. The crabs had devoured the man; the devil-fish had devoured the crabs.

There were no remains of clothing anywhere visible. The man must have been seized naked.

Gilliatt, attentively examining, began to remove the shells from the skeleton. What had this man been?

The body was admirably dissected; it looked as if prepared for the study of its anatomy; all the flesh was stripped; not a muscle remained; not a bone was missing. If Gilliatt had been learned in science he might have demonstrated the fact. The periostea, denuded of their covering, were white and smooth, as if they had been polished. But for some green mould of sea-mosses here and there they would have been like ivory. The cartilaginous divisions were delicately inlaid and arranged. The tomb sometimes produces this dismal mosaic work.

The body was, as it were, interred under the heap of dead crabs. Gilliatt disinterred it.

Suddenly he stooped, and examined more closely.

He had perceived around the vertebral column a sort of belt.

It was a leathern girdle, which had evidently been worn buckled upon the waist of the man when alive.

The leather was moist; the buckle rusty.

Gilliatt pulled the girdle; the vertebræ of the skeleton resisted, and he was compelled to break through them in order to remove it. A crust of small shells had begun to form upon it.

He felt it, and found a hard substance within, apparently of square form. It was useless to endeavour to unfasten the buckle, so he cut the leather with his knife.

The girdle contained a little iron box and some pieces of gold. Gilliatt counted twenty guineas.

The iron box was an old sailor's tobacco-box, opening and shutting with a spring. It was very tight and rusty. The spring, being completely oxidized, would not work.

Once more the knife served Gilliatt in a difficulty. A pressure with the point of the blade caused the lid to fly up.

The box was open.

There was nothing inside but pieces of paper.

A little roll of very thin sheets, folded in four, was fitted in the bottom of the box. They were damp, but not injured. The box, hermetically sealed, had preserved them. Gilliatt unfolded them.

They were three bank notes of one thousand pounds sterling each ; making together seventy-five thousand francs.

Gilliatt folded them again, replaced them in the box, taking advantage of the space which remained to add the twenty guineas, and then reclosed the box as well as he could.

Next he examined the girdle.

The leather, which had originally been polished outside, was rough within. Upon this tawny ground some letters had been traced in black thick ink. Gilliatt deciphered them, and read the words, " Sieur Clubin."

A. W. KINGLAKE

Eöthen

[In the early part of the last century, two Englishmen, Alexander Kinglake and his friend Methley, set out to ride from Belgrade to Constantinople, a distance of about a thousand miles, through the dense Serbian forests and over the rugged passes of the Balkans.

Accompanied only by their servants and baggage porters, protected only by indomitable pluck and pride of race, the two men made the hazardous journey without mishap until Methley fell ill before reaching Adrianople, where Kinglake, despairing of getting medical attention for him, decided to push on to their destination, but he was caught by an icy storm blowing straight down from the steppes of Tartary, and dragged his suffering companion, more dead than alive, into plague-stricken Constantinople. As all sick people were viewed with disfavour as possible carriers of fresh infection, the welcome to the jaded travellers was not particularly hearty, but Mysseri (Kinglake's servant), a man of rare courage, faithfulness, and sagacity, managed to secure accommodation ; Kinglake, stranded for the winter owing to Methley's slow recovery, makes a chapter of very sprightly reading out of his Constantinople experiences. Methley recovering, the party proceed through the Troad, thence via Adramati and Pergamo to Smyrna. Here they fall in with an old friend called Carrigaholt, who entertains them with an account of the adventures which brought him to Smyrna. Methley, receiving letters which recall him to England, Kinglake, accompanied by Mysseri, sails in a Greek brigantine to Cyprus, which he describes with his usual witty felicity. From Cyprus he crosses to Beirut and reaches the

summit of his surprises in a meeting with that remarkable woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, whose life and adventures read like a chapter out of *The Arabian Nights*.

Leaving Lady Hester brooding over astrology and magic, Kinglake crosses the plain of Esdraelon and comes to " the hills of beautiful Galilee." Coming to Nazareth, he falls into a kind of adoring ecstasy, disclosing a sensibility which takes even himself by surprise. From Nazareth he journeys by the bank of the Jordan to Jerusalem, not without experiencing some remarkable adventures on the way, including a dip in the Dead Sea, and a perilous passage across the river, half comical, half serious, as are so many of the episodes he describes.

Reaching Jerusalem in time for the great religious festival of Easter, he visits the sacred spots and the village of Bethlehem, where he sees the " living rock " in the hollow of which the infant Jesus was laid.

Departing from the Holy Land, Kinglake turns his face to the desert, and for the story of his crossing thereof, his whimsical observations on Arabs, oases, mirages, camels and other desert furniture, with the truly great finale of his audacious flouting of the dread Pasha of Satalieh, let the author of *Eöthen* speak for himself.]

CROSSING THE JORDAN

THE Arabs then earnestly began their attempt to effect the passage of the river. They had brought with them a great number of skins used for carrying water in the desert ; these they filled with air, and fastened several of them to small boughs cut from the banks of the river. In this way they constructed a raft not more than about four or five feet square, but rendered buoyant by the inflated skins. Upon this a portion of my baggage was placed, and was firmly tied to it by the cords used on my pack-saddles. The little raft with its weighty cargo was then gently lifted into the water, and I had the satisfaction to see that it floated well.

Twelve of the Arabs now stripped, and tied inflated

skins to their loins. Six of the men went down into the river, got in front of the little raft, and pulled it off a few feet from the bank. The other six then dashed into the stream with loud shouts, and swam along after the raft, pushing it from behind. Off went the craft in capital style at first, for the stream was easy on the eastern side, but I saw that the tug was to come, for the main torrent swept round in a bend near the western bank of the river.

The old men, with their long grey grisly beards, stood shouting and cheering, praying and commanding. At length the raft entered upon the difficult part of its course; the whirling stream seized and twisted it about, and then bore it rapidly downwards; the swimmers flagged, and seemed to be beaten in the struggle. But now the old men on the bank, with their rigid arms uplifted straight, sent forth a cry, and a shout that tore the wide air, and then to make their urging yet more strong they shrieked out the dreadful syllables "'Brahim Pasha!" The swimmers, one moment before so blown and so weary, found lungs to answer the cry, and shouting back the name of their great destroyer, they dashed on through the torrent, and bore the raft in safety to the western bank.

Afterwards the swimmers returned with the raft, and attached to it the rest of my baggage. I took my seat upon the top of the cargo, and the raft thus laden passed the river in the same way and with the same struggle as before. The skins, however, not being perfectly air-tight, had lost a great part of their buoyancy, so that I, as well as the luggage that passed on this last voyage, got wet in the waters of Jordan. The raft could not be trusted for another trip, and the rest of my people passed the river in a different and (for them) much safer way. Inflated skins were fastened to their loins, and thus supported, they were tugged across by Arabs swimming on either side of them. The horses and mules were thrown into the

water and forced to swim over. The poor beasts had a hard struggle for their lives in that swift stream, and I thought that one of the horses would have been drowned, for he was too weak to gain a footing on the western bank, and the stream bore him down. At last, however, he swam back to the side from which he had come. Before night all had passed the river except this one horse and old Shereef. He, poor fellow, was shivering on the eastern bank, for his dread of the passage was so great that he delayed it as long as he could, and at last it became so dark that he was obliged to wait till the morning.

I lay that night on the bank of the river. The Arabs at a little distance from me contrived to kindle a fire, and sat all round in a circle. They were made most savagely happy by the tobacco with which I supplied them, and they soon determined that the whole night should be one smoking festival. The poor fellows had only a cracked bowl, without any tube at all, but this morsel of a pipe they handed round from one to the other, allowing to each a fixed number of whiffs. In that way they passed the whole night.

The next morning old Shereef was brought across. It was strange to see this solemn old Mussulman, with his shaven head and his sacred beard, sprawling and puffing upon the surface of the water. When at last he reached the bank the people told him that by his baptism in Jordan he had surely become a mere Christian. Poor Shereef! the holy man! the descendant of the Prophet!—he was sadly hurt by the taunt, and the more so as he seemed to feel that there was some foundation for it, and that he really might have absorbed some Christian errors.

When all was ready for departure, I wrote the "Teskeri" in French, and delivered it to Sheik Ali Djourban, together with the promised "baksheesh." He was exceedingly grateful, and I parted in a very friendly way from this ragged tribe.

In two or three hours I gained Rihah, a village, said to occupy the site of ancient Jericho. There was one building there which I observed with some emotion, for although it may not have been actually standing in the days of Jericho, it contained at this day a most interesting collection of—modern loaves.

Some hours after sunset I reached the convent of Santa Saba, and there remained for the night.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Westward Ho!

[In this stirring tale of Elizabethan adventures on the Spanish Main, we are first taken to the town of Bideford in Devon, then a flourishing seaport capable of furnishing seven ships to fight the Armada, as the story will show.

Amyas Leigh, coming down to the quay from school one summer afternoon in the year 1525, sees a group of sailors listening with deep attention to the harangue of a tall black-bearded man all tricked out in Spanish finery, but speaking with a strong Devonshire accent. It is John Oxenham, back from a voyage with Drake, urging his listeners to set sail for the West and claim the treasure that lies beyond the sea. Amyas, fired by the heady talk of the buccaneer, cries out "I want to go to sea. I want to see the Indies. I want to fight the Spaniards!" "And you shall," replied Oxenham, delighted with the lad's spirit, and he bids him go home, where Sir John Grenville, statesman, courtier, and great sea-captain, is a guest of Mr. Leigh, and tell them that he, John Oxenham, will come up and bear them company at dinner that night.

Five years later we find Amyas back once more in Bideford after a voyage with Drake round the world. The triumph of his home-coming is marred by the absence of Rose Salterne, the Mayor's beautiful daughter, with whom he, in common with all the young gallants of the neighbourhood, is desperately in love. Amyas discovers that his elder brother Frank, home from the court of Elizabeth, also loves Rose, and on a generous impulse goes off to Ireland to take part in a campaign against the Spaniards who have landed there. In a desperate sortie he takes prisoner Don Guzman, a Spanish noble, and brings him back as a prisoner of war.

Don Guzman sees Rose and makes love to her. For some time she resists his fascinations, but learning that he is ransomed, and about to leave England, consents to elope with him. He carries her off to La Guayra, of which place he has been appointed governor. Amyas, one of the few to return from the ill-fated expedition commanded by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, arrives home, to learn the news of Don Guzman's treachery and Rose's flight. Some time previously Frank and Amyas, with a company of their friends, have pledged themselves as the Champions of Rose, and this romantic brotherhood now rally round the bereaved father, who equips a ship, the *Rose*, which, with a hundred men aboard, drops down from Bideford quay and sails away to the West to rescue the fair maid of Devon from the clutches of the Spaniard. The adventures of Frank and Amyas Leigh and their companions in their chivalrous quest for Rose, the way in which they find her, and the costly failure of their endeavour, makes up a tale of love and bravery as stirring as it is tragic; but there are great moments ahead, when, with the remnant of his men, Amyas conquers fate and pulls off two mighty coups against the Spaniards, one on land and one on sea.

With the great adventure of the Armada the book comes to a splendid end, and although it leaves Amyas stricken, it brings him a happiness of which he had never dreamed, even when in quest of his first lost love he answered to the call of Westward Ho !]

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE SPANIARD

For the great ship is now within two musket-shots of the *Rose*, with the golden flag of Spain floating at her poop; and her trumpets are shouting defiance up the breeze from a dozen brazen throats, which two or three answer lustily from the *Rose*, from whose poop flies the flag of England, and from her fore the arms of Leigh and Cary side by side, and over them the ship and bridge of the good town of Bideford. And then Amyas calls—

"Now, silence trumpets; waits, play up! 'Fortune my foe!' and God and the Queen be with us!"

Whereon (laugh not, reader, for it was the fashion of those musical as well as valiant days) up rose that noble old favourite of good Queen Bess, from cornet and sackbut, fife and drum; while Parson Jack, who had taken his stand with the musicians on the poop, worked away lustily at his violin, and like Volker of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

"Well played, Jack; thy elbow flies like a lamb's tail," said Amyas, forcing a jest.

"It shall fly to a better fiddle-bow presently, sir, an I have the luck——"

"Steady, helm!" said Amyas. "What is he after now?"

The Spaniard, who had been coming upon them right down the wind under a press of sail, took in his light canvas.

"He don't know what to make of our waiting for him so bold," said the helmsman.

"He does, though, and means to fight us," cried another. "See, he is hauling up the foot of his main-sail; but he wants to keep the wind of us."

"Let him try, then," quoth Amyas. "Keep her closer still. Let no one fire till we are about. Man the starboard guns. To starboard, and wait, all small-arm men. Pass the order down to the gunner, and bid all fire high, and take the rigging."

Bang went one of the Spaniard's bow guns, and the shot went wide. Then another and another, while the men fidgeted about, looking at the priming of their muskets, and loosened their arrows in the sheaf.

"Lie down, men, and sing a psalm. When I want you, I'll call you. Closer still, if you can, helmsman, and we will try a short ship against a long one. We can sail two points nearer the wind than he."

As Amyas had calculated, the Spaniard would gladly enough have stood across the *Rose's* bows, but, knowing the English readiness, dare not, for fear of being

raked ; so her only plan, if she did not intend to shoot past her foe down to leeward, was to put her head close to the wind, and wait for her on the same tack.

Amyas laughed to himself. "Hold on yet awhile. More ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream.—Drew, there, are your men ready ?"

"Ay, ay, sir !" And on they went, closing fast with the Spaniard, till within a pistol-shot.

"Ready about !" And about she went like an eel, and ran upon the opposite tack right under the Spaniard's stern. The Spaniard, astounded at the quickness of the manœuvre, hesitated a moment, and then tried to get about also, as his only chance. But it was too late, and while his lumbering length was still hanging in the wind's eye, Amyas's bowsprit had all but scraped his quarter, and the *Rose* passed slowly across his stern at ten yards' distance.

"Now then !" roared Amyas. "Fire, and with a will ! Have at her, archers ! have at her, muskets all !" And in an instant a storm of bar and chain shot, round and canister, swept the proud Don from stem to stern, while through the white cloud of smoke the musket-balls and the still deadlier clothyard arrows whistled and rushed upon their venomous errand. Down went the steersman, and every soul who manned the poop. Down went the mizzen-top-mast, in went the storm-windows and quarter-galleries ; and as the smoke cleared away, the gorgeous painting of the *Madre Dolorosa*, with her heart full of seven swords, which, in a gilded frame, bedizened the Spanish stern, was shivered in splinters ; while, most glorious of all, the golden flag of Spain, which the last moment flaunted above their heads, hung trailing in the water. The ship, her tiller shot away, and her helmsman killed, staggered helplessly a moment, and then fell up into the wind.

"Well done, men of Devon !" shouted Amyas, as cheers rent the welkin.

"She has struck," cried some, as the deafening hurrahs died away.

"Not a bit," said Amyas. "Hold on, helmsman, and leave her to patch her tackle while we settle the galleys."

On they shot merrily, and, long ere the armada could get herself to rights again, were two good miles to windward, with the galleys sweeping down fast upon them.

And two venomous-looking craft they were, as they shot through the short chopping sea upon some forty oars apiece, stretching their long sword-fish snouts over the water, as if snuffing for their prey. Behind this long snout, a strong square forecastle was crammed with soldiers, and the muzzles of cannon grinned out through port-holes, not only in the sides of the forecastle, but forward in the line of the galley's course, thus enabling her to keep up a continual fire on a ship right ahead.

The long low waist was packed full of the slaves, some five or six to each oar; and down the centre, between the two banks, the English could see the slave-drivers walking up and down a long gangway, whip in hand. A raised quarter-deck at the stern held more soldiers, the sunlight flashing merrily upon their armour and their gun-barrels. As they neared, the English could hear plainly the cracks of the whips, and the yells as of wild beasts which answered them, the roll and rattle of the oars, and the loud "Ha!" of the slaves which accompanied every stroke, and the oaths and curses of the drivers, while a sickening, musky smell, as of a pack of kennelled hounds, came down the wind from off those dens of misery. No wonder if many a young heart shuddered, as it faced, for the first time, the horrible reality of those floating hells, the cruelties whereof had rung so often in English ears, from the stories of their own countrymen, who had passed them, fought them, and now

and then passed years of misery on board of them. Who knew but what there might be English among those sun-browned half-naked masses of panting wretches ?

" Must we fire upon the slaves ? " asked more than one, as the thought crossed him.

Amyas sighed.

" Spare them all you can, in God's name ; but if they try to run us down, rake them we must, and God forgive us."

The two galleys came on abreast of each other, some forty yards apart. To outmanœuvre their oars as he had done the ship's sails, Amyas knew was impossible. To run from them was to be caught between them and the ship.

He made up his mind, as usual, to the desperate game.

" Lay her head up in the wind, helmsman, and we will wait for them."

They were now within musket-shot, and opened fire from their bow-guns ; but owing to the chopping sea, their aim was wild. Amyas, as usual, withheld his fire.

The men stood at quarters with compressed lips, not knowing what was to come next. Amyas, towering motionless on the quarter-deck, gave his orders calmly and decisively. The men saw that he trusted himself, and trusted him accordingly.

The Spaniards, seeing him wait for them, gave a shout of joy. Was the Englishman mad ? And the two galleys converged rapidly, intending to strike him full, one on each bow.

They were within forty yards ; another minute, and the shock would come. The Englishman's helm went up, his yards creaked round, and gathering way, he plunged upon the larboard galley.

" A dozen gold nobles to him who brings down the steersman ! " shouted Cary, who had his cue.

And a flight of arrows from the forecastle rattled upon the galley's quarter-deck.

Hit or not hit, the steersman lost his nerve, and shrank from the coming shock. The galley's helm went up to port, and her beak slid all but harmless along Amyas's bow; a long, dull grind, and then loud crack on crack, as the *Rose* sawed slowly through the bank of oars from stem to stern, hurling the wretched slaves in heaps upon each other; and ere her mate on the other side could swing round, to strike him in his new position, Amyas's whole broadside, great and small, had been poured into her at pistol-shot, answered by a yell which rent their ears and hearts.

"Spare the slaves! Fire at the soldiers!" cried Amyas; but the work was too hot for much discrimination; for the larboard galley, crippled but not daunted, swung round across his stern, and hooked herself venomously on to him.

It was a move more brave than wise, for it prevented the other galley from returning to the attack without exposing herself a second time to the English broadside; and a desperate attempt of the Spaniards to board at once through the stern-ports and up the quarter was met with such a demurrer of shot and steel that they found themselves in three minutes again upon the galley's poop, accompanied, to their intense disgust, by Amyas Leigh and twenty English swords.

Five minutes' hard cutting, hand to hand, and the poop was clear. The soldiers in the forecastle had been able to give them no assistance, open as they lay to the arrows and musketry from the *Rose's* lofty stern. Amyas rushed along the central gangway, shouting in Spanish, "Freedom to the slaves! death to the masters!" clambered into the forecastle, followed close by his swarm of wasps, and set them so good an example how to use their stings that in three minutes more there was not a Spaniard on board who was not dead or dying.

"Let the slaves free!" shouted he. "Throw us a hammer down, men. Hark! there's an English voice!"

There is indeed. From amid the wreck of broken oars and writhing limbs, a voice is shrieking in broadest Devon to the master, who is looking over the side.

"O Robert Drew! Robert Drew! Come down and take me out of hell!"

"Who be you, in the name of the Lord?"

"Don't you mind William Prust, that Captain Hawkins left behind in the Honduras, years and years agone? There's nine of us aboard, if your shot hasn't put 'em out of their misery. Come down, if you've a Christian heart, come down!"

Utterly forgetful of all discipline, Drew leaps down, hammer in hand, and the two old comrades rush into each other's arms.

Hereward the Wake

[Hereward, son of Earl Leofric and Lady Godiva, is outlawed for wild conduct by Edward the Confessor. He takes service with Gilbert of Ghent, a powerful Flemish noble established in Scotland. His exploits at Gilbert's court include the slaying, single-handed, of the "Fairy Bear," from which he rescues the English princess Alftruda, a beautiful child with whom he has become friends. The Flemish knights, jealous of his prowess, plot to kill him, and to escape from their malice he journeys to Cornwall, accompanied only by a faithful serving-man, Martin Lightfoot. After some thrilling adventures in the service of the Princess of Cornwall, whom he saves from a marriage with the giant, Iron Hook, and is instrumental in restoring to her rightful lover, Prince Syrtig, son of Ranald, King of Waterford, Hereward grows homesick and asks Ranald to give him some ships and men with which to sail to England. Owing to a series of misfortunes he never reaches England, being driven upon the shore of Flanders, where he

attaches himself to Marquis Baldwin, one of the most powerful potentates of the age, at whose court he meets and woos Torfrida, richest and fairest damsel in St. Omer. From Torfrida's hands Hereward receives a suit of magic armour in which he wins fresh laurels fighting in Holland. Torfrida and Hereward are married, and later a daughter is born to them. News comes to St. Omer that Harold the Saxon has been defeated in the battle of Hastings and William of Normandy proclaimed King of England. Torfrida, ambitious for Hereward, urges him to embrace the Saxon cause, and he departs with Martin Lightfoot on a secret errand to England. Arriving at Bourne, his old home, he finds it occupied by the Normans, who have murdered his brother and terrorized his mother. Raising a band of loyal English, he wreaks a terrible vengeance upon the despoilers of his home ; then taking his mother and the corpse of his brother, he goes by night to the Abbey of Crowland, leaving within its sacred walls the living and the dead. Returning to St. Omer he embraces the cause of Sweyn, King of Denmark, who has claims to the English throne, and accompanied by the dauntless Torfrida and their child, joins the Danish fleet and sails with it to defy the Conqueror.

Of Hereward's adventures, his disappointments through the failure of Asiborn (Sweyn's brother) to support him, the book tells finely, but the great theme of the story is not so much Hereward and his struggle against the Norman invasion, as the magnificent courage and nobility of his wife Torfrida. From the time that she buckles on him the magic armour to the moment when, with her snow-white locks streaming round her beautiful, haggard face, she sweeps the new love, Alftruda, away from her place by Hereward's body and claims him dead as he has always in his heart been hers alive, she grips our imagination ; a fitting mate for Hereward, last of the English, Hereward the Wake.]

HEREWARD COMES HOME

A WILD night was that in Bourne. All the folk, free and unfree, man and woman, were out on the streets, asking the meaning of those terrible shrieks, followed by a more terrible silence.

At last Hereward strode down from the hall, his drawn sword in his hand.

" Silence, good folks, and hearken to me, once and for all. There is not a Frenchman left alive in Bourne. If you be the men I take you for, there shall not be one left alive between Wash and Humber. Silence again ! " as a fierce cry of rage and joy arose, and men rushed forward to take him by the hand, women to embrace him. " This is no time for compliments, good folks, but for quick wit and quick blows. For the law we fight, if we do fight ; and by the law we must work, fight or not. Where is the lawman of the town ? "

" I was lawman last night, to see such law done as there is left," said Pery. " But you are lawman now. Do as you will. We will obey you."

" You shall be our lawman," shouted many voices.

" I ? Who am I ? Out-of-law, and a wolf's head."

" We will put you back into your law—we will give you your lands in full husting."

" Never mind a husting on my behalf. Let us have a husting, if we have one, for a better end and a bigger than that. Now, men of Bourne, I have put the coal in the bush. Dare you blow the fire till the forest is aflame from south to north ? I have fought a dozen of Frenchmen. Dare you fight Taillebois and Gilbert of Ghent, with William Duke of Normandy at their back ? Or will you take me, here as I stand, and give me up to them as an outlaw and a robber, to feed the crows outside the gates of Lincoln ? Do it, if you will. It will be the wiser plan, my friends. Give me up to be judged and hanged, and so purge yourselves of the villainous murder of Gilbert's cook—your late lord and master."

" Lord and master ? We are free men ! " shouted the holders, or yeomen gentlemen. " We hold our lands from God and the sun."

"You are our lord," shouted the socmen or tenants. Who but you? We will follow, if you will lead!"

"Hereward is come home!" cried a feeble voice behind. "Let me come to him. Let me feel him."

And through the crowd, supported by two ladies, tottered the mighty form of Surturbrand, the blind Viking.

"Hereward is come," cried he, as he folded his master's son in his arms. "Ahoi! he is wet with blood! Ahoi! he smells of blood! Ahoi! the ravens will grow fat now, for Hereward is come home!"

Some would have led the old man away, but he thrust them off fiercely.

"Ahoi! come wolf! Ahoi! come kite! Ahoi! come erne from off the fen! You followed us, and we fed you well, when Swend Forkbeard brought us over the sea. Follow us now, and we will feed you better still, with the mongrel Frenchers who scoff at the tongue of their forefathers, and would rob their nearest kinsman of land and lass. Ahoi! Swend's men! Ahoi! Canute's men! Vikings' sons, sea-cocks' sons, Berserkers' sons all! Split up the war-arrow, and send it round; and the curse of Odin on every man that will pass it on! A war-king to-morrow, and Hildur's game next day, that the old Surturbrand may fall like a free holder, axe in hand, and not die like a cow in the straw which the Frenchman has spared him."

All men were silent, as the old Viking's voice, cracked and feeble when he began, gathered strength from rage, till it rang through the still night air like a trumpet blast.

The silence was broken by a long, wild cry from the forest, which made the women start, and catch their children closer to them. It was the howl of a wolf.

"Hark to the witch's horse! Hark to the son of Fenris, how he calls for meat! Are ye your fathers'

sons, ye men of Bourne? They never let the grey beast call in vain."

Hereward saw his opportunity, and seized it. He well knew that there were those in the crowd, as there must needs be in all crowds, who wished themselves well out of the business; who shrank from the thought of facing the Norman barons, much more the Norman king; who were ready enough, had the tide of feeling begun to ebb, to blame Hereward for rashness, even though they might not have gone so far as to give him up to the Normans; who would have advised some sort of compromise, pacifying half-measure, or other weak plan for escaping present danger by future destruction. But three out of four there were good men and true. The savage chant of the old barbarian might have startled them somewhat, for they were tolerably orthodox Christian folk. But there was sense, as well as spirit, in his savageness, and they growled applause as he ceased. Hereward heard, and cried—

"The Viking is right! So speaks the spirit of our fathers; and we must show ourselves their true sons. Send round the war-arrow, and death to the man who does not pass it on! Better die bravely together than falter and part company, to be hunted down one by one by men who will never forgive us as long as we have an acre of land for them to seize. Pery, son of Surturbrand, you are the lawman. Put it to the vote!"

"Send round the war-arrow," shouted Pery himself; and if there was a man or two who shrank from the proposal, they found it prudent to shout as loudly as did the rest.

Ere the morning light the war-arrow was split into four splinters, and carried out to the four airts, through all Kesteven. If the splinter were put into the house-father's hand, he must send it on at once to the next freeman's house. If he were away, it was stuck into

his house-door, or into his great chair by the fireside, and woe to him if, on his return, he sent it not on likewise. All through Kesteven went that night the arrow-splinters, and with them the whisper, "The Wake is come again;" till, before mid-day, there were fifty well-armed men in the old camping-field outside the town, and Hereward haranguing them in words of fire.

A chill came over them, nevertheless, when he told them that he must at once return to Flanders.

"But it must be," he said. "He had promised his good lord and sovereign, Baldwin of Flanders, and his word of honour he must keep. Two visits he must pay ere he went; and then to sea. But within the year, if he were alive on ground, he would return, and with him ships and men, it might be with Sweyn and all the power of Denmark. Only let them hold their own till the Danes should come, and all would be well. So would they show that they were free Englishmen, able to hold England against Frenchmen and all strangers. And whenever he came back he would set a light to Toft, Manthorpe, and Witham-on-the-hill. They were his own farms, or should have been; and better they should burn than Frenchmen hold them. They could be seen far and wide over the Bruneswold and over all the fen; and then all men might know for sure that The Wake was come again."

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

The Children of the New Forest

[Colonel Beverley, a Cavalier, and owner of a property called Arnwood, on the borders of the New Forest, is killed at Naseby. His wife dying shortly afterwards, their four children, Edward, Humphrey, Alice, and Edith, are left in the charge of an old relative, Miss Villiers, and watched over by Jacob Armitage, a king's forester, once a servant in the Beverley family.

King Charles the First, a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, escapes, and is supposed to be in hiding in the New Forest. Jacob Armitage, tracking deer there, sees a body of Parliamentary cavalry approaching and conceals himself in some bushes, thereby overhearing a plot to fire Arnwood, and smoke out the royal fugitive if he is there. Jacob waits until the soldiers disperse, then hurries off to Arnwood and tells Miss Villiers of the danger. She refuses to leave the house, but yields to Jacob's entreaties that he may remove the four Beverley children to his cottage until all danger is past.

Cromwell's men burn down Arnwood, carrying off Miss Villiers under the impression that she is the King in disguise, but the old lady kicks so vigorously that both she and her captor fall from his horse and are killed. Jacob is thus left as the sole protector of the Beverley children. He decides to bring them up as his own grandchildren, and buying them peasant clothes to avert the suspicion of the Roundheads, proceeds to teach them how to be useful in their new surroundings. Of the boys he makes skilled foresters and intrepid hunters, while under his kindly teaching the two little girls become clever housekeepers, and they all settle down so readily to their unaccustomed duties, that when old Jacob falls ill and

knows that he cannot recover, he is happy in the thought that the four young people are quite able to fend for themselves.

In the meantime Edward has met with the new Intendant of the forest, a Cromwellian of Royalist leanings called Heatherington. From the first meeting with the young forester, the Intendant suspects that he is something other than Jacob's grandson. Edward renders the Intendant a great service, in which he saves the life of his daughter Patience, the most charming of Puritan maidens.

Old Jacob dies, and is laid to rest in the Forest he loved so well. How the Beverley children fare without him, the discovery of their birth, with the story of how Edward finds his father's sword, and uses it in the service of the King, is most delightfully told. In the fascinating setting of the Forest, this tale of Royalists and Roundheads, Cavaliers and Puritan maidens, is enriched by a wealth of woodland and wild animal lore which makes it one of the most delightful stories that Captain Marryat has written.]

THE WILD BULLS

As soon as dinner was over, Edward and Humphrey took down their guns, having agreed that they would go and hunt the wild cattle.

"Humphrey, have you any idea where the herd of cattle are feeding at this time ?"

"I know where they were feeding yesterday and the day before, and I do not think that they will have changed their ground ; for the grass is yet very young, and only grown on the southern aspects. Depend upon it, we shall fall in with them not four miles from where we now are, if not nearer."

"We must stalk them as we do the deer, must we not ? They won't allow us to approach within shot, Humphrey, will they ?" said Edward.

"We have to take our chance, Edward ; they will allow us to advance within shot, but the bulls will then advance upon us, while the herd increase their

distance. On the other hand, if we stalk them, we may kill one, and then the report of the gun will frighten the others away. In the first instance there is a risk; in the second there is none, but there is more fatigue and trouble. Choose as you please; I will act as you decide."

"Well, Humphrey, since you give me the choice, I think that this time I shall take the bull by the horns, as the saying is—that is, if there are any trees near us, for if the herd are in an open place I would not run such a risk; but if we can fire upon them and fall back upon a tree in case of a bull charging, I will take them openly."

"With all my heart, Edward: I think it will be very hard if, with our two guns and Smoker to back us, we do not manage to be masters of the field. However, we must survey well before we make our approach; and if we can get within shot without alarming or irritating them, we of course will do so."

"The bulls are very savage at this spring-time," observed Edward.

"They are so at all times, as far as I can see of them," replied Humphrey; "but we are near to them now, I should think—yes, there is the herd."

"There they are, sure enough," replied Edward: "now we have not to do with deer, and need not be so very cautious; but still the animals are wary, and keep a sharp look-out. We must approach them quietly, by slipping from tree to tree. Smoker, to heel!—down—quiet, Smoker—good dog!"

Edward and Humphrey stopped to load their guns, and then approached the herd in the manner which had been proposed, and were very soon within two hundred yards of the cattle, behind a large oak, when they stopped to reconnoitre. The herd contained about seventy head of cattle of various sizes and ages. They were feeding in all directions, scattered, as the young grass was very short; but although the herd

was spread over many acres of land, Edward pointed out to Humphrey that all the full-grown large bulls were on the outside, as if ready to defend the others in case of attack.

"Humphrey," said Edward, "one thing is clear—as the herd is placed at present we must have a bull or nothing. It is impossible to get within shot of the others without passing a bull, and, depend upon it, our passage will be disputed; and moreover, the herd will take to flight, and we shall get nothing at all."

"Well," replied Humphrey, "beef is beef; and, as they say, beggars must not be choosers, so let it be a bull, if it must be so."

"Let us get nearer to them, and then we will decide what we shall do. Steady, Smoker!"

They advanced gradually, hiding from tree to tree, until they were within eighty yards of one of the bulls. The animal did not perceive them, and as they were now within range, they again stepped behind the tree to consult.

"Now, Edward, I think that it would be best to separate. You can fire from where we are, and I will crawl through the fern, and get behind another tree."

"Very well, do so," replied Edward; "if you can manage, get to that tree with the low branches, and then perhaps you will be within shot of the white bull, which is coming down in this direction. Smoker, lie down! He cannot go with you, Humphrey; it will not be safe."

The distance of the tree which Humphrey ventured to get to was about one hundred and fifty yards from where Edward was standing. Humphrey crawled along for some time in the fern, but at last he came to a bare spot of about ten yards wide, which they were not aware of, and where he could not be concealed. Humphrey hesitated, and at last decided upon attempting to cross it. Edward, who was one moment watching the motions of Humphrey and at another

that of the two animals nearest to them, perceived that the white bull farthest from him, but nearest to Humphrey, threw its head in the air, pawed with his foot, and then advanced with a roar to where Humphrey was on the ground, still crawling towards the tree, having passed the open spot, and being now not many yards from the tree. Perceiving the danger that his brother was in, and that, moreover, Humphrey himself was not aware of it, he hardly knew how to act. The bull was too far from him to fire at it with any chance of success ; and how to let Humphrey know that the animal had discovered him and was making towards him, without calling out, he did not know. All this was the thought of a moment, and then Edward determined to fire at the bull nearest to him, which he had promised not to do till Humphrey was also ready to fire ; and after firing, to call Humphrey. He therefore for one moment turned away from his brother, and, taking aim at the bull, fired his gun ; but probably from his nerves being a little shaken at the idea of Humphrey being in danger, the wound was not mortal, and the bull galloped back to the herd, which formed a close phalanx about a quarter of a mile distant. Edward then turned to where his brother was, and perceived that the bull had not made off with the rest of the cattle, but was within thirty yards of Humphrey, and advancing upon him, and that Humphrey was standing up beside the tree with his gun ready to fire. Humphrey fired, and, as it appeared, he also missed his aim ; the animal made at him ; but Humphrey with great quickness dropped his gun, and, swinging by the lower boughs, was into the tree, and out of the bull's reach in a moment. Edward smiled when he perceived that Humphrey was safe ; but still he was a prisoner, for the bull went round and round the tree roaring and looking up at Humphrey. Edward thought a minute, then loaded his gun, and ordered Smoker to run in to the

bull. The dog, who had only been restrained by Edward's keeping him down at his feet, sprang forward to the attack. Edward had intended, by calling to the dog, to induce the bull to follow it till within gunshot; but before the bull had been attacked, Edward observed that one or two more of the bulls had left the herd, and were coming at a rapid pace towards him. Under these circumstances Edward perceived that his only chance was to climb into a tree himself, which he did, taking good care to take his gun and ammunition with him. Having safely fixed himself in a forked bough, Edward then surveyed the position of the parties. There was Humphrey in the tree, without his gun. The bull who had pursued Humphrey was now running at Smoker, who appeared to be aware that he was to decoy the bull towards Edward, for he kept retreating towards him. In the meantime the two other bulls were quite close at hand, mingling their bellowing and roaring with the first; and one of them as near to Edward as the first bull, which was engaged with Smoker. At last one of the advancing bulls stood still, pawing the ground as if disappointed at not finding an enemy, not forty yards from where Edward was perched. Edward took good aim, and when he fired the bull fell dead. Edward was reloading his piece when he heard a howl, and looking round saw Smoker flying up in the air, having been tossed by the first bull; and at the same time he observed that Humphrey had descended from the tree, recovered his gun, and was now safe again upon the lower bough. The first bull was advancing again to attack Smoker, who appeared incapable of getting away, so much was he injured by the fall, when the other bull, who apparently must have been an old antagonist of the first, roared and attacked him; and now the two boys were up in the tree, the two bulls fighting between them, and Smoker lying on the ground, panting and exhausted. As the bulls, with locked horns, were furi-

ously pressing each other, both guns were discharged, and both animals fell. After waiting a little while to see if they rose again, or if any more of the herd came up, Edward and Humphrey descended from the trees and heartily shook hands.

Masterman Ready

[Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, with their four children and black nurse, Juno, are returning from England to Australia on the sailing ship *Pacific*, when, after calling at the Cape, the vessel encounters a terrific hurricane, during which several of the crew are lost, and the skipper, Captain Osborn, is rendered unconscious by the fall of some wreckage.

The first mate, Macintosh, seeing that the ship must become a total wreck, abandons it with the crew, taking the still unconscious captain, but leaving the Seagrave family to their fate. Masterman Ready, however, the second mate, and a fine type of old-fashioned seaman, refuses to desert the helpless passengers, and when the others have departed in the only seaworthy boat, steers the damaged vessel on to a coral reef, and with the aid of Mr. Seagrave and his eldest son William, contrives to land the whole party safely with sufficient stores from the ship to meet their immediate necessities.

They all acquit themselves splendidly in the wild and strange surroundings, and very quickly settle down in their "Island" home. At first they live in tents made from sails, but later, Masterman Ready having crossed the island with William, and found a good fresh-water supply and a better camping ground on the other side, they all migrate there, and led on by the incomparable old sailor, actually build a house from the timber they cut down and prepare themselves. The only real drawback is Tommy Seagrave, who, greedy and disobedient, is a warning to all small boys of how not to behave on a desert island. His howls, when he is punished for some misdemeanour by having to go without his dinner, his egg-sucking expedition, his escapade with the castor-oil berries, and his final mean trick, which leads, if indirectly, to the death of Masterman Ready by the spear

of a savage, all make us glad to hear the last of him, and wonder why any one bothered about him.

The book is full of surprises and discoveries, and we learn from it the best way to turn a turtle and to cook him too, as well as how to thank Providence whenever there seems good occasion to do so, for Masterman Ready will not allow any one to complain or to repine in his hearing, and at the last, when he knows that the Seagraves are rescued and that he himself is dying and will be buried in a lonely grave, he manages to convince himself and us that it is what he most wished for, to be able to serve them even with his last breath, and then to sleep for ever on the beautiful island.

It is poor black Juno who speaks his epitaph—

" He really a good man," she says to William, who, from the deck of the rescue ship, is gazing his last on the grave of Masterman Ready.]

THE SAVAGES ARE SIGHTED

ANOTHER week passed away, during which Ready repaired the boat, and William and Mr. Seagrave were employed in digging up the garden. It was also a very busy week at the house, as they had not washed linen for some time. Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, and even little Caroline, were hard at work, and Master Tommy was more useful than ever he had been, going for the water as they required it, and watching little Albert. Indeed, he was so active, that Mrs. Seagrave praised him before his papa, and Master Tommy was quite proud.

On the Monday, William and Ready set off in the boat to the little harbour, and found all the stock doing well, and promising to increase. Many of the bananas and guavas had ripened and withered, but there were enough left to fill the boat half full. The yams had not been broken in upon by the pigs, and the tents were in good order.

" We cannot do better than to leave the stock where it is at present, Master William ; they can run

into the coco-nut grove for shelter if there is a storm, and there is feed enough for ten times as many."

"I think so too."

"But in a few days we must come round again for the tents; we must not leave them here the whole rainy season. Now, sir, shall we go back?"

"Yes; at all events, Tommy will be delighted with our cargo. But will you not dig up a few yams first?"

"I had quite forgotten it, Master William. I will go for the spade; we left one in the nearest tent."

Having procured the yams, they set off on their return. Before they arrived at the bay, the sky clouded over, and threatened a storm. It did not, however, rain till after they had landed, when a smart shower announced the commencement of the rainy season. The fruit was very welcome to all of them, it was so long since they had tasted any; but Tommy was ravenous to obtain it; he could not eat it fast enough to please himself, and Mr. Seagrave was compelled to prevent him from eating any more.

The following day was beautifully fine, and everything appeared refreshed by the rain which had fallen. It was, however, agreed that Ready and William should go round the next morning, bring home the tents, and as many yams as the boat could carry. William and Ready went out at night as usual, when Ready observed that the wind had chopped round to the eastward.

"That will be bad for us to-morrow, Ready," replied William. "We may sail to the harbour, but we shall have to pull back with the loaded boat."

"I trust it will be no worse than that, at all events," replied Ready; "but we must now return, and go to bed. I shall be up by daylight, so you need not wake without you like."

"I can't help waking," replied William, "and I shall, therefore, be up with you."

"Very well, sir, I am always glad of your company."

The next morning, just before the day dawned, Ready and William unfastened the door of the stockade and went down to the beach. The wind was still to the eastward, and blowing rather fresh, and the sky was cloudy. As the sun rose, Ready, as usual, had his telescope with him, and looked through it at the offing to the eastward. As he kept the spy-glass to his eye for some time without speaking, William said—

"Do you see anything, Ready, that you look so long in that direction?"

"Either my old eyes deceive me, or I fear that I do," replied Ready; "but a few minutes more will decide."

There was a bank of clouds on the horizon to the eastward; but as soon as the sun had risen above them, Ready, who had the telescope fixed in the same direction, said—

"Yes, Master William, I am right. I thought that those dark patches I saw were their brown grass sails."

"Sails of what, Ready?" said William hastily.

"Of the Indian canoes, Master William: I knew that they would come. Take the glass, and look yourself, Master William; my eye is quite dim from straining it so long."

"Yes, I have them now," replied William, with his eye to the glass; he at last said—

"Why, there are twenty or thirty of them, Ready, at least."

"And each with twenty or thirty men in them too, Master William."

"Good heaven! What must we do, Ready? How frightened my poor mother will be! I'm afraid we can do nothing against such a number."

"Yes, William, we can do a great deal, and we must do a great deal. That there are hundreds of savages,

there is no doubt; but recollect that we have a stockade, which they cannot climb easily over, and plenty of firearms and ammunition, so that we can make a good fight of it, and perhaps beat them off, for they have nothing but clubs and spears."

"How fast they come down, Ready! why, they will be here in an hour."

"No, sir, nor in two hours either; those are very large canoes. However, there is no time to be lost. While I watch them for a few minutes till I make them more clearly out, do you run up to the house and beckon your father to come down to me; and then, Master William, get all the muskets ready, and bring the casks of powder and of made-up cartridges from the old house into the stockade. Call Juno, and she will help you. We shall have time enough to do everything. After you have done that, you had better come down and join us."

In a few minutes after William ran up to the house, Mr. Seagrave made his appearance.

"Ready, there is danger, I'm sure; William would not tell me, I presume, because he was afraid of alarming his mother. What is it?"

"It is, Mr. Seagrave, that the savages are now coming down upon us in large force; perhaps five or six hundred of them; and that we shall have to defend ourselves with all our might and main."

"Do you think we have any chance against such a force?"

"Yes, sir; with God's help I have no doubt but that we shall beat them off; but we must fight hard, and for some days, I fear."

Mr. Seagrave examined the fleet of canoes with the glass. "It is, indeed, dreadful odds to contend against."

"Yes, sir; but three muskets behind a stockade are almost a match for all their clubs and spears, provided none of us are wounded."

"Well, Ready, we must put our trust in the Lord, and do our best; I will second you to the utmost of my power, and William, I'm sure, will do his duty. I have, indeed, much to fight for—a wife and family; but you, Ready, have no such ties."

"No, sir; but I shall fight for my life, which, although not worth much, I do not wish to lose by their hands; and I shall fight for you and the family too, sir, for I am attached to you all, and there's an end of the business. I think, sir, we had better not wait here any more, as we have not long to prepare for them. We have only to fix up some of our strong deal planks on the inside of the stockade for us to stand upon when we are attacked, that we may see what the enemy is about, and be able to fire upon them. But first we had better go to the old house, and take out what provisions and other articles we shall most want, and roll the casks into the stockade, for to the old house they will go first, and perhaps destroy everything in it. The casks they certainly will, for the sake of the iron hoops. An hour's work will do a great deal, for the distance is not very great. I believe we have everything we want in the stockade; Juno has her fuel, the large butt of water will last us two or three weeks at least, and if we have time, we will get the wheels down, and spear a couple of turtles for fresh provisions."

"We hardly need think of turtle just now, Ready."

"Why not, sir? It's as well to have them as to leave them for the savages to eat for us. I will get all up I can, even if we do not eat them; they will live for weeks on their back in the shade."

This conversation passed as they walked up to the house. As soon as they arrived, they found William and Juno had just brought in the powder and cartridges. Mr. Seagrave went in to break the matter to his wife, who, he feared, would be much alarmed.

"I was told that I had to expect this, my dear,"

replied Mrs. Seagrave, " so that it has not come upon me altogether unawares ; and anything that a poor weak woman can do, I will. I feel that I have no want of courage to defend my children."

" I am indeed greatly relieved," said Mr. Seagrave, " by finding you thus prepared and supported. I shall feel no anxiety—but we have work to be done."

" Then I must help, my dear Seagrave ; and what I want in strength, I must make up in energy."

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave then joined William, Ready, and Juno, who had already proceeded to the old house. The children were all still in bed and asleep, so that there was no occasion for any one to watch them.

JOHN RUSKIN

Sesame and Lilies

[No page of Ruskin could ever be mistaken for the work of any other writer, and even *Sesame and Lilies*, in which he aimed at a simple style, is stamped by his unique genius. The language is less rich in ornament, and the sentences are shorter than in his early works, but the same imagination, fancy, and emotion light up every page. Though many of his statements (as is the case with some great teachers) are rather sweeping, and though there is room for other views on some of the matters with which he deals, it is good for us to listen to one who had thought and felt so nobly and sincerely, and who could express his thoughts and feelings with such eloquence.

Sesame and Lilies is Ruskin's fanciful title for two lectures, "Of Kings' Treasuries," and "Of Queens' Gardens." The subject of the first is the use and companionship of books, on which Ruskin has some admirable things to say, though the theme leads him, as any theme would, to talk about many other sides of life. Growth in magnanimity, he tells us, is the only true advancement in life—that which belongs to true kings, and the true kings' treasuries would be those of noble books.

In the second lecture he deals with the function and position of women in society, and the best kind of education for a girl. Few girls can read these pages for the first time without feeling that some new meaning has been added to their lives, and some new opportunities suggested.]

MAN AND WOMAN

In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient*—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but, so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonour of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations ; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love ;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honourable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady : that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be ; and in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy ; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it *is* impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

I do not insist by any further argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feeling of what

should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:

"Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine." *

Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding

* Coventry Patmore.

function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they should be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The Talisman

[In *The Talisman* Scott takes us back to the time of the First Crusade (1191), when the Christian hosts under Leopold of Austria, Philip of France, and the mighty Cœur de Lion, were trying to wrest Jerusalem from the Saracens under Sultan Saladin.

A truce has just been arranged, when Sir Kenneth of Scotland has an exciting encounter with a Saracen Emir, but they too make a truce, and ride together to the cave of a mysterious hermit, to whom the knight is bearing a secret message. The hermit gives them shelter, and while the Saracen is asleep, Sir Kenneth is taken to a chapel, in which he is given an unexpected glimpse of Lady Edith Plantagenet, to whom he is devoted. Meanwhile, Richard is lying ill with fever at Ascalon, and the Scot brings a Moorish physician to cure him with a potent talisman. Then begin the intrigues of Conrade of Montserrat and the Grand Master of the Templars. Presently, Richard hears that the Austrian banner has been planted beside that of England. He springs from his bed, rushes out, and tears it down. The matter is referred to the Council, and Sir Kenneth is left on guard. He is decoyed from his post, and the English standard is removed. El Hakim (the physician) offers to intercede with Richard, but Sir Kenneth insists on facing the music himself. In spite of the pleadings of Edith and the Queen, he is sentenced to death, and it is only when El Hakim intervenes that he is spared, but banished from the royal presence. In the disguise of a Nubian slave, however, he comes back as a present from Saladin. The slave saves the King's life from an assassin, and tells Richard that he can find out who carried off the standard. The discovery of Conrade as the guilty man is one of the

most dramatic episodes in the story. Richard may fight him only through a champion, and Saladin himself undertakes to arrange the combat. So Richard, his Queen, and Lady Edith meet the Sultan and his retinue, and Richard discovers who El Hakim really is. Sir Kenneth, as the King's champion, unhorses and wounds Conrade, and is revealed as the Prince Royal of Scotland. There follows a banquet given by the Sultan, at which exciting things happen, and a traitor in high place is suddenly decapitated by the scimitar of the Sultan himself. Next day Sir Kenneth is married to Lady Edith, and receives from Saladin the famous talisman as a wedding present.

Scott had never visited the East, but in this glowing and romantic story he has given us the very essence of Saracen chivalry and Eastern colour ; if he has taken some liberties with history, he has been true to its spirit, for Richard and Saladin ought to have met and known each other, as in the pages of the great Sir Walter.]

SIR KENNETH AND THE SARACEN EMIR

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach showed to be a Saracen cavalier. " In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, " no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his

horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light, round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's-length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached

in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back; and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the

grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

Ivanhoe

[Between *The Talisman* and *Ivanhoe* is an interval of three years. The Crusade has been abandoned, Richard has been imprisoned in Tyrol, and his brother Prince John hopes to usurp the throne. The old enmity between Norman and Saxon still survives, and in *Ivanhoe* Scott gives us a vivid picture of the perils and adventures of those turbulent days. On one side we have Cedric the Saxon, whose disinherited son Wilfred of Ivanhoe is winning fame in Palestine, and his ward Rowena, with whom Ivanhoe is in love; on the other, a number of Norman Knights Templars, including the daring Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the brutal Front-de-Bœuf, and the sinister Malvoisin.

Sir Brian and a prior, with a palmer as their guide, have to ask the hospitality of Cedric on their way to a tournament at Ashby. Isaac the Jew also craves shelter, but he and the palmer set out before dawn. The tournament is held in the presence of Prince John; the challenge and overthrow of the haughty Sir Brian by an unknown with shield inscribed "Disinherited," is one of the most thrilling passages in fiction. Ivanhoe is recognized by Cedric and Rowena, and his wound is tended by

Isaac and his fair daughter Rebecca. Another mysterious black knight, who has won honours, makes his way to the hermitage of the famous Friar Tuck. But in those days might was right; Cedric and Rowena, as well as Isaac, Rebecca, and Ivanhoe, are captured by Front-de-Bœuf and carried off to Torquilstone Castle; Isaac and the two women are about to become the victims of Norman tyranny; Rebecca is on the point of hurling herself from a window, when a bugle announces the arrival of Locksley (Robin Hood) and his band, accompanied by the Black Knight. The storming and burning of the castle, over which hovers the terrible figure of Ulrica, is described in a piece of breathless narrative. The prisoners are released, but Sir Brian manages to carry off Rebecca. Then a letter which falls into the hands of the Grand Master of the Templars leads to the trial for witchcraft of the unhappy Jewess. She claims the right of trial by combat, and sends a message to her father. That same evening the Black Knight is rescued from an armed band by Locksley and his men. They are joined by Ivanhoe, who does homage to the Black Knight. Meanwhile, at the Preceptory of Templestowe, the lists are set for the combat that is to decide the fate of Rebecca. At one end are the faggots and the stake, and the bell is already tolling, when Wilfred of Ivanhoe is announced. The sudden end of Sir Brian, the arrest of Malvoisin, and the withdrawal of the Templars, are dramatic incidents in an exciting crisis. The marriage of Ivanhoe and Rowena brings the story to a peaceful close; Isaac and his daughter retire to Granada, where, we will hope, their perils are at an end.]

THE TOURNAMENT

After this fourth encounter there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfac-

tion so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honour of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée*; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honour of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred, than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look, and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming—"Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance; while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes

expressed by calling out, " Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended to the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

" Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, " and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly ? "

" I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

" Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, " and look your last upon the sun, for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

" Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; " and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Quentin Durward

[In *Quentin Durward* we are taken to France and Flanders in the fifteenth century. Louis XI. of France, crafty, vindictive, superstitious, is a striking contrast to his nominal vassal Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who " rushed on danger because he loved it." Charles, already one of the most powerful princes in Europe, is aiming at independence, while Louis is inciting the citizens of Flanders to rebel against the Duke.

The story opens in 1468, when young Durward comes to Tours, where his uncle Lesley (Le Balafré), is one of the King's Scottish Bodyguard. He is at once plunged into adventures and intrigues, which result not only in his becoming an Archer of the Guard, but in being selected by Louis for secret service. To escape an unwelcome marriage, the Duke's ward, Isabelle, Countess of Croye, has fled with her aunt, Lady Hameline, to Louis's protection. Count Crèvecœur arrives as envoy to demand her surrender, and Durward is ordered to escort the ladies to Liége, to be placed under the protection of the Bishop. But Louis really intends them to be captured by the ruffianly Flemish outlaw De la Marck, "The Boar of Ardennes," whose marriage to Isabelle would suit the King's plans. In spite of these dangers, Durward manages to reach the Bishop's castle. But a rising takes place, and the castle is attacked. Lady Hameline escapes, but Durward needs both courage and luck to rescue Isabelle and pass her in disguise into the hall where De la Marck is carousing with the rioters. The Bishop is brought in, denounces his captor, and is murdered. Durward's pluck and presence of mind alone prevent a general fight. Then he conducts Isabelle, to whom by this time he has lost his heart, to Charleroi. Meanwhile, Louis has boldly visited the Duke at his stronghold of Péronne, but when Charles hears of the Bishop's death, he is enraged, and imprisons the King as privy to the deed. There is a masterly scene in which Philip des Comines (the historian) discusses terms with Louis. One keen brain is matched against another, but Louis, by adroit flattery, gains a point or two and gets some useful hints. The King is then formally charged before the Duke's Council with aiding Burgundian rebels. Isabelle is called as a witness, and Durward is being questioned, when a herald arrives from De la Marck with preposterous demands, and with the news that "The Boar" has married Lady Hameline. The herald is unceremoniously ejected, the Duke and the King patching up their quarrel to fight "The Boar." Whoever brings his head may claim the hand of Isabelle, who has refused to marry the Duke of Orleans. The allies march out, and some desperate fighting follows, in which Durward proves himself both shrewd and brave. How

"The Boar" is brought to bay, and how the gallant young Scot weds nobility, wealth, and beauty, is told in the two stirring chapters that bring the story to its close.]

QUENTIN AND THE BOHEMIANS

On a slight eminence, rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chestnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable group; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upwards, and fixed apparently upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers—which was nothing less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

"Why do you not cut him down?" said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction as to maintain his own honour when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, having the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lys* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a *broad arrow*. Neither understanding nor heeding the import of this symbol, young Durward sprang lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woods-

man, the trusty *skene dhu*,* and, calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth, in such a manner that Quentin, who presently afterwards jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without further efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practised the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

Whilst he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamour of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife, at the same moment, was offered to his throat.

"Pale slave of Eblis!" said a man, in imperfect French, "are you robbing him you have murdered?—But we have you—and you shall abye it."

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him, were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind

* Black knife; a species of knife without clasp or hinge, formerly much used by the Highlanders, who seldom travelled without such an ugly weapon.—SCOTT.

bore him out. "What mean ye, my masters?" he said; "if that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down, in pure charity, and you will do better to try to recover his life, than to misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape."

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the Oriental expressions of grief; the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their garments, and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest plan to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage, both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet, than to the hats commonly worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, and wore showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, except the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked sabre, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed

the rest of the party in his extravagant expressions of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

Kenilworth

[In *Kenilworth* the Elizabethan age lives again; Scott's brilliant picture of court life contains a striking portrait of the great Queen, and the pathetic story of Amy Robsart is the thread which connects the whole.

In the year 1575 the ne'er-do-weel Michael Lambourne returns from Flanders to an inn at Cumnor kept by his uncle Giles Gosling. He hears that at Cumnor Place the steward, Foster, has in his charge a mysterious young lady. He wagers that he will see her, and a Cornish stranger, Tressilian, accompanies him. While Lambourne is forcing himself into partnership with Foster, Tressilian meets the lady, who is, as he had expected, his lady-love Amy Robsart, Sir Hugh Robsart's daughter, enticed from her home in Devon by the scheming Varney, squire to the Earl of Leicester. But she refuses to return home. When the Earl arrives, she begs him to tell her father of their secret marriage, but he is afraid of the Queen's anger. Tressilian, warned by Gosling, leaves Cumnor on an adventurous journey to Devon, to help Sir Hugh to petition the Queen. He returns to London, where his servant, Wayland Smith, cures the Earl of Sussex (Leicester's rival), and we are introduced to young Sir Walter Raleigh. Elizabeth visits Sussex during his illness and receives Tressilian's petition. She at once sends for Varney, who declares that Amy is his wife, and the danger to Leicester is averted. In the guise of a pedlar, however, Wayland reaches Amy and gives her some valuable advice. Meanwhile, Leicester is making great preparations to entertain the Queen at Kenilworth. There she demands to see Varney's wife, and he is sent to fetch her. Amy refuses to play the part, escapes, and, as Wayland's sister, accompanies him to Kenilworth. While the entertainments in honour of Elizabeth are going on, Amy's tangled drama is being played out. Elizabeth, who has been told that Amy is too ill to appear, meets her in a grotto; Amy says that she is not

Varney's wife, and that "the Earl of Leicester knows it all." Elizabeth has just listened to a declaration of love from Leicester, and has told him that she "must be the wife and mother of England alone." So she takes Amy to confront Leicester, and there is a great scene in which poor Amy retracts her words. Varney declares that his wife is mad, and she is carried off fainting. When Leicester visits her she implores him to inform the Queen of their marriage; he half promises, but Varney poisons his mind against her with suspicions of Tressilian. Leicester exclaims that Amy must die, and gives his ring as authority to Varney. How he discovers the truth too late, and confesses to the enraged Queen, and how the final tragedy at Cumnor is brought about, is told in the last three chapters of this great story.]

TRESSILIAN AT CUMNOR PLACE

Tressilian, meanwhile, with hasty steps, pursued the first path which promised to conduct him through the wild and overgrown park in which the mansion of Foster was situated. Haste and distress of mind led his steps astray, and instead of taking the avenue which led towards the village, he chose another, which, after he had pursued it for some time with a hasty and reckless step, conducted him to the other side of the demesne, where a postern door opened through the wall, and led into the open country.

Tressilian paused an instant. It was indifferent to him by what road he left a spot now so odious to his recollections; but it was probable that the postern door was locked, and his retreat by that pass rendered impossible.

"I must make the attempt, however," he said to himself; "the only means of reclaiming this lost—this miserable—this still most lovely and most unhappy girl, must rest in her father's appeal to the broken laws of his country. I must haste to apprise him of this heartrending intelligence."

As Tressilian, thus conversing with himself, ap-

proached to try some means of opening the door, or climbing over it, he perceived there was a key put into the lock from the outside. It turned round, the bolt revolved, and a cavalier, who entered, muffled in his riding-cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, with a drooping feather, stood at once within four yards of him who was desirous of going out. They exclaimed at once, in tones of resentment and surprise, the one "Varney!" the other "Tressilian!"

"What make you here?" was the stern question put by the stranger to Tressilian, when the moment of surprise was past—"what make you here, where your presence is neither expected nor desired?"

"Nay, Varney," replied Tressilian, "what make *you* here? Are you come to triumph over the innocence you have destroyed, as the vulture or carrion-crow comes to batten on the lamb whose eyes it has first plucked out? Or are you come to encounter the merited vengeance of an honest man? Draw, dog, and defend thyself!"

Tressilian drew his sword as he spoke, but Varney only laid his hand on the hilt of his own, as he replied, "Thou art mad, Tressilian. I own appearances are against me; but by every oath a priest can make or a man can swear, Mistress Amy Robsart hath had no injury from me. And in truth I were somewhat loath to hurt you in this cause—thou knowest I can fight."

"I have heard thee say so, Varney," replied Tressilian; "but now, methinks, I would fain have some better evidence than thine own word."

"That shall not be lacking, if blade and hilt be but true to me," answered Varney; and drawing his sword with the right hand, he threw his cloak around his left, and attacked Tressilian with a vigour which, for a moment, seemed to give him the advantage of the combat. But this advantage lasted not long. Tressilian added to a spirit determined on revenge a hand and eye admirably well adapted to the use of the

rapier ; so that Varney, finding himself hard pressed in his turn, endeavoured to avail himself of his superior strength by closing with his adversary. For this purpose, he hazarded the receiving one of Tressilian's passes in his cloak, wrapped as it was around his arm, and ere his adversary could extricate his rapier thus entangled, he closed with him, shortening his own sword at the same time, with the purpose of dispatching him. But Tressilian was on his guard, and unsheathing his poniard, parried with the blade of that weapon the home-thrust which would otherwise have finished the combat, and, in the struggle which followed, displayed so much address, as might have confirmed the opinion that he drew his origin from Cornwall, whose natives are such masters in the art of wrestling as, were the games of antiquity revived, might enable them to challenge all Europe to the ring. Varney, in his ill-advised attempt, received a fall so sudden and violent that his sword flew several paces from his hand, and ere he could recover his feet, that of his antagonist was pointed to his throat.

"Give me the instant means of relieving the victim of thy treachery," said Tressilian, "or take the last look of your Creator's blessed sun!"

And while Varney, too confused or too sullen to reply, made a sudden effort to arise, his adversary drew back his arm, and would have executed his threat, but that the blow was arrested by the grasp of Michael Lambourne, who, directed by the clashing of swords, had come up just in time to save the life of Varney.

"Come, come, comrade," said Lambourne, "here is enough done, and more than enough ; put up your fox, and let us be jogging. The Black Bear growls for us."

"Off, abject!" said Tressilian, striking himself free of Lambourne's grasp ; "darest thou come betwixt me and mine enemy?"

"Abject! abject!" repeated Lambourne ; "that

shall be answered with cold steel whenever a bowl of sack has washed out memory of the morning's draught that we had together. In the meanwhile, do you see, shog—tramp—begone—we are two to one."

He spoke truth, for Varney had taken the opportunity to regain his weapon, and Tressilian perceived it was madness to press the quarrel further against such odds. He took his purse from his side, and taking out two gold nobles, flung them to Lambourne. "There, caitiff, is thy morning wage; thou shalt not say thou hast been my guide unhired.—Varney, farewell! we shall meet where there are none to come betwixt us." So saying, he turned round and departed through the postern door.

The Fortunes of Nigel

[The story opens in 1604, a year after the accession of King James. It gives us a picture of a rather lawless age, when the rapier was freely used, when many of the aristocracy were leading riotous lives, and the court was buzzing with intrigues. Above all, we have a wonderful portrait of James I.—a masterpiece even in Scott's picture-gallery of kings. And his favourite, "Steenie," the Duke of Buckingham, lives again in these pages.

The story is woven round the fortunes of Nigel Olifaunt (Lord Glenvarloch) who, with his servant Richie Moniplies, has come to London to obtain the payment of a debt owed him by the King. We are early introduced to David Ramsay, a Fleet Street watchmaker, and his daughter Margaret, and to her godfather, George Heriot of Lombard Street. "Jingling Geordie," as James calls him, is not only the King's goldsmith, but his financier in moments of stress, so that he is in a position to help Nigel (whose father had been his benefactor) in his claim. Nigel is presented at Court by Lord Huntinglen, father of the handsome but rascally Lord Dalgarno, who, in his turn, introduces Nigel to the high life of the day. He meets the magnificent Buckingham, Charles, Prince of Wales, and Sir Mungo Malagrowther, an "original," who

had been James's whipping-boy. He is even presented to the King, to whom he talks in Latin. But his petition languishes, for Buckingham and the Prince are against him. Very rashly, he challenges Dalgarno, and has to take shelter in that curious sanctuary of Whitefriars known as Alsatia, of which Scott gives us a vivid picture. Meanwhile Margaret, who has fallen in love with Nigel, is planning with the mysterious Lady Hermione to help him. The murder, by criminals, of the old miser Trapbois, in whose charge Nigel had been placed, leads to the issue of a warrant, and Nigel is advised to flee. He helps Trapbois's daughter to remove her father's treasure, but instead of joining a Scots ship at Gravesend, he returns to the Park. Here he attends the King while killing a deer, but manages to frighten the timid monarch, is recognized, and sent to the Tower. To crown all, he has lost the King's acknowledgment of his debt. How the good Margaret and the faithful Moniplies between them restore his fortunes, how Dalgarno is foiled in his plan to secure the Glenvarloch estates and himself comes to a fitting end, and how Nigel recovers the family deeds—all this makes a swiftly-moving tale. When Nigel and Margaret are married, King James himself gives away the bride, and when the worthy Richie, who has also achieved a wife, becomes, by touch of royal sword, "Sir Richard Moniplies of Castle Collop," we feel that the honour has been well deserved.]

NIGEL MEETS BUCKINGHAM

No sooner had Lord Huntinglen entered the presence-room than he hastily sought Lord Glenvarloch, who had withdrawn into the embrasure of one of the windows, from the general gaze of men who seemed disposed only to afford him the notice which arises from surprise and curiosity, and taking him by the arm, without speaking, led him out of the presence-chamber into the first anteroom. Here they found the worthy goldsmith, who approached them with looks of curiosity, which were checked by the old lord, who said hastily, "All is well. Is your barge

in waiting ?" Heriot answered in the affirmative. "Then," said Lord Huntinglen, "you shall give me a cast in it, as the watermen say, and I, in requital, will give you both your dinner; for we must have some conversation together."

They both followed the Earl without speaking, and were in the second anteroom when the important annunciation of the ushers, and the hasty murmur with which all made ample way as the company repeated to each other, "The Duke, the Duke!" made them aware of the approach of the omnipotent favourite.

He entered, that unhappy minion of court favour, sumptuously dressed in the picturesque attire which will live for ever on the canvas of Vandyke, and which marks so well the proud age, when aristocracy, though undermined and nodding to its fall, still, by external show and profuse expense, endeavoured to assert its paramount superiority over the inferior orders. The handsome and commanding countenance, stately form, and graceful action and manners of the Duke of Buckingham, made him become that picturesque dress beyond any man of his time. At present, however, his countenance seemed discomposed, his dress a little more disordered than became the place, his step hasty, and his voice imperative.

All marked the angry spot upon his brow, and bore back so suddenly to make way for him that the Earl of Huntinglen, who affected no extraordinary haste on the occasion, with his companions, who could not, if they would, have decently left him, remained as it were by themselves in the middle of the room, and in the very path of the angry favourite. He touched his cap sternly as he looked on Huntinglen, but unbonneted to Heriot, and sunk his beaver, with its shadowy plume, as low as the floor, with a profound air of mock respect. In returning his greeting, which he did simply and unaffectedly, the citizen only said, "Too

much courtesy, my lord duke, is often the reverse of kindness."

"I grieve you should think so, Master Heriot," answered the Duke; "I only meant, by my homage, to claim your protection, sir—your patronage. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits, a promoter, an undertaker, a fautor of court suitors of merit and quality who chance to be penniless. I trust your bags will bear you out in your new boast."

"They will bear me the farther, my lord duke," answered the goldsmith, "that my boast is but small."

"Oh, you do yourself less than justice, my good Master Heriot," continued the Duke, in the same tone of irony; "you have a marvellous court faction, to be the son of an Edinburgh tinker. Have the goodness to prefer me to the knowledge of the high-born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage."

"That shall be *my* task," said Lord Huntinglen, with emphasis. "My lord duke, I desire you to know Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, representative of one of the most ancient and powerful baronial houses in Scotland. Lord Glenvarloch, I present you to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, representative of Sir George Villiers, Knight of Brookesby, in the county of Leicester."

The Duke coloured still more high as he bowed to Lord Glenvarloch scornfully, a courtesy which the other returned haughtily, and with restrained indignation. "We know each other, then," said the Duke, after a moment's pause, and as if he had seen something in the young nobleman which merited more serious notice than the bitter raillery with which he had commenced—"we know each other; and you know me, my lord, for your enemy."

"I thank you for your plainness, my lord duke,"

replied Nigel; "an open enemy is better than a hollow friend."

"For you, my Lord Huntinglen," said the Duke, "methinks you have but now overstepped the limits of the indulgence permitted to you, as the father of the Prince's friend, and my own."

"By my word, my lord duke," replied the Earl, "it is easy for any one to outstep boundaries of the existence of which he is not aware. It is neither to secure my protection nor approbation that my son keeps such exalted company."

"Oh, my lord, we know you, and indulge you," said the Duke; "you are one of those who presume for a life long upon the merit of one good action."

"In faith, my lord, and if it be so," said the old Earl, "I have at least the advantage of such as presume more than I do without having done any action of merit whatever. But I mean not to quarrel with you, my lord; we can neither be friends nor enemies. You have your path, and I have mine."

Buckingham only replied by throwing on his bonnet, and shaking its lofty plume with a careless and scornful toss of the head. They parted thus—the Duke walking onwards through the apartments, and the others leaving the palace and repairing to Whitehall Stairs, where they embarked on board the barge of the citizen.

Rob Roy

[*Rob Roy* is mainly a tale of the Highlands, just before the rising of 1715. Rob Roy MacGregor "Campbell," the daring outlaw and Robin Hood of his time, plays a leading part in the events. In his Introduction Scott makes history as interesting as fiction as he follows the tragic fortunes of the Clan MacGregor, and shows us how Rob became an outlaw and a "lifter of blackmail."

The story is told in the first person, as the memoirs of Frank Osbaldistone, son of the head of a business firm which he does not wish to enter. His father in dis-

pleasure sends him to visit his uncle Sir Hildebrand, at his seat in the north. On the way to York he meets "Mr. Campbell," a Scottish cattle-dealer, and at Osbaldistone Hall falls in love with the delightful Diana Vernon, Sir Hildebrand's niece, and daughter of the Jacobite Sir Frederick Vernon. She and "Mr. Campbell" help him to be acquitted of a false charge of highway robbery. Sir Hildebrand's son Rashleigh, for whom Diana is destined, and with whom Frank comes to blows, has been put in charge of the firm's affairs by Frank's father, but he makes off with his uncle's funds. Diana advises Frank to go to Glasgow, with Andrew Fairservice as his servant, and gives him a letter that may help him. In Glasgow he meets Bailie Nicol Jarvie (the firm's agent) and the Bailie's kinsman, "Mr. Campbell." He runs across Rashleigh, but is balked of fighting a duel with him. "Campbell" then bids him make for the Clachan of Aberfoyle, whither he goes with Jarvie and Andrew; there, amid outlaws on one hand, and the King's soldiers on the other, they have some thrilling adventures, in which Rob's formidable wife plays a vigorous part, and Rob himself proves that he is a master of desperate escapes. As Frank is returning to the inn, he is overtaken by two riders; one of them is Diana, who hands him the papers which Rashleigh had stolen. A brief farewell, and she is gone. He is next accosted by Rob Roy, who accompanies him to the inn, where they find Jarvie refreshing himself out of a wooden stoup. Back in Glasgow, Frank meets and is reconciled to his father, who has been looking for Rashleigh. Upon news of the Highland rising, they return to London, and Frank joins the army that is being raised to crush the rebellion. How he becomes the heir to Sir Hildebrand's estate, how Diana reappears with her father, how Rob Roy again plays a surprising and exciting part in the Osbaldistone affairs, and how Diana is left free to marry Frank, is told us in the last three chapters of this entrancing story, so rich in incident, character, and humour. Not only is it graced with the presence of Di Vernon; it gives us the romantic figure of Rob Roy, the delightful Fairservice, and the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie.]

FRANK OSBALDISTONE MEETS DIANA VERNON

A VISION that passed me interrupted these reflections. It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet-black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. She wore, what was then somewhat unusual, a coat, vest, and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she passed me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm ; it was not a stumble, nor a false step ; and, if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intentions, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The clamour of " Whoop, dead, dead ! " and the corresponding flourish of the French horn, soon announced

to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen approached us, waving the brush of the fox in triumph, as if to upbraid my fair companion.

"I see," she replied,—"I see; but make no noise about it; if Phœbe," she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, "had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting."

They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me and converse a moment in an undertone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying,—"Well, well, Thornie, if you won't, I must, that's all.—Sir," she continued, addressing me, "I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make inquiry of you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard anything of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall?"

I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging inquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremonies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Di Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman."

There was a mixture of boldness, satire, and simplicity in the manner in which Miss Vernon pronounced these words. My knowledge of life was sufficient to enable me to take up a corresponding tone as I expressed my gratitude to her for her condescension, and my extreme pleasure at having met with them. To

say the truth, the compliment was so expressed, that the lady might easily appropriate the greater share of it, for Thorncliff seemed an arrant country bumpkin, awkward, shy, and somewhat sulky withal. He shook hands with me, however, and then intimated his intention of leaving me that he might help the huntsman and his brothers to couple up the hounds, a purpose which he rather communicated by way of information to Miss Vernon than as apology to me.

"There he goes," said the young lady, following him with eyes in which disdain was admirably painted,—"the prince of grooms and cock-fighters, and blackguard horse-coursers. But there is not one of them to mend another.—Have you read Markham?" said Miss Vernon.

"Read whom, ma'am?—I do not even remember the author's name."

"O lud! on what a strand are you wrecked!" replied the young lady. "A poor forlorn and ignorant stranger, unacquainted with the very Alcoran of the savage tribe whom you are come to reside among—Never to have heard of Markham, the most celebrated author on farriery! then I fear you are equally a stranger to the more modern names of Gibson and Bartlett?"

"I am indeed, Miss Vernon."

"And do you not blush to own it?" said Miss Vernon. "Why, we must forswear your alliance. Then, I suppose, you can neither give a ball, nor a mash, nor a horn?"

"I confess I trust all these matters to an ostler, or to my groom."

"Incredible carelessness!—And you cannot shoe a horse, or cut his mane and tail; or worm a dog, or crop his ears, or cut his dew-claws; or reclaim a hawk, or give him his casting-stones, or direct his diet when he is sealed; or——"

"To sum up my insignificance in one word," replied

I, "I am profoundly ignorant in all these rural accomplishments."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, what *can* you do?"

Waverley

[July the 7th, 1814, was a noteworthy date, for on that day was published *Waverley*, the first of that wonderful series, the Waverley Novels. It took the public by storm, and though Scott followed it with many great stories, it remains one of the most delightful.

In *Waverley* Scott gives us pictures of eighteenth-century Highland life and a vivid account of the "Forty-five," in which tragedy, pathos, and humour all mingle. The leisurely and quiet opening, describing the hero's youth in England, stands in deliberate contrast to his adventures later on. Captain Edward Waverley, son of a Whig and nephew of the Tory Sir Everard, is on a visit to Baron Bradwardine of Tully-Veolan and his daughter Rose, and is introduced to the picturesque and stirring Highland life of the time. He goes to stay with the chieftain Fergus MacIvor, and meets his romantic sister Flora. During his adventures there he receives an order to rejoin his regiment. But, for political and family reasons, his father and uncle persuade him to resign his commission. A spiteful newspaper paragraph informs him that he has been already superseded, for absence without leave, which the Gazette proves to be the fact. He weeps tears of shame, and appeals to Fergus, who advises him to withdraw his allegiance from the "usurping House of Hanover." Though much troubled as to whether he is justified in joining the Jacobites, he declares his love to Flora; though Fergus approves his suit, she tells him that she has devoted her life to her exiled Prince, and urges him to further the same cause in England. Next morning he learns by letter from Rose that the Baron has joined the rebels, and he at once sets out for Edinburgh to clear his name with his regiment. He is arrested as a Jacobite, and handed over to a band of Cameronians under that strange figure "Gifted Gilfillan," who preaches at him; they are

to lodge him in Stirling Castle, but he is rescued by Highlanders, falls ill, and is nursed by Janet Gellatly, the wife of the Baron's butler. When he at last reaches Edinburgh he is introduced by Fergus to Charles Edward (the Young Pretender), to whom he offers his allegiance. At Prestonpans he saves the life of his uncle's friend, Colonel Talbot, who tells him that his rashness has involved his father and uncle in a charge of treason. After obtaining a pass for Colonel Talbot to visit his sick wife, he takes part in the march to Derby, during which the Prince himself has to compose a quarrel with Fergus concerning Rose. When a council of war decides on turning back, Fergus declares that the morrow will see him dead or captive. How the prophecy is fulfilled, how Waverley, after many perils, sees Fergus and Flora for the last time at Carlisle, and how he befriends the Baron, with happy results for himself and Rose, may all be read in the closing chapters.]

WAVERLEY VISITS A HIGHLAND ROBBER

The party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island or the main land, Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an Oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange, and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from

time to time faintly and partially illuminated by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine-wood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter in obedience to the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point or platform of rock, on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' length farther, stopped where the cavern (for it was already arched overhead) ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rock, so easy and regular that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids, in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In

one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his *spence* (or pantry), there hung by the heels the carcasses of a sheep, or ewe, and two cows lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed—the wilderness in which he dwelt—the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy-coloured hair, and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean* or white ; and although his form was light, well-proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. The robber received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connections, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Redgauntlet

[In *Redgauntlet* Scott depicts for us, as only he could, the final failure of Jacobite hopes. The year is 1763, and the scene the south of Scotland and Cumberland. The opening is given us in the letters of two young friends, Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford. Darsie, who is in receipt of an allowance on condition that he makes no inquiry about his family, is living with Alan (a law student) and his father at Edinburgh. Darsie goes fishing in the Solway, is rescued from the tide by a horseman in fisherman's dress, and taken to a cottage, where he discovers that his host has an aristocratic air, and meets his host's niece Lilias. He is then invited to stay with Joshua Geddes, a Quaker "tacksman," whose methods of fishing are not approved by Darsie's late host, "the Laird." Finding Quaker life dull, Darsie makes friends with a blind fiddler, who tells him the wonderful story known as "Wandering Willie's Tale." Meanwhile Alan is pleading his first cause, that of the eccentric Peter Peebles, when he receives a message about Darsie. He at once drops the case and rushes off to find his friend. Darsie has been involved in a fight at the fishing station, and knocked on the head. When he comes to, he finds himself bound in a cottage. He is carried off in a cart, and after an escape from drowning, an operation for his wound, and an attack of fever, he is still a captive under the guardianship of "the Laird." At this point Peebles, who wants a warrant against Alan, appears, and recognizes "the Laird," Mr. Herries, as Redgauntlet, against whom a warrant is out in connection with "the Forty-five." But Herries burns the warrant, browbeats the Justice, and is allowed to keep Darsie. Meanwhile Alan has made for Dumfries, where he learns something about the Redgauntlets and of Darsie's movements ; he then goes on to Annan, where his adventures begin with a password, a smuggler, and a trapdoor. He takes ship for Cumberland, but falls ill, and is carried by smugglers to a house where he is nursed, and introduced to the mysterious "Father Buonaventure." Darsie is being conveyed to the same house, and on the way learns from Lilias that she is his sister. His uncle urges him to join

the coming rising, but he hesitates and is kept prisoner. When they reach their destination, he is introduced to the Jacobite leaders and to "Father Buonaventure" himself. The pages in which Scott describes the negotiations between the Prince and his supporters, and how Stuart pride would not stoop to their conditions, are magnificent. The sudden appearance of General Campbell, whose troops are at hand, is most dramatic. King George's terms are accepted; in the last scene on the beach, when the Prince, amid sobs and tears, bids adieu to the faithful remnant, and Redgauntlet says farewell to England, we feel that a romantic cause is dead, and that a new chapter of history has begun.]

DARSIE'S ADVENTURE ON THE SOLWAY SANDS

THE riders began to make for the shore, and the interest of the scene was almost over, while I lingered on the sands, with my looks turned to the shores of England, still gilded by the sun's last rays, and, as it seemed, scarce distant a mile from me. The anxious thoughts which haunt me began to muster in my bosom, and my feet slowly and insensibly approached the river which divided me from the forbidden precincts, though without any formed intention, when my steps were arrested by the sound of a horse galloping; and as I turned, the rider (the same fisherman whom I had formerly distinguished) called out to me, in an abrupt manner, "Soho, brother! you are too late for Bowness to-night—the tide will make presently."

I turned my head and looked at him without answering; for, to my thinking, his sudden appearance (or rather, I should say, his unexpected approach) had, amidst the gathering shadows and lingering light, something in it which was wild and ominous.

"Are you deaf?" he added, "or are you mad? or have you a mind for the next world?"

"I am a stranger," I answered, "and had no other

purpose than looking on at the fishing. I am about to return to the side I came from."

"Best make haste then," said he. "He that dreams on the bed of the Solway may wake in the next world. The sky threatens a blast that will bring in the waves three feet abreast."

So saying, he turned his horse and rode off, while I began to walk back towards the Scottish shore, a little alarmed at what I had heard; for the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety if they see its white surge advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank.

These recollections grew more agitating, and, instead of walking deliberately, I began a race as fast as I could, feeling, or thinking I felt, each pool of salt water through which I splashed grow deeper and deeper. At length the surface of the sand did seem considerably more intersected with pools and channels full of water—either that the tide was really beginning to influence the bed of the estuary, or, as I must own is equally probable, that I had, in the hurry and confusion of my retreat, involved myself in difficulties which I had avoided in my more deliberate advance. Either way, it was rather an unpromising state of affairs; for the sands at the same time turned softer, and my footsteps, so soon as I had passed, were instantly filled with water. I began to have odd recollections concerning the snugness of your father's parlour, and the secure footing afforded by the pavement of Brown's Square and Scot's Close, when my better genius, the tall fisherman, appeared once more close to my side, he and his sable horse looming gigantic in the now darkening twilight.

"Are you mad?" he said, in the same deep tone which had before thrilled on my ear, "or are you weary of your life? You will be presently amongst the quicksands." I professed my ignorance of the way, to

which he only replied, " There is no time for prating—get up behind me."

He probably expected me to spring from the ground with the activity which these Borderers have, by constant practice, acquired in everything relating to horsemanship ; but as I stood irresolute, he extended his hand, and grasping mine, bid me place my foot on the toe of his boot, and thus raised me in a trice to the croup of his horse. I was scarce securely seated, ere he shook the reins of his horse, who instantly sprung forward ; but annoyed, doubtless, by the unusual burden, treated us to two or three bounds, accompanied by as many flourishes of his hind heels. The rider sat like a tower, notwithstanding that the unexpected plunging of the animal threw me forward upon him. The horse was soon compelled to submit to the discipline of the spur and bridle, and went off at a steady hand-gallop ; thus shortening the devious, for it was by no means a direct path, by which the rider, avoiding the loose quicksands, made for the northern bank.

My friend, perhaps I may call him my preserver, for, to a stranger, my situation was fraught with real danger, continued to press on at the same speedy pace, but in perfect silence, and I was under too much anxiety of mind to disturb him with any questions. At length we arrived at a part of the shore with which I was utterly unacquainted, when I alighted and began to return, in the best fashion I could, my thanks for the important service which he had just rendered me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Treasure Island

[An old buccaneer, calling himself "Captain," comes to a lonely inn on the coast road to Bristol. He takes a fancy to Jim Hawkins, the son of the landlord, and confides to him his fear of a one-legged sailor-man and a gang of desperadoes, who want a packet of papers which are concealed in his sea-chest. Black Dog, an old shipmate of the captain's, turns up; the two men have a violent quarrel, as a result of which the captain falls into a fit, and is barely recovered when the landlord dies, leaving Jim and his mother in charge of the inn. The captain talks to Jim of a "black spot," and tells him that if it is sent, Jim must go at once for help. A blind beggar comes to the inn, tips the captain the black spot, and disappears. The captain dies of shock; in his sea-chest Jim and his mother find the packet and keep it, in spite of an exciting visit from the blind man and his gang.

Jim takes the packet to Squire Trelawny and Dr. Livesey, who open it and find the diary of Flint, a notorious pirate. They also find a chart of the island where Flint is supposed to have buried vast quantities of treasure. The squire decides to charter a ship and sail in search of the treasure, taking the doctor, Jim, and some of his retainers with him. He leaves for Bristol, where he buys a schooner and engages Captain Smollett to sail her. He meets Long John Silver, a one-legged sailor-man, who ships as cook and undertakes to find a crew. Captain Smollett is dissatisfied with the look of the crew, and advises the squire to abandon the voyage. The squire refuses, and the schooner sails. At first all goes well, but later on the crew give trouble; Jim, hiding in an apple-barrel, overhears Silver inciting the crew to mutiny. Jim tells his friends what he has heard, and

they prepare for trouble. The island is sighted, and Silver put in charge of a landing party. Jim goes with it, but manages to give Silver the slip, and dashes off into the woods alone. He meets a marooned sailor called Ben Gunn, who has been on the island three years. He offers to lend Jim his boat to get back to the ship. Just at that moment they hear heavy firing. Jim runs towards the shore, but sees the Union Jack floating over the trees, and finds that the faithful party have landed and are entrenched behind a stockade. Silver comes under a flag of truce to make terms with Captain Smollett, who refuses them. That night the mutineers rush the stockade, and after a desperate fight are driven off, leaving Captain Smollett wounded. Leaving the stockade, Jim takes Ben Gunn's coracle, intending to cut the schooner adrift, hoping thus to prevent the mutineers from getting back to her. Though he succeeds in his undertaking, the coracle is swamped, but he escapes drowning by clinging to the bowsprit of the schooner and swinging himself on board. He finds only one man alive on deck, the coxswain, Israel Hands, badly wounded. He and Jim navigate the schooner into shallow water. Hands then tries to kill Jim, but is killed himself. Jim wades to land and makes for the stockade, but finds himself in the hands of Silver and the mutineers, who are occupying it. From this point the story grows still more exciting, describing the search for the treasure, the strange way of its discovery, the outwitting of Silver, and his final dramatic disappearance with a fair share of Flint's gold—to the last the coolest yet cheeriest villain in any story of adventure.]

SILVER'S EMBASSY

SURE enough, there were two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing placidly by.

It was still quite early, and the coldest morning that I think I ever was abroad in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the

sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee-deep in a low, white vapour, that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapour taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

"Keep indoors, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick."

Then he hailed the buccaneers.

"Who goes? Stand, or we fire."

"Flag of truce," cried Silver.

The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. He turned and spoke to us:

"Doctor's watch on the look-out. Dr. Livesey, take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself.

"Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir"—laying a particular emphasis upon the word "desertion." "We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to

me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

"That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that."

We could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold Silver back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the captain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud, and slapped him on the back, as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigour and skill succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other side.

I will confess that I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my eastern loophole, and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated himself on the threshold, with his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, and his eyes fixed on the water, as it bubbled out of the old iron kettle in the sand. He was whistling to himself, "Come, Lasses and Lads."

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it like a man, in silence, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down."

"You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n?" complained Long John. "It's a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."

"Why, Silver," said the captain, "if you had

pleased to be an honest man, you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook—and then you were treated handsome—or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!"

"Well, well, cap'n," returned the sea cook, sitting down as he was bidden on the sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet, pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim. Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking."

"If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain.

"Right you were, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a handspike-end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook—maybe all was shook; maybe I was shook myself; maybe that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do sentry-go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. Maybe you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye. But I'll tell you I was sober; I was only dog tired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner I'd a' caught you in the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed it from his tone. As for me, I began to have an inkling. Ben Gunn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the buccaneers a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I reckoned up with glee that we had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

"Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure and we'll have it—that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

"That's as may be," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have, I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't be so husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself."

"That won't do with me, my man," interrupted the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

"If Abe Gray——" Silver broke out.

"Avast there!" cried Mr. Smollett. "Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more, I would see you and him and this whole island blown clean out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that."

This little whiff of temper seemed to cool Silver down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said he. "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider ship-shape, or might not, as the case were. And seein' as how you are about to take a pipe, cap'n, I'll make so free as do likewise."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a while, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit. It was as good as the play to see them.

"Now," resumed Silver, "here it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen, and stoving of their heads in while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice.

Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure's shipped, and then I'll give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honour, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or, if that ain't to your fancy, some of my hands being rough, and having old scores, on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man; and I'll give my affy-davy, as before, to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now you'll own that's talking. Handsomer you couldn't look to get, not you. And I hope"—raising his voice—"that all hands in this here block-house will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls."

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us—Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a lee shore, and so you'll find. I stand here and tell you so; and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for, in the name of Heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There!" he cried, "that's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out, I'll stove in your old block-house like a rum puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones."

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled on, ploughed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterwards among the trees.

Kidnapped

[David Balfour recounts his adventures from the time he leaves Essendean to present a letter of recommendation to his father's brother, Laird of Shaws. Instead of the warm welcome he expected from his uncle, he finds himself in the clutches of a crafty enemy who does not scruple to plot against the life of his nephew. Failing in a sinister attempt to murder him, he has him kidnapped by Captain Hoseason, the skipper of the brig *Covenant*, bound for Carolina. During a fog, the brig runs down a small boat, sinking it with all hands except one man, who manages to scramble on board the *Covenant*. He turns out to be a Jacobite adventurer called Alan Breck, and offers Hoseason sixty guineas to land him on the shores of Loch Linnhe; but the captain, whose avarice has been aroused by the sight of the Jacobite's belt stuffed with golden coins, demands a half of its contents. Alan Breck refuses this demand, and Hoseason retires to plot with his crew to overpower the Jacobite and take his gold.

Alan, however, is lodged in the round-house of the brig, where the firearms are stored, so the captain is without weapons. He tries to bribe David Balfour to secure pistols and powder from the round-house, without

arousing Alan's suspicions, but David, under pretence of carrying out the captain's orders, warns Alan of his danger and decides to stand by him.

The round-house is attacked and there is a great fight in which Alan Breck and David come off victorious, the chief mate of the brig is killed, leaving her without a navigator. Alan, now in the position to dictate terms, again demands to be landed. The captain is forced to comply, with the result that the brig is lost by striking a reef, David is washed overboard by a huge wave, but manages to struggle ashore. He finds himself upon a lonely islet, the rock of Erraid. After several days of suffering and privation he discovers that he can wade over at low tide to the Ross of Mull, and, more dead than alive, reaches the hut of a courteous Highlander who gives him news of his shipmates, and a message from Alan Breck, as to where David can find him. David, rejoiced to learn of his new friend's safety, sets off to the Appin country in search of him, and arriving, after some strange adventures, in the neighbourhood of Aucharn, meets Colin Campbell of Glenure, known as "The Red Fox," from whom he asks the way. While they are still in conversation, the Red Fox falls from his horse shot through the heart. David catches sight of the man who has fired the fatal shot, and immediately sets off in pursuit of him, only to find himself pursued by the companions of the murdered man. How he escapes by the timely aid of Alan Breck, who has been lurking in the undergrowth, and how the two men are hunted across the wild and lonely Highlands by the red soldiers, gaining Queensferry and safety, after the narrowest escapes from capture, is told by Stevenson in the most exciting manner, and it is only he perhaps who could have evolved the delicious scene between Alan and old Ebenezer, who, thinking David dead or in Carolina, takes his reappearance very sourly.

The book is remarkable for the portrait of Alan Breck, who has been described as "the finest Highlander in literature."]

THE MURDER OF THE RED FOX

As I was so sitting and thinking, a sound of men and horses came to me through the wood ; and presently after, at a turning of the road, I saw four travellers come into view. The way was in this part so rough and narrow that they came single and led their horses by the reins. The first was a great, red-headed gentleman, of an imperious and flushed face, who carried his hat in his hand and fanned himself, for he was in a breathing heat. The second, by his decent black garb and white wig, I correctly took to be a lawyer. The third was a servant, and wore some part of his clothes in tartan, which showed that his master was of a Highland family, and either an outlaw or else in singular good odour with the Government, since the wearing of tartan was against the Act. If I had been better versed in these things, I would have known the tartan to be the Argyle (or Campbell) colours. This servant had a good-sized portmanteau strapped on his horse, and a net of lemons (to brew punch with) hanging at the saddle-bow ; as was often enough the custom with luxurious travellers in that part of the country.

As for the fourth, who brought up the tail, I had seen his like before, and knew him at once to be a sheriff's officer.

I had no sooner seen these people coming than I made up my mind (for no reason that I can tell) to go through with my adventure ; and when the first came alongside of me, I rose up from the bracken and asked him the way to Aucharn.

He stopped and looked at me, as I thought, a little oddly ; and then, turning to the lawyer, " Mungo," said he, " there's many a man would think this more of a warning than two pyats. Here am I on my road

to Duror on the job ye ken; and here is a young lad starts up out of the bracken, and speers if I am on the way to Aucharn."

"Glenure," said the other, "this is an ill subject for jesting."

These two had now drawn close up and were gazing at me, while the two followers had halted about a stone-cast in the rear.

"And what seek ye in Aucharn?" said Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure; him they called the Red Fox; for he it was that I had stopped.

"The man that lives there," said I.

"James of the Glens," says Glenure musingly; and then to the lawyer: "Is he gathering his people, think ye?"

"Anyway," says the lawyer, "we shall do better to bide where we are, and let the soldiers rally us."

"If you are concerned for me," said I, "I am neither of his people nor yours, but an honest subject of King George, owing no man and fearing no man."

"Why, very well said," replies the Factor. "But if I may make so bold as ask, what does this honest man so far from his country? and why does he come seeking the brother of Ardshiel? I have power here, I must tell you. I am King's Factor upon several of these estates, and have twelve files of soldiers at my back."

"I have heard a waif word in the country," said I, a little nettled, "that you were a hard man to drive."

He still kept looking at me, as if in doubt.

"Well," said he, at last, "your tongue is bold; but I am no unfriend to plainness. If ye had asked me the way to the door of James Stewart on any other day but this, I would have set ye right and bidden ye God speed. But to-day—eh, Mungo?" And he turned again to look at the lawyer.

But just as he turned there came the shot of a

firelock from higher up the hill; and with the very sound of it Glenure fell upon the road.

"Oh, I am dead!" he cried, several times over.

The lawyer had caught him up and held him in his arms, the servant standing over and clasping his hands. And now the wounded man looked from one to another with scared eyes, and there was a change in his voice that went to the heart.

"Take care of yourselves," says he. "I am dead."

He tried to open his clothes as if to look for the wound, but his fingers slipped on the buttons. With that he gave a great sigh, his head rolled on his shoulder, and he passed away.

The lawyer said never a word, but his face was as sharp as a pen and as white as the dead man's; the servant broke out into a great noise of crying and weeping, like a child; and I, on my side, stood staring at them in a kind of horror. The sheriff's officer had run back at the first sound of the shot, to hasten the coming of the soldiers.

At last the lawyer laid down the dead man in his blood upon the road, and got to his own feet with a kind of stagger.

I believe it was his movement that brought me to my senses; for he had no sooner done so than I began to scramble up the hill, crying out, "The murderer! the murderer!"

So little a time had elapsed, that when I got to the top of the first steepness, and could see some part of the open mountain, the murderer was still moving away at no great distance. He was a big man, in a black coat, with metal buttons, and carried a long fowling-piece.

"Here!" I cried. "I see him!"

At that the murderer gave a little, quick look over his shoulder, and began to run. The next moment he was lost in a fringe of birches; then he came out again on the upper side, where I could see him climbing like

a jackanapes, for that part was again very steep; and then he dipped behind a shoulder, and I saw him no more.

All this time I had been running on my side, and had got a good way up, when a voice cried upon me to stand.

I was at the edge of the upper wood, and so now, when I halted and looked back, I saw all the open part of the hill below me.

The lawyer and the sheriff's officer were standing just above the road, crying and waving on me to come back; and on their left, the red-coats, musket in hand, were beginning to struggle singly out of the lower wood.

"Why should I come back?" I cried. "Come you on!"

"Ten pounds if ye take that lad!" cried the lawyer. "He's an accomplice. He was posted here to hold us in talk."

At that word (which I could hear quite plainly, though it was to the soldiers and not to me that he was crying it) my heart came in my mouth with quite a new kind of terror. Indeed, it is one thing to stand the danger of your life, and quite another to run the peril of both life and character. The thing, besides, had come so suddenly, like thunder out of a clear sky, that I was all amazed and helpless.

The soldiers began to spread, some of them to run, and others to put up their pieces and cover me; and still I stood.

"Jouk * in here among the trees," said a voice close by. Indeed, I scarce knew what I was doing, but I obeyed; and as I did so, I heard the firelocks bang and the balls whistle in the birches.

Just inside the shelter of the trees I found Alan Breck standing, with a fishing-rod. He gave me no salutation; indeed it was no time for civilities; only

* Duck.

"Come!" says he, and set off running along the side of the mountain towards Balachulish; and I, like a sheep, to follow him.

Now we ran among the birches; now stooping behind low humps upon the mountain side; now crawling on all fours among the heather. The pace was deadly: my heart seemed bursting against my ribs; and I had neither time to think nor breath to speak with. Only I remember seeing with wonder that Alan every now and then would straighten himself to his full height and look back; and every time he did so, there came a great far-away cheering and crying of the soldiers.

Quarter of an hour later, Alan stopped, clapped down flat in the heather, and turned to me.

"Now," said he, "it's earnest. Do as I do, for your life."

And at the same speed, but now with infinitely more precaution, we traced back again across the mountain side by the same way that we had come, only perhaps higher; till at last Alan threw himself down in the upper wood of Lettermore, where I had found him at the first, and lay, with his face in the bracken, panting like a dog.

My own sides so ached, my head so swam, my tongue so hung out of my mouth with heat and dryness, that I lay beside him like one dead.

Catriona

[*Catriona* is a sequel to *Kidnapped*, and contains the further adventures of David Balfour, including his troubles in connection with the murder of the "Red Fox," Colin Campbell. He has to pit his wits against the sharpest lawyers in Scotland, including the Lord Advocate Grant, who does not scruple to use his clever and handsome daughter Barbara to lead David into the trap prepared for him. The Campbell clan are deter-

mined that James of the Glen shall hang for the murder of Campbell, of which David knows he is innocent, and to prevent the latter giving evidence, they imprison him during the trial on a sea-girt rock, from which he escapes just too late to be of any service to the doomed man.

James is hung, and David, sickened of the whole affair, prepares to depart to Holland, with the hope of meeting Alan Breck again.

The story of the plot and counterplot, Highland scheming, and lawyers' bother, is sweetened by David's love for Catriona, the daughter of a Highland chief of the clan of MacGregor, son of the famous Rob Roy. Catriona's adventures with her lover in Holland make such pretty reading, that one closes the book with a sigh because there is not more about the Highland lass and Lowland laddie, or about Alan Breck, who, of course, is instrumental in bringing the lovers together.]

DAVID MEETS CATRIONA

THERE can nothing pass in the streets of a city without some following of idle folk and children. It was so now ; but the more part melted away incontinent until but three were left. One was a girl ; she was dressed like a lady, and had a screen of the Drummond colours on her head ; but her comrades or (I should say) followers were ragged gillies, such as I had seen the matches of by the dozen in my Highland journey. They all spoke earnestly in Gaelic, the sound of which was pleasant in my ears for the sake of Alan ; and though the rain was by again, and my porter plucked at me to be going, I even drew nearer where they were, to listen. The lady scolded sharply, the others making apologies and cringing before her, so that I made sure she was come of a chief's house. All the while the three of them sought in their pockets, and by what I could make out, they had the matter of half a farthing among the party ; which made me smile a little to see all Highland folk alike for fine obeisances and empty sporrans.

It chanced the girl turned suddenly about, so that I saw her face for the first time. There is no greater wonder than the way the face of a young woman fits in a man's mind, and stays there, and he could never tell you why; it just seems it was the thing he wanted. She had wonderful bright eyes like stars, and I daresay the eyes had a part in it; but what I remember the most clearly was the way her lips were a trifle open as she turned. And whatever was the cause, I stood there staring like a fool. On her side, as she had not known there was any one so near, she looked at me a little longer, and perhaps with more surprise, than was entirely civil.

It went through my country head she might be wondering at my new clothes; with that, I blushed to my hair, and at the sight of my colouring it is to be supposed she drew her own conclusions, for she moved her gillies farther down the close, and they fell again to this dispute where I could hear no more of it.

I had often admired a lassie before then, if scarce so sudden and strong; and it was rather my disposition to withdraw than to come forward, for I was much in fear of mockery from the womenkind. You would have thought I had now all the more reason to pursue my common practice, since I had met this young lady in the city street, seemingly following a prisoner, and accompanied with two very ragged indecent-like Highlandmen. But there was here a different ingredient; it was plain the girl thought I had been prying in her secrets; and with my new clothes and sword, and at the top of my new fortunes, this was more than I could swallow. The beggar on horseback could not bear to be thrust down so low, or at the least of it, not by this young lady.

I followed, accordingly, and took off my new hat to her, the best that I was able.

"Madam," said I, "I think it only fair to myself to let you understand I have no Gaelic. It is true I was listening, for I have friends of my own across the Highland line, and the sound of that tongue comes friendly; but for your private affairs, if you had spoken Greek, I might have had more guess at them."

She made me a little, distant curtsey. "There is no harm done," said she, with a pretty accent, most like the English (but more agreeable). "A cat may look at a king."

"I do not mean to offend," said I. "I have no skill of city manners; I never before this day set foot inside the doors of Edinburgh. Take me for a country lad—it's what I am; and I would rather I told you than you found it out."

"Indeed, it will be a very unusual thing for strangers to be speaking to each other on the causeway," she replied. "But if you are landward * bred it will be different. I am as landward as yourself; I am Highland as you see, and think myself the farther from my home."

"It is not yet a week since I passed the line," said I. "Less than a week ago I was on the braes of Balwhidder."

"Balwhither?" she cries. "Come ye from Balwhither? The name of it makes all there is of me rejoice. You will not have been long there, and not known some of our friends or family?"

"I lived with a very honest, kind man called Duncan Dhu Maclaren," I replied.

"Well I know Duncan, and you give him the true name!" she said; "and if he is an honest man, his wife is honest indeed."

"Ay," said I, "they are fine people, and the place is a bonny place."

"Where in the great world is such another?" she

* Country.

cries; "I am loving the smell of that place and the roots that grow there."

I was infinitely taken with the spirit of the maid. "I could be wishing I had brought you a spray of that heather," says I. "And though I did ill to speak with you at the first, now it seems we have common acquaintance. I make it my petition you will not forget me. David Balfour is the name I am known by. This is my lucky day, when I have just come into a landed estate, and am not very long out of a deadly peril. I wish you would keep my name in mind for the sake of Balwhidder," said I, "and I will yours for the sake of my lucky day."

"My name is not spoken," she replied, with a great deal of haughtiness. "More than a hundred years it has not gone upon men's tongues, save for a blink. I am nameless like the Folk of Peace.* Catriona Drummond is the one I use."

* The Fairies.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Vanity Fair

[Becky Sharp, a scheming adventuress (from the childhood which she passes in the studio of her father, a broken-down artist) leaves Minerva House, Hammersmith, where she is a pupil teacher, and accompanies her bosom friend, Amelia Sedley, on a visit to the latter's home.

Amelia is the daughter of a rich stockbroker, and almost engaged to George Osborne, a handsome young soldier, son of a merchant, whose fortune Mr. Sedley has helped to make.

Amelia's brother, home on leave from India, where he holds an important post in the East India Company's service, meets Becky, who, under the pretence of being demure and humble, angles to catch the fat Jos Sedley, and is upon the point of success, when fate, aided by George Osborne, interferes. Becky, inwardly furious, but outwardly meek, leaves the Sedleys, to take up the post of governess to the daughters of Sir Pitt Crawley. Becky gets a shock when she sees the disreputable Sir Pitt; but, quickly recovering, worms her way into the good graces of the old ruffian, makes a favourable impression upon his eldest son and heir, young Pitt, a sanctimonious humbug, wins the heart of the rich greedy old aunt Miss Crawley, and finally makes a complete conquest of Rawdon, Sir Pitt's second son, whom she marries secretly, not without a shrewd suspicion that he is likely to inherit his aunt's fortunes.

But here the little schemer receives a smart check, for Miss Crawley, learning of the marriage, is horrified at her nephew's indiscretion. She has no intention of Becky's seeing any of her money, and dies, having left it all to the pious Pitt.

In the meantime, things have been going badly with Amelia, poor thing! War-clouds darken the horizon, Napoleon Bonaparte is harassing Europe, funds fall, and Mr. Sedley is ruined. Old Osborne at once urges George to throw Amelia over, but he, yielding to the nobler counsels of his old friend Dobbin (who for years has loved Amelia secretly) marries her, and brings down the wrath of his father upon them both. But George falls at Waterloo with a bullet through his heart, and Dobbin, dear faithful Dobbin, brings the broken-hearted girl home. Becky, untouched by griefs or wars, has now established herself with Rawdon in London, where they are living very "comfortably on nothing a year."

At first ignored and snubbed by the women, she forces them to recognize her by capturing all the men with her wit and charm, and rises to the height of her ambition when she counts the Marquis of Steyne in her train. Rawdon, her dupe and slave, believes in her blindly until she plays a trick so coldly and heartlessly upon him, that, discovering it, he destroys in a moment all that she has toiled and schemed to win. Dashed for a time, she soon recovers, for under her light and sparkling exterior she has a soul of steel, and soon we see her at her old game of plotting, deceiving, lying, not so much for what she will gain thereby, but because it has become second nature to her.

She is saved from utter baseness by one generous gesture. Guessing that the widowed Amelia will never marry Colonel Dobbin so long as the memory of George Osborne remains sacred, Becky shows her a letter, with the result that Amelia, in a flutter of grieved indignation, casts herself into the arms of her faithful admirer, while the impish Becky is left to snigger at the foibles and follies of "Vanity Fair."]

BECKY AND THE BARONET

Rebecca had never seen a Baronet, as far as she knew, and as soon as she had taken leave of Amelia, and counted the guineas which good-natured Mr. Sedley had put into a purse for her, and as soon as she had

done wiping her eyes with her handkerchief (which operation she concluded the very moment the carriage had turned the corner of the street), she began to depict in her own mind what a Baronet must be. "I wonder, does he wear a star?" thought she; "or is it only lords that wear stars? But he will be very handsomely dressed in a court suit, with ruffles, and his hair a little powdered, like Mr. Wroughton at Covent Garden. I suppose he will be awfully proud, and that I shall be treated most contemptuously. Still I must bear my hard lot as well as I can—at least, I shall be amongst *gentlefolks*, and not with vulgar city people:" and she fell to thinking of her Russell Square friends with that very same philosophical bitterness with which, in a certain apologue, the fox is represented as speaking of the grapes.

Having passed through Gaunt Square into Great Gaunt Street, the carriage at length stopped at a tall gloomy house between two other tall gloomy houses, each with a hatchment over the middle drawing-room window; as is the custom of houses in Great Gaunt Street, in which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual. The shutters of the first-floor windows of Sir Pitt's mansion were closed; those of the dining-room were partially open, and the blinds neatly covered up in old newspapers.

John, the groom, who had driven the carriage alone, did not care to descend to ring the bell, and so prayed a passing milkboy to perform that office for him. When the bell was rung, a head appeared between the interstices of the dining-room shutters, and the door was opened by a man in drab breeches and gaiters, with a dirty old coat, a foul old neckcloth lashed round his bristly neck, a shining bald head, a leering red face, a pair of twinkling grey eyes, and a mouth perpetually on the grin.

"This Sir Pitt Crawley's?" says John, from the box.

"Ees," says the man at the door, with a nod.

"Hand down these 'ere trunks then," said John.

"Hand 'n down yourself," said the porter.

"Don't you see I can't leave my hosses? Come, bear a hand, my fine feller, and Miss will give you some beer," said John, with a horse-laugh; for he was no longer respectful to Miss Sharp, as her connection with the family was broken off, and as she had given nothing to the servants on coming away.

The bald-headed man, taking his hands out of his breeches pockets, advanced on this summons, and throwing Miss Sharp's trunk over his shoulder, carried it into the house.

"Take this basket and shawl, if you please, and open the door," said Miss Sharp, and descended from the carriage in much indignation. "I shall write to Mr. Sedley and inform him of your conduct," said she to the groom.

"Don't," replied that functionary. "I hope you've forgot nothink? Miss 'Melia's gownds—have you got them—as the lady's-maid was to have 'ad? I hope they'll fit you. Shut the door, Jim, you'll get no good out of *'er*," continued John, pointing with his thumb towards Miss Sharp: "a bad lot, I tell you, a bad lot," and so saying, Mr. Sedley's groom drove away. The truth is, he was attached to the lady's-maid in question, and indignant that she should have been robbed of her perquisites.

On entering the dining-room, by the orders of the individual in gaiters, Rebecca found that apartment not more cheerful than such rooms usually are when genteel families are out of town. The faithful chambers seem, as it were, to mourn the absence of their masters. The turkey carpet has rolled itself up, and retired sulkily under the sideboard; the pictures have hidden their faces behind old sheets of brown paper; the ceiling lamp is muffled up in a dismal sack of brown holland; the window-curtains have disappeared under

all sorts of shabby envelopes ; the marble bust of Sir Walpole Crawley is looking from its black corner at the bare boards and the oiled fire-irons, and the empty card-racks over the mantelpiece ; the cellaret has lurked away behind the carpet ; the chairs are turned up heads and tails along the walls ; and in the dark corner opposite the statue is an old-fashioned crabbed knife-box, locked and sitting on a dumb-waiter.

Two kitchen chairs, and a round table, and an attenuated old poker and tongs were, however, gathered round the fireplace, as was a saucepan over a feeble sputtering fire. There was a bit of cheese and bread, and a tin candlestick on the table, and a little black porter in a pint-pot.

" Had your dinner, I suppose ? It is not too warm for you ? Like a drop of beer ? "

" Where is Sir Pitt Crawley ? " said Miss Sharp majestically.

" He, he ! *I*'m Sir Pitt Crawley. Reklect you owe me a pint for bringing down your luggage. He, he ! Ask Tinker if I ain't. Mrs. Tinker, Miss Sharp ; Miss Governess, Mrs. Charwoman. Ho, ho ! "

The lady addressed as Mrs. Tinker at this moment made her appearance with a pipe and a paper of tobacco, for which she had been dispatched a minute before Miss Sharp's arrival ; and she handed the articles over to Sir Pitt, who had taken his seat by the fire.

" Where's the farden ? " says he. " I gave you three-halfpence. Where's the change, old Tinker ? "

" There ! " replied Mrs. Tinker, flinging down the coin ; " it's only baronets as cares about farthings."

" A farthing a day is seven shillings a year," answered the M.P. ; " seven shillings a year is the interest of seven guineas. Take care of your farthings, old Tinker, and your guineas will come quite nat'ral."

" You may be sure it's Sir Pitt Crawley, young woman," said Mrs. Tinker surlily, " because he looks

to his farthings. You'll know him better afore long."

"And like me none the worse, Miss Sharp," said the old gentleman, with an air almost of politeness. "I must be just before I'm generous."

"He never gave away a farthing in his life," growled Tinker.

"Never, and never will; it's against my principle. Go and get another chair from the kitchen, Tinker, if you want to sit down; and then we'll have a bit of supper."

Presently the baronet plunged a fork into the saucepan on the fire, and withdrew from the pot a piece of tripe, and an onion, which he divided into pretty equal portions, and of which he partook with Mrs. Tinker. "You see, Miss Sharp, when I'm not here Tinker's on board wages; when I'm in town she dines with the family. Haw! haw! I'm glad Miss Sharp's not hungry, ain't you, Tink?" And they fell to upon their frugal supper.

After supper Sir Pitt Crawley began to smoke his pipe; and when it became quite dark, he lighted the rushlight in the tin candlestick, and producing from an interminable pocket a huge mass of papers, began reading them, and putting them in order.

"I'm here on law business, my dear, and that's how it happens that I shall have the pleasure of such a pretty travelling companion to-morrow."

"He's always at law business," said Mrs. Tinker, taking up the pot of porter.

"Drink and drink about," said the Baronet. "Yes, my dear, Tinker is quite right: I've lost and won more lawsuits than any man in England. Look here at Crawley, Bart., *v.* Snaffle. I'll throw him over, or my name's not Pitt Crawley. Podder and Another *versus* Crawley, Bart. Overseers of Snaily parish against Crawley, Bart. They can't prove it's common: I'll defy 'em; the land's mine. It no more belongs

to the parish than it does to you or Tinker here. I'll beat 'em, if it cost me a thousand guineas. Look over the papers; you may if you like, my dear. Do you write a good hand? I'll make you useful when we're at Queen's Crawley, depend on it, Miss Sharp. Now the dowager's dead, I want some one."

"She was as bad as he," said Tinker. "She took the law of every one of her tradesmen; and turned away forty-eight footmen in four year."

"She was close—very close," said the Baronet simply; "but she was a valyble woman to me, and saved me a steward."—And in this confidential strain, and much to the amusement of the new-comer, the conversation continued for a considerable time. Whatever Sir Pitt Crawley's qualities might be, good or bad, he did not make the least disguise of them. He talked of himself incessantly, sometimes in the coarsest and vulgarest Hampshire accent; sometimes adopting the tone of a man of the world. And so, with injunctions to Miss Sharp to be ready at five in the morning, he bade her good-night. "You'll sleep with Tinker to-night," he said; "it's a big bed, and there's room for two. Lady Crawley died in it. Good-night."

Sir Pitt went off after this benediction, and the solemn Tinker, rushlight in hand, led the way up the great, bleak stone stairs, past the great, dreary drawing-room doors, with the handles muffled up in paper, into the great front bedroom, where Lady Crawley had slept her last. The bed and chamber were so funereal and gloomy, you might have fancied, not only that Lady Crawley died in the room, but that her ghost inhabited it. Rebecca sprang about the apartment, however, with the greatest liveliness, and had peeped into the huge wardrobes, and the closets, and the cupboards, and tried the drawers, which were locked, and examined the dreary pictures and toilette appointments, while the old charwoman was saying her prayers. "I shouldn't like to sleep in this yeer

bed without a good conscience, Miss," said the old woman. "There's room for us and a half-dozen of ghosts in it," says Rebecca. "Tell me all about Lady Crawley and Sir Pitt Crawley, and everybody, my *dear* Mrs. Tinker."

But old Tinker was not to be pumped by this little cross-questioner; and signifying to her that bed was a place for sleeping, not conversation, set up in her corner of the bed such a snore as only the nose of innocence can produce. Rebecca lay awake for a long, long time, thinking of the morrow, and of the new world into which she was going, and of her chances of success there. The rushlight flickered in the basin. The mantelpiece cast up a great black shadow, over half a mouldy old sampler, which her defunct ladyship had worked, no doubt, and over two little family pictures of young lads, one in a college gown, and the other in a red jacket like a soldier. When she went to sleep, Rebecca chose that one to dream about.

The History of Henry Esmond

[This story, in which the chief character is the narrator, turns the reign of Queen Anne into a glorious romance. It opens with a picture of Henry Esmond at the age of twelve, seated over a large book in the library of Castlewood, Hants, one day in 1691. He is there discovered by Rachel, the beautiful young wife of Frank, fourth Viscount Castlewood, on her first visit to the mansion. Esmond's father was Thomas, the late viscount, who died after fighting on the Stuart side at the Battle of the Boyne; but there is a mystery about his mother which is not fully cleared up till quite late in the story, with surprising results.

After living for some time with a Flemish weaver's family in London, he had been page to Isabella, the queer old wife of the late viscount. Those were exciting times for him, as both they and their Jesuit chaplain,

Father Holt, were implicated in Jacobite plottings of the time.

Esmond spends four happy years with his new mistress and her handsome, sport-loving husband, and their two little children Frank and Beatrix. He has a healthy, outdoor life, plays games, and fights with Tom Tusher, the son of the chaplain, while indoors he is tutor to the children.

After a time Rachel's husband grows tired of her, and when she loses some of her beauty through smallpox, he takes to gambling and drinking. When Esmond comes down from Cambridge, where he has been sent by the generosity of Rachel, he finds the dissipated Lord Mohun installed in the house, nominally as the bosom friend of the viscount, but actually an admirer of Rachel. Only Esmond sees the danger, and the result is a duel, in which Mohun kills Castlewood, and Esmond, as a second, is severely wounded and thrown into prison. There Rachel visits him, charges him unjustly with her husband's death, and banishes him from Castlewood for ever.

He recovers and is released, and, tired of life and homeless, gets a commission as ensign and goes to the wars. Returning, he hears that Tom Tusher is paying court to Rachel, dashes down to Walcote, her father's mansion, and is reconciled. But fresh trouble awaits him, for Beatrix is now a bewitching but heartless young woman. So back he goes to the wars, where he meets Father Holt, who shows him his mother's grave. Returning, he makes a last desperate bid for Beatrix. Realizing that he could only win her by accomplishing some deed that would satisfy her ambition, he smuggles the Pretender over to Castlewood and thence to London, in readiness for the great event he has designed. The design fails, not through any mishandling on his part, but because the chief actor scuttles down to Castlewood at the critical moment, there to exchange the throne of England for a kiss from Beatrix, and, from Esmond and young Frank, the scornful gift of two broken swords. Cured thus for ever of Beatrix, Esmond finds happiness where it had been destined for him long before.]

ESMOND IS FORGIVEN

There was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral besides the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig; and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Venise*—a pretty picture such as Vandyke might have painted. Mons. Rigaud's portrait of my Lord Viscount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French version of his manly, frank, English face. When he looked up there were two sapphire beams out of his eyes such as no painter's palette has the colour to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of seeing that particular beauty of my young lord's countenance; for the truth is, he kept his eyes shut for the most part, and, the anthem being rather long, was asleep.

But the music ceasing, my lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book), and said, "Look, mother!" so loud that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a warning finger to Frank. Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over.

Mr. Esmond did not hear them ; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and running up to Esmond eagerly embraced him. " My dear, dearest old Harry ! " he said, " are you come back ? Have you been to the wars ? You'll take me with you when you go again ? Why didn't you write to us ? Come to mother ! "

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a " God bless you, my boy ! " for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part ; and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place, for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

" It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said. " I thought you might come."

" We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth ? " Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more ; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance.

" You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand ; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was past. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison ; nor in the camp ; nor

on shore before the enemy; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn; not even at the table where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theatre yonder where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear; no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth: goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses, and by thought, by suffering and that experience it brings, was older now than she; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconcilation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," says Frank. "Here's Tusher."

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Harry Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher," he said. The chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. "I am charmed to see Captain Esmond," says he. "My lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels. When I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum*?"

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher" says Mr. Esmond. "'Tis that one

where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A house that has so many sacred recollections to me," says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father used to flog him there)—"a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honoured patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your ladyship."

"And Harry's coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my lord. "Mother, shall I run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on? Beatrix is a maid of honour, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the church, Harry," the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way, and that 'twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castlewood; and 'tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear lord. How he loved you! 'Twas my lord that made you stay with us."

"I asked no better than to stay near you always," said Mr. Esmond.

"But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. 'Twas not to be thought of—or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness—that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman, and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough

has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your—your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you, has she not?"

Esmond said, "Yes. As far as present favour went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change," he added gaily, "as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely—thousands have a better genius for that than I—but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion!" Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him, too; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the grey twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued, "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me—that wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it: how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child. But it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall."

"He gave me his blessing on his death-bed," Esmond said. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," says the lady, pressing his arm. "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St.

Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it."

"You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back; I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet, careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die; and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "Bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

CHARLOTTE YONGE

A Book of Golden Deeds

[For this collection of heroic tales the writer has drawn upon every age and country, thus proving that nobility is not restricted to race or time. Thus we have the stories of the two Grecian women Alcestis and Antigone, than which nothing could be more beautiful or inspiring, and taking examples at random from the fifty in the volume, select such varying instances of bravery as that displayed by Major Kascambo and his faithful servant Ivan Simonoff, who, when his master was taken prisoner by one of the wild tribes of the Caucasus, proved himself as resourceful as he was devoted, and when, in an effort to escape, Kascambo sank down utterly exhausted on the snow, begging Ivan to leave him and carry the news of his fate to his mother, the splendid fellow replied, "If you perish here, neither your mother or mine will ever see me." Of a different type, but none the less admirable, is the Golden Deed of "George the Triller," told so melodiously in a fifteenth century ballad, in which the humble charcoal burner and his hound rescue the elector of Saxony's child from the robber giant, Sir Konrad of Kauffigen. "I trillirt the knaves right well," was the honest George's way of telling the story of his exploit. One of the elements of a Golden Deed seems to be the modesty with which its performer regards the achievement. "As I lie here and think of my past life," said Sir William Napier, "I feel small—very small indeed." And yet in this very book we can read a wonderful story of his bravery and self-sacrifice, of which he made just nothing at all.

To forge this chain of gold, every form of heroism has been described, gallantry in battle, at sea and in danger

from fire, flood, and pestilence; and perhaps the most beautiful instances of all are those heroic acts of the little children who brought the precious metal of their fidelity and bravery to lengthen the precious chain. The stories are not all tragic; some end on a note of sadness, but others in the assurance of a long and happy life to the heroes and heroines who figure in this splendid record of human achievement.]

THE RESCUE PARTY

THE Arctic seas have been the scene of some of the most noted instances of daring and patience shown by mariners. Ever since the reign of Edward VI., when the brave Sir Hugh Willoughby and his crew all perished frozen at their posts among the rocks of Spitzbergen, the relentless ice and soft though fatal snows of those dreary realms have formed the grave of many a gallant sailor. Many a life has been lost in the attempt to discover the North-west Passage, between Davis's and Behring's Straits, and to trace the outline of the northern coast of America. Whether those lifes were wasted, or whether their brave example was not worth more to the world than a few years more of continuance, is not the question here to be asked. The later Arctic voyagers had a nobler purpose than that of completing the survey of the barren coast—namely, the search for Sir John Franklin, who in 1845 had gone forth with two tried vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, on his second polar expedition, and had been seen and heard of no more.

Voyage after voyage was undertaken, in the hope at first of relieving and rescuing the lost ships' companies, and then of ascertaining their fate, until the Admiralty decided that to send forth more exploring parties was a vain risking of valuable lives, and it was only the earnest perseverance of Sir John Franklin's wife and the chivalrous adventure of individuals that carried on the search until, at the end of fourteen

years, Captain, now Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the *Fox* yacht, discovered the last records, which placed it beyond all doubt that the gentle and courageous Franklin had died peacefully, before evil days had come on his party, and that the rest had more gradually perished under cold and hunger in the fearful prison of icebergs.

Gallant and resolute as were all these northern travellers, there are two names that perhaps deserve above the others to be recorded, because their free offer of themselves was not prompted by the common tie of country. One was the French Lieutenant Bellot, who sailed in the *Albert* in 1851, and after most manful exertions, which gained the respect and love of all who sailed with him, was drowned by the breaking of the ice in Wellington Sound. The other was Dr. Edward Kane, an American naval surgeon, who in 1853 volunteered to command an American expedition in search of the lost vessels, which some supposed to be shut up by the ice in a basin of clearer, warmer water, such as it was thought might exist round the North Pole, and the way to which might be opened or closed, according to the shifting of the icebergs.

His vessel was the brig *Advance*, and his course was directed through Davis's Straits, and on the way past the Danish settlements in Greenland they provided themselves with a partially educated young Esquimaux as a hunter, and with a team of dogs, which were to be used in drawing sledges over the ice in explorations.

The whole expedition was one Golden Deed, but there is not space to describe it in all its details: we must confine ourselves to the most striking episode in their adventures, hoping that it may send our readers to the book itself. The ship was brought to a standstill in Renfaelner Bay, on the west side of Smith's Strait, between the 79th and 80th degrees of latitude.

It was only the 10th of September when the ice closed in so as to render further progress of the ship impossible. On the 7th of November the sun was seen for the last time, and darkness set in for 141 days—such darkness at times as was misery even to the dogs, who used to contend with one another for the power of lying within sight of the crack of light under the cabin door.

Before the light failed, however, Dr. Kane had sent out parties to make caches, or stores of provisions, at various intervals. These were to be used by the exploring companies whom he proposed to send out in sledges while the ice was still unbroken, in hopes of thus discovering the way to the Polynia, or polar basin, in which he thought Franklin might be shut up. The same work was resumed with the first gleams of returning light in early spring, and on the 18th of March a sledge was dispatched with eight men to arrange one of these depots for future use. Towards midnight on the 29th, Dr. Kane and those who had remained in the ship were sewing moccasins in their warm cabin by lamplight, when steps were heard above, and down came three of the absent ones, staggering, swollen, haggard, and scarcely able to speak. Four of their companions were lying under their tent frozen and disabled, "somewhere among the hummocks, to the north and east; it was drifting heavily." A brave Irishman, Thomas Hickey, had remained at the peril of his life to feed them, and these three had set out to try to obtain aid, but they were so utterly exhausted and bewildered that they could hardly be restored sufficiently to explain themselves.

Instantly to set out to the rescue was of course Dr. Kane's first thought, and as soon as the facts had been ascertained, a sledge, a small tent, and some pemmican, or pounded and spiced meat, were packed up; Mr. Ohlsen, who was the least disabled of the

sufferers, was put into a fur bag, with his legs rolled up in dog skins and eider-down, and strapped upon the sledge, in the hope that he would serve as a guide, and nine men, with Dr. Kane, set forth across the ice in cold seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

Mr. Ohlsen, who had not slept for fifty hours, dropped asleep as soon as the sledge began to move, and thus he continued for sixteen hours, during which the ten proceeded with some knowledge of their course, since huge icebergs of noted forms, stretching in "long beaded lines" across the bay, served as a sort of guide-posts. But just when they had come beyond their knowledge, except that their missing comrades must be somewhere within forty miles around, he awoke, evidently delirious and perfectly useless. Presently they came to a long level floe, or field of ice, and Dr. Kane thinking it might have been attractive to weary men unable to stagger over the wild hummocks and rugged surface of the other parts, he decided to search it thoroughly. He left the sledge, raised the tent, buried the pemmican, and took poor Ohlsen out of his bag, as he was just able to keep his legs, and the thermometer had sunk three degrees lower, so that to halt would have been certain death. The thirst was dreadful, for there was no waiting to melt the snow, and in such a temperature, if it be not thawed before touching the mouth, it burns like caustic, and leaves the lips and tongue bleeding. The men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to search completely; but though they readily obeyed, they could not help continually closing up together, either, Dr. Kane thought, from getting bewildered by the forms of the ice, or from the invincible awe and dread of solitude acting on their shattered nerves in that vast field of intense, lonely whiteness, and in the atmosphere of deadly cold. The two strongest were seized with shortness of breath and

trembling fits, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Thus they had spent two hours, having been nearly eighteen without water or food, when Hans, their Esquimaux hunter, thought he saw a sledge track in the snow; and though there was still a doubt whether it were not a mere rift made by the wind, they followed it for another hour, till at length they beheld the stars and stripes of the American flag fluttering on a hummock of snow, and close behind it was the tent of the lost.

Dr. Kane was among the last to come up. His men were all standing in file beside the tent, waiting in a sort of awe for him to be the first to enter it and see whether their messmates still lived. He crawled into the darkness, and heard a burst of welcome from four poor helpless figures lying stretched on their backs. "We expected you! We were sure you would come!" and then burst out a hearty cheer outside, and for the first time Dr. Kane was well-nigh overcome by strong feeling.

Here were fifteen souls in all to be brought back to the ship. The newcomers had travelled without rest for twenty-one hours, and the tent would barely hold eight men, while outside, motion was the only means of sustaining life. By turns, then, the rescue party took two hours of sleep each, while those who remained awake paced the snow outside; and food having been taken, the homeward journey began, but not till all the sick had been undressed, rubbed, and newly packed in double buffalo skins, in which—having had each limb swathed in reindeer skins—they were laid on their own sledge, and sewn up in one huge bale, with an opening over each mouth for breathing. This took four hours, and gave almost all the rescuers frost-bitten fingers; and then, all hands standing round, a prayer was said, and the ten set out to drag the four in their sledge over ice and snow, now in ridges, now in hummocks, up and down, hard and wild

beyond conception. Ohlsen was sufficiently restored to walk, and all went cheerfully for about six hours, when every one became sensible of a sudden failure of their powers.

"Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me begging permission to sleep. They were not cold, the wind did not enter them now, a little sleep was all that they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift, and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded—an immediate halt could not be avoided." So the tent was pitched again with much difficulty, for their hands were too powerless to strike a light, and even the whisky, which had been put under all the coverings of the sledge at the men's feet, was frozen. Into the tent all the sick and failing were put, and James M'Gary was left in charge of them, with orders to come on after a halt of four hours, while Dr. Kane and William Godfrey pushed on ahead, meaning to reach the tent that had been left half-way, and thaw some food by the time the rest came up.

Happily they were on a level tract of ice, for they could hardly have contended with difficulties in the nine miles they had still to go to this tent. They were neither of them in their right senses, but had resolution enough to keep moving, and imposing on one another a continued utterance of words; but they lost all count of time, and could only remember having seen a bear walking leisurely along, and tearing up a fur garment that had been dropped the day before. The beast rolled it into a ball, but took no notice of them; and they proceeded steadily, so "drunken with cold" that they hardly had power to care for the sight of their half-way tent undergoing

the same fate. However, their approach frightened away the bear, after it had done no worse than overthrowing the tent. The exhausted pair raised it with much difficulty, crawled in, and slept for three hours. When they awoke, Dr. Kane's beard was frozen so fast to the buffalo skin over him that Godfrey had to cut him out with his jack-knife; but they had recovered their faculties, and had time to make a fire, thaw some ice, and make some soup with the pemmican before the rest of the party arrived.

After having given them this refreshment, the last stage of the journey began, and the most severe; for the ice was wild and rough, and exhaustion was leading to the most grievous of losses—that of self-control. In their thirst some could no longer abstain from eating snow: their mouth swelled, and they became speechless; and all were overpowered by the deadly sleep of cold, dropping torpid upon the snow. But Dr. Kane found that, when roused by force at the end of three minutes, these snatches of sleep did them good, and each in turn was allowed to sit on the runners of the sledge, watched, and awakened. The day was without wind and sunshiny, otherwise they must have perished; for the whole became so nearly delirious that they retained no recollection of their proceedings. They only traced their course afterwards by their footmarks. But when perception and memory were lost, obedience and self-devotion lived on; still these hungry, frost-bitten, senseless men tugged at the sledge that bore their comrades—still held together, and obeyed their leader, who afterwards continued the soundest of the party. One was sent staggering forward, and was proved by the marks in the snow to have repeatedly fallen; but he reached the brig safely, and was capable of repeating with perfect accuracy the messages Dr. Kane had charged him with for the surgeon.

A dog-team, with a sledge and some restoratives,

was at once sent out to meet the others, with the surgeon, Dr. Hayes, who was shocked at the condition in which he encountered them—four lying, sewn up in furs, on the sledge, which the other ten were drawing. These ten, three days since hardy, vigorous men, were covered with frost, feeble, and bent. They gave not a glance of recognition, but only a mere vacant, wild stare, and still staggered on, every one of them delirious. It was one o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that they arrived, after sixty-six hours' exposure, during which they had been almost constantly on foot. Most of those who still kept their footing stumbled straight on, as if they saw and heard nothing, till they came to the ship's side, where, on Dr. Kane giving the word to halt, they dropped the lines, mounted the ship's side, and each made straight for his own bed, where he rolled in, just as he was, in all his icy furs, and fell into a heavy sleep.

There were only the seven who had been left with the ship (five of them being invalids) to carry up the four helpless ones and attend to all the rest. Dr. Kane, indeed, retained his faculties, assisted in carrying them in, and saw them attended to, after which he lay down in his cot; but after an hour or two he shouted, "Halloo, on deck there!" and when Dr. Hayes came to him, he gave orders "to call all hands to lay aft, and take two reefs in the stove-pipe!" In like manner, each of the party as he awoke began to rave; and for two days the ship was an absolute madhouse, the greater part of its inmates frantic in their several cots. Dr. Kane was the first to recover—Ohlsen the last, his mind constantly running upon the search for his comrades in the tent, which he thought himself the only person able to discover. Of those whom the party had gone to assist, good "Irish Tom" soon recovered; but two died in the course of a few days, and the rest suffered very severely.

The rest of Dr. Kane's adventures cannot here be told. Suffice it to say that his ship remained immovable, and, after a second winter of terrible suffering from the diseases induced by the want of fresh meat and vegetables—the place of which was ill-supplied by rats, puppies, and scurvy-grass—it was decided to take to the boats; and, between these and sledges, the ship's company of the *Advance* at last found their way to Greenland, after so long a seclusion from all European news that, when first they heard of the Crimean War, they thought an alliance between England and France a mere hallucination of their ignorant informant. Dr. Kane—always an unhealthy man—did not live long after his return; but he survived long enough to put on record one of the most striking and beautiful histories of patience and unselfishness that form part of the best treasury this world has to show.

DANIEL DEFOE

Robinson Crusoe

[*Robinson Crusoe* is described by Leslie Stephen, the famous critic, as " the most fascinating boy's book ever written," and most boys who have read it would be inclined to agree with him, for not only is its main interest, that of a castaway upon a desert island, a never-failing one, but Defoe tells the story in so realistic a manner that one can picture every incident of the hurricane, the wreck, and the subsequent life of Crusoe, who, the only survivor, has to fend for himself for many years in that desolate spot.

His diary, often terse enough, is yet wonderfully suggestive of what he had to endure to keep the spark of life going in himself. When he has been ill with fever he writes, " . . . better ; and having no victuals to eat, took my gun, but found myself very weak. However I killed a she-goat, and with much difficulty got it home, and broiled some of it, and ate. I would fain have stewed it, and made some broth, but had no pot."

In this brief entry one can picture the feeble fever-stricken man, longing for some broth, but having nothing to cook it in, being forced to gnaw up some tough goat-flesh, probably half-burned, half-raw. Afterwards, when necessity made him inventive, we see him established almost comfortably, monarch of all he surveys, owner of a goodly flock of goats and of waving fields of corn, and able with his own hands and brain to supply his simple needs. He has learned to make bread, the pots he needs, and rough tools, and has almost ceased to desire human companionship when it is forced upon him, to his surprise and dismay. He sees the print of a human foot in the sand! His rescue of the savage from a

terrible death, and how the man becomes his devoted servant, with the quaint name of Friday which Crusoe bestows upon him, makes a thrilling story that it would be a pity to forestall.

The Prince of Castaways, with his tall fur hat, coat of rough skins, and ancient musket, Robinson Crusoe will always remain one of the most picturesque adventurers in literature, his island for ever unexplored.]

LIFE ON THE ISLAND: A FOOTPRINT

It would have made a Stoic smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island. I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command; I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away; and no rebels among all my subjects.

Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants! Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog—which was now grown very old and crazy, and had found no species to multiply his kind upon—sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour.

But these were not the two cats which I brought on shore at first, for they were both of them dead, and had been interred near my habitation by my own hand; but one of them having multiplied by I know not what kind of creature, these were two which I had preserved tame; whereas the rest ran wild in the woods, and became indeed troublesome to me at last—for they would often come into my house, and plunder me too, till at last I was obliged to shoot them, and did kill a great many. At length they left me with this attendance, and in this plentiful manner I lived. Neither could I be said to want anything but society;

and of that, in some time after this, I was like to have too much.

I was something impatient, as I have observed, to have the use of my boat, though very loath ro run any more hazards ; and therefore sometimes I sat contriving ways to get her about the island, and at other times I sat myself down contented enough without her. But I had a strange uneasiness in my mind to go down to the point of the island where, as I have said, in my last ramble, I went up the hill to see how the shore lay and how the current set, that I might see what I had to do. This inclination increased upon me every day, and at length I resolved to travel thither by land, following the edge of the shore. I did so. But had any one in England been to meet such a man as I was, it must either have frighted them or raised a great deal of laughter. And as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an equipage and in such a dress. Be pleased to take a sketch of my figure as follows—

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck—nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goat-skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs ; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same—the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs ; stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs and lace on either side like spatterdashes, but of a most barbarous shape—as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat-skin dried, which I

drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and in a kind of frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and a dagger hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, one on the other. I had another belt not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat-skin too, in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket; on my shoulder my gun; and over my head a great clumsy, ugly goat-skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the colour of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mohammedan whiskers, such as I have seen worn by some Turks whom I saw at Sallee—for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did. Of these moustaches or whiskers I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful.

But all this is by-the-bye. For as to my figure, I had so few to observe me that it was of no manner of consequence; so I shall say no more to that part. In this kind of figure I went my new journey, and was out five or six days. I travelled first along the seashore, directly to the place where I first brought my boat to an anchor to get up upon the rocks; and having no boat now to take care of, I went over the land a nearer way to the same height that I was on before; when, looking forward to the point of the rocks which lay out, and which I was obliged to double with my

boat, as is said above, I was surprised to see the sea all smooth and quiet—no rippling, no motion, no current any more there than in other places.

I was at a strange loss to understand this, and resolved to spend some time in the observing of it, to see if nothing from the sets of the tide had occasioned it; but I was presently convinced how it was—namely, that the tide of ebb setting from the west, and joining with this current of waters from some great river on the shore, must be the occasion of the current; and that according as the wind blew more forcibly from the west or from the north, this current came near or went further from the shore: for, waiting thereabouts till evening, I went up to the rock again; and then the tide of ebb being made, I plainly saw the current again as before, only that it ran farther off, being half a league from the shore; whereas in my case it set close upon the shore, and hurried me and my canoe along with it, which at another time it would not have done.

This observation convinced me that I had nothing to do but to observe the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, and I might very easily bring my boat about the island again. But when I began to think of putting it in practice, I had such a terror upon my spirits at the remembrance of the danger I had been in that I could not think of it again with any patience. But, on the contrary, I took up another resolution, which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was that I would build or rather make me another periagua or canoe, and so have one for one side of the island and one for the other.

You are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island: one my little fortification or tent, with the wall about it under the rock, with the cave behind me, which by this time I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another. One of these, which was the driest

and largest, and had a door out beyond my wall or fortification—that is to say, beyond where my wall joined to the rock—was all filled up with the large earthen pots of which I have given an account, and with fourteen or fifteen great baskets, which would hold five or six bushels each, where I laid up my stores of provision, especially my corn, some in the ear cut off short from the straw, and the other rubbed out with my hand.

As for my wall, made, as before, with long stakes or piles, those piles grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big and spread so very much that there was not the least appearance to any one's view of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed, and which duly yielded me their harvest in its season; and whenever I had occasion for more corn, I had more land adjoining as fit as that.

Besides this I had my country seat, and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair—that is to say, I kept the hedge which circled it in constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside. I kept the trees, which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall—I kept them always so cut that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade, which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail spread over poles set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair or renewing; and under this I had made me a squab or couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and with other soft things, and a blanket laid on them, such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat

to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

Adjoining to this I had my enclosures for my cattle—that is to say, my goats; and as I had taken an inconceivable deal of pains to fence and enclose this ground, so I was so uneasy to see it kept entire, lest the goats should break through, that I never left off till with infinite labour I had stuck the outside of the hedge so full of small stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a pale than a hedge, and there was scarce room to put a hand through between them; which afterwards, when those stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy season, made the enclosure strong like a wall—indeed, stronger than any wall.

This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no pains to bring to pass whatever appeared necessary for my comfortable support; for I considered the keeping up of a breed of tame creatures thus at my hand would be a living magazine of flesh, milk, butter, and cheese for me as long as I lived in the place, if it were to be forty years; and that keeping them in my reach depended entirely upon my perfecting my enclosures to such a degree that I might be sure of keeping them together; which by this method, indeed, I so effectually secured, that when these little stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick I was forced to pull some of them up again.

In this place, also, I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins, and which I never failed to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet; and, indeed, they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree.

As this was also about half way between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat,

I generally stayed and lay here in my way thither; for I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about or belonging to her in very good order. Sometimes I went out in her to divert myself; but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a stone's cast or two from the shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge again by the currents, or winds, or any other accident. But now I come to a new scene of my life.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me; I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look further. I went up the shore and down the shore; but it was all one—I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

R. D. BLACKMORE

Lorna Doone

[Two of the greatest English novels of adventure have for their setting the fair West Country, and for their heroes blond men of giant strength and stature and incontestable bravery ; but while Amyas Leigh in *Westward Ho !* sought romance and adventure on the Spanish Main, John Ridd found both among the hills and valleys of Exmoor, when King Charles the Second sat upon the throne of England.

The story opens with the murder of Farmer Ridd, John's father, by a band of the robber Doones, high-born outlaws who have made themselves a stronghold in a deep valley, from which they sally forth to terrorize and oppress the simple folk who make up the population of the scattered hamlets and farmsteads of the Exmoor country. Stopping at nothing in pursuit of booty, or revenge for some real or fancied affront, they surprise and attack the farmer and his comrades on their return from market. Deserted by his companions who scatter in their fright, the doughty yeoman lays about him with his club, accounting for two of the Doones, but losing his life in an unequal contest.

John, who is at school at the famous Blundells, is summoned home without any reason being given him. Breaking the journey at an inn for dinner, he sees for the first time the lovely child who is to prove the lodestar of his existence. Later, riding over the moors to his home, Plover's Barrow farm, with John Fry, a servant, they are overtaken by a band of the Doones, and have to hide to escape death or capture. From his place of concealment, John watches the dark cavalcade pass, and sees to his horror that the leader has the body of a young child slung over his saddle-bow.

Arriving home, he learns of his father's death, and of his mother's visit to Sir Ensor Doone, the Captain of the outlaws.

One day, in search of loaches, he wades up the course of a stream, and finding himself at the foot of a waterfall, attempts to climb it, in imminent danger all the time of being swept into the icy pool beneath. He struggles to the top with the help of his pronged loach-stick, but the exertion is so great that, finding himself on dry land, he falls down unconscious. When he recovers he is surprised to find that a little girl is trying to revive him. She tells him that her name is Lorna Doone, and that he has found his way into the valley of the Doones, which, though so beautiful, is full of peril for trespassers. With Lorna's help John escapes and arrives home safely. But he cannot forget her, and every time some fresh instance of "Doone" violence disturbs the peace of the neighbourhood, he thinks of the lovely delicate child forced to live among rough and dangerous men.

Some years later, when he has grown into splendid manhood, he climbs the waterfall again, and in the valley, now radiant with the promise of an early spring, meets Lorna, grown so beautiful, that his boyish admiration springs into a great flame of love. How he rescues her from the snow-bound hut, where she is imprisoned until she consents to marry Carver Doone, of his journey to London and his interview with the dreaded Judge Jeffreys, the great frost which grips the Exmoor country for many weeks, the wedding of John and Lorna with its tragic ending, and the final combat with Carver Doone, all of these things one must read in the book itself, for no summary could do justice to the drama of the Doones.

Mrs. Ridd and her daughters, the pretty, kind Annie and the caustic Eliza, Tom Faggus, the genial highwayman, old Reuben with his mysterious secret, Ruth who loves John and proves it by saving Lorna for him, these, with many other well contrasted characters, go to make this book one of the richest and most delightful works of fiction in our language. Possibly we may wonder even to the end how Lorna, the exquisite and high-born damsel, came to wed John Ridd the simple farmer, even when she learned that she had no connection with the black Doones, but was only a victim of one of their

crimes. But when we remember how women all the world over, and from all time, have given their hearts to men who were big, brave, and kind, and that John worshipped his Lorna as if she were an angel, and served her with chivalry and devotion equal to that of the noblest of knights, we begin to understand something of why the most delicate of flowers flourish in humble surroundings if they can enjoy sunshine and the sweet air.]

THE MEETING WITH LORNA

WHEN I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mould; and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly, with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad," she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose. Perhaps she liked my countenance; and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterwards; although at the time she was too young to know what made her take to me. Not that I had any beauty, or ever pretended to have any, only a solid, healthy face, which many girls have laughed at.

Thereupon I sate upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country-brogue, lest she should

cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a trifling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes or stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me bandage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head, so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up, and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you

all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up, in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do. But she touched my heart with a sudden delight, like a cowslip-blossom (although there were none to be seen yet) and the sweetest flowers of spring.

She gave me no encouragement, as my mother in her place would have done; nay, she even wiped her lips (which methought was rather rude of her), and drew away, and smoothed her dress, as if I had used a freedom. Then I felt my cheeks grow burning red, and I gazed at my legs and was sorry. For although she was not at all a proud child (at any rate in her countenance), yet I knew that she was by birth a thousand years in front of me. They might have taken and trained me, or (which would be more to the purpose) my sisters, until it was time for us to die, and then have trained our children after us, for many generations; yet never could we have gotten that look upon our faces, which Lorna Doone had naturally, as if she had been born to it.

Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me, even where I was naked; and there was she, a lady born, and thoroughly aware of it, and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty, and set it to advantage. For though her hair was fallen down, by reason of her wildness, and some of her frock was touched with wet, where she had tended me so, behold her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! The colours were bright and rich indeed, and the substance very sumptuous, yet simple and free from tinsel stuff, and matching most harmoniously. All from her waist to her neck was white, plaited in close like a curtain, and

the dark soft weeping of her hair, and the shadowy light of her eyes (like a wood rayed through with sunset), made it seem yet whiter, as if it were done on purpose. As for the rest, she knew what it was, a great deal better than I did; for I never could look far away from her eyes, when they were opened upon me.

Now, seeing how I needed her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabouts, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I for my part, being vexed at her behaviour to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it; to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I daresay, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it —"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such a maun of things—there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies"——

"Oh dear, they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things"——

"Only put your hand in mine—what little things they are, Lorna!—and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrank to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind, to save her, or to die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up; "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock, which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the

water, and then at me, and she cried, "Oh dear! oh dear!" And then she began to sob aloud, being so young and unready. But I drew her behind the withy-bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet, and shelving deep, ere it came to the lip of the chasm. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad with their summer clothes. Luckily I had picked up my fish, and taken my three-pronged fork away.

Crouching in that hollow nest, as children get together in ever so little compass, I saw a dozen fierce men come down, on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearms, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding and a dinner taken hungrily. "Queen, queen!" they were shouting, here and there, and now and then: "where the pest is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me, with her soft cheek on my rough one, and her little heart beating against me: "oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was not time to lose.

"Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist, hiding her white front from me; "only I shall come sometimes—oh, here they are, Madonna!"

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood-drift combing over me. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white

mist lay on the river ; but I, being in the channel of it, could see every ripple, and twig, and rush, and glazing of twilight above it, as bright as in a picture ; so that to my ignorance there seemed to be no chance at all, but that the men must find me. For all this time, they were shouting and swearing, and keeping such a hallaballoo, that the rocks all round the valley rang ; and my heart quaked, so (what with this and the cold) that the water began to gurgle round me, and lap upon the pebbles.

Neither in truth did I try to stop it, being now so desperate, between the fear and the wretchedness ; till I caught a glimpse of the little maid, whose beauty and whose kindliness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave, and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully, and her hair drawn over her.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her ; and there he stopped, and gazed awhile at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him ; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

" Here our queen is ! Here's the queen, here's the captain's daughter ! " he shouted to his comrades ; " fast asleep, by God, and hearty ! Now I have first claim to her ; and no one else shall touch the child. Back to the bottle, all of you ! "

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand ; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard, and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her. This way of her going vexed me so, that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them, but for their

haste to the wine-bottle. Of their little queen they took small notice, being in this urgency, although they had thought to find her drowned; but trooped away, one after another, with kindly challenge to gambling, so far as I could make them out; and I kept sharp watch, I assure you.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me; and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist, and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall of her age and healthy); and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell, intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

I crept into the bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs on bark, and longed for mother's faggot. Then, as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars, with a sorrow to be quit, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any.

Therefore, wringing my sodden breeches, I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff, which Lorna had shown me.

Through the dusk, I had trouble to see the mouth, at even five landyards of distance; nevertheless I entered well, and held on by some dead fern-stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But while I was hugging myself like this, with a boyish manner of reasoning, my joy was like to have ended in sad grief, both to myself and my mother, and haply to all honest folk who shall love to read this history. For hearing a noise in front of me, and like a coward not knowing where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage, into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides, for the whole thing seemed to go with

me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

This water was of black radiance, as are certain diamonds, spanned across with vaults of rock, and carrying no image, neither showing marge nor end, but centred (as it might be) with a bottomless indrawal.

With that chill and dread upon me, and the sheer rock all around, and the faint light heaving wavily on the silence of this gulf, I must have lost my wits, and gone to the bottom, if there were any.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, towards spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin), and gathering quick warm comfort, sprang up the steep way towards the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glid down, I heard the cold greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches, and hollow depths of darkness.

THE END

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